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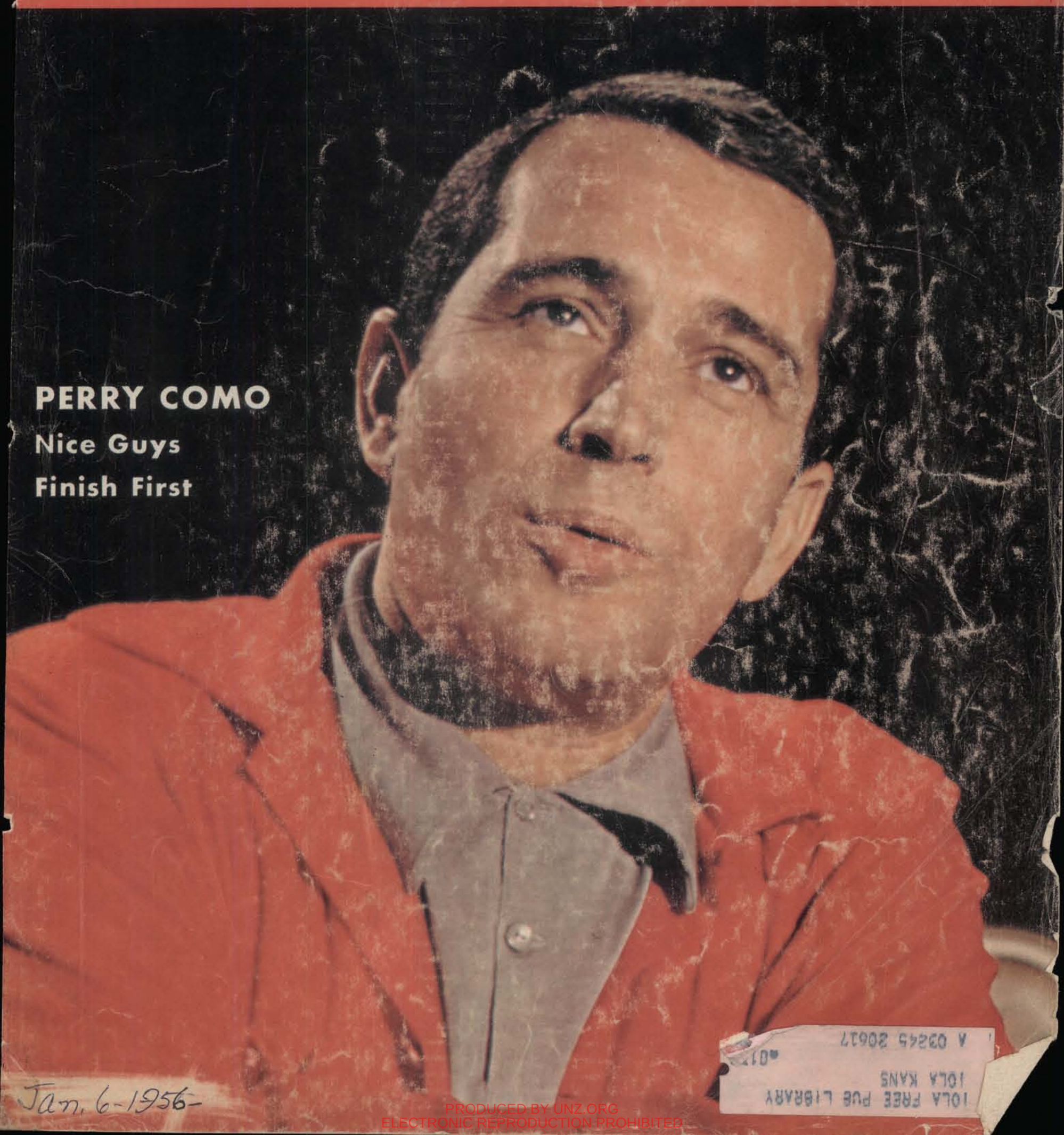
JANUARY 6, 1956 · FIFTEEN CENTS

Two Special Reports:

LATIN AMERICA
"Go South, Young Man"

Where Are Those
NEW ROADS?



PERRY COMO
Nice Guys
Finish First

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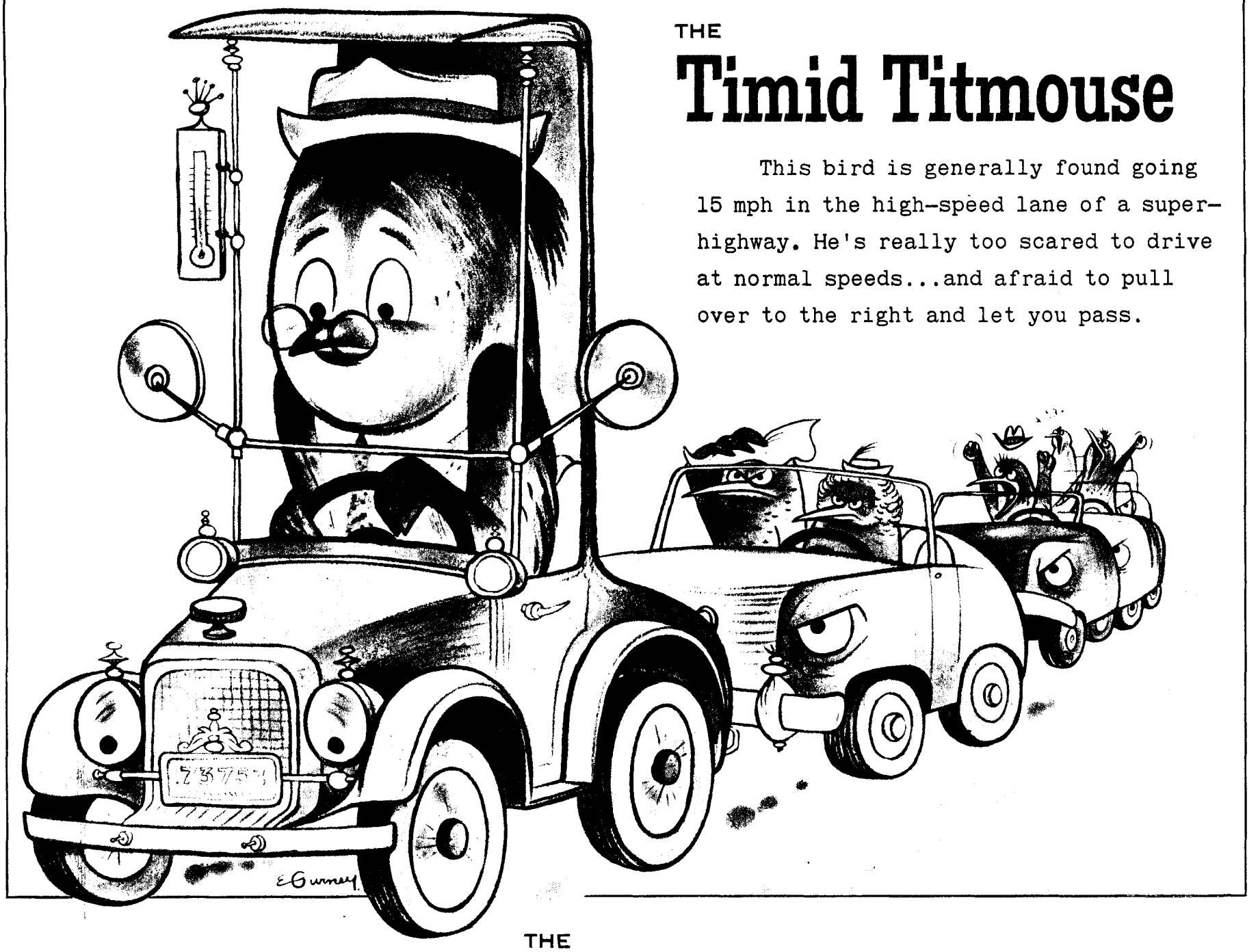

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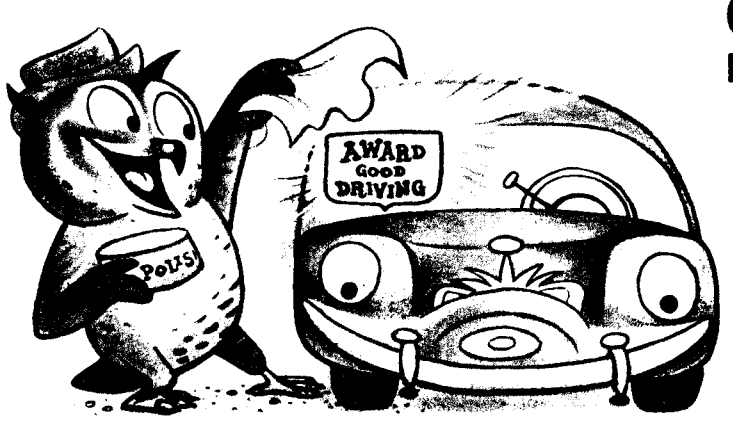

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One reason the Smart Bird is confident is that his car can respond quickly in tight spots. He always uses premium gasoline. Premium gasoline, with its higher octane rating, makes certain your engine delivers full power on demand.

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The LION'S ROAR

Published by M-G-M

The greatest star of the screen!

Allah be praised for the perfect musical. M-G-M be praised for "Kismet!"

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M really rolled out and let fly its most magical carpet to welcome Broadway's most sumptuous and exciting extravaganza to the CinemaScope and Color screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

And what a ride's in store for all dreamers of love, devotees of song and dance, epicures of entertainment!

Stars Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, Dolores Gray, Vic Damone are some of the many reasons why from here on, "Kismet" will always mean both "Fate" and "Great!"

★ ★ ★ ★

Keel as handsome, poetic Haaj is irresistible as he sings his vagabond way through romantic adventure amid the storied splendors of a fabled land of mosques, minarets and not-very-veiled maidens.

★ ★ ★ ★

A casting coup brings Ann Blyth, lyrical and lovely, as Marsinah for whom a smitten Caliph turns colorful Bagdad upside down and sunny-side up.

★ ★ ★ ★

Dolores Gray, sinuous in silks, pours out great songs in the racy role of LaLume, No. 1 wife of the wonderful Wazir, played by Sebastian Cabot.

★ ★ ★ ★

As the dashing young Caliph, Vic Damone lifts you to the skies as he sings the beautiful love song "Stranger In Paradise."

★ ★ ★ ★

Omar the Tent-Maker is recreated by Monty Woolley, the Laugh-Getter who is ably abetted by a gay cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

All the radiant and romantic excitements have been tastefully wand-waved into being by producer Arthur Freed and director Vincente Minnelli, the Academy-Award team of "An American in Paris."

★ ★ ★ ★

The brilliant screen play was written by Charles Lederer and Luther Davis which they adapted from their own famous musical play. Founded on "Kismet" by Edward Knoblock. Songwriters Robert Wright and George Forest wrote the music and lyrics. The music was adapted from themes of Alexander Borodin.

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The Pool of Love, the Oasis of Delightful Imaginings, the Harem and its beautiful young girls are just a few of the sights, as songs like "Baubles, Bangles And Beads," "This Is My Beloved" and others caress the ear. The magnitude of "Kismet" in Eastman Color on the big screen is unforgettable.

★ ★ ★ ★

Here is ecstasy of song, spectacle and love. So don't be a stranger to Paradise —that's "Kismet."

—Leo

P. S. All the hit songs available in the M-G-M Records album.

Collier's

January 6, 1956 Vol. 137 No. 1

ARTICLES

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WEATHER BUREAU . . . . . Dr. John Q. Stewart with Richard Gehman 18
Are more accurate forecasts possible? Yes, says this scientist

THE LAST WORD ON ADOLF HITLER . . . . . H. R. Trevor-Roper 22
An authority puts an end to all rumor that the dictator is still alive

PERRY COMO: NICE GUYS FINISH FIRST . . . . . Michael Drury 26
How an ex-barber with golden tonsils eased his way to a million dollars

NEXT: FLUORIDE TOOTHPASTE . . . . . Bruce Bliven, Jr. 32
One town took a three-year test. Result: cavities reduced 50 per cent

"HOT ROD" HUNDLEY . . . . . Howard Cohn 36
West Virgina's colorful court star is called "the new Bob Cousy"

WHERE ARE THOSE NEW ROADS? . . . . . Theodore H. White 44
It'll be bumper-to-bumper from coast to coast unless Congress acts

"GO SOUTH, YOUNG MAN" . . . . . Duncan Aikman 56
Latin America is booming and loaded with opportunities

HOW TO EAT AT 1,000 MPH . . . . . James J. Haggerty, Jr. 66
The Air Force seeks ways to feed jet pilots sealed in suit-and-mask

YOUR STAKE IN THE OLYMPICS . . . . . Bill Davidson 70
The Melbourne games pose a challenge for *all* Americans

SHORT STORIES

THE SEVEN HAPPY GODS (The Short Short Story) . . . Jock Carroll 10
Because of a gift, Art Mason's whole life changed in one moment

THE BIG PUDDLE . . . . . Cameron Hawley 39
This was the big convention. Fred had to make his name—now or never

BUTTER, LOVE AND EGGS . . . . . Lucia Mason 52
Who was this girl who put love on her shopping list?

SERIAL

MAD RIVER (First of Three Parts) . . . . . Donald Hamilton 15
Cohoon's home town welcomed him back with murder and revenge

FEATURES

APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA . . . . . John O'Hara 6

LETTERS 8

48 STATES OF MIND . . . . . Walter Davenport 12

COLLIER'S CREDITS . . . . . Jerome Beatty, Jr. 13

COLLIER'S COMMENT 74

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No matter what else you do for a cold

...LISTERINE Quick!

Listerine Does What Non-Antiseptic "Cold Remedies" Can't Do— Kills Germs Instantly—By Millions

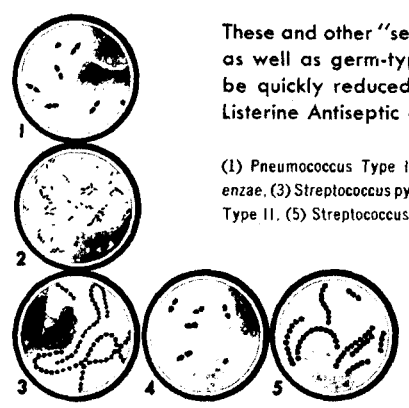
When you feel a cold coming on, go right after the germs that can cause so much of the misery . . . with Listerine Antiseptic! Non-antiseptic "cold remedies," nose drops, and aspirin often do relieve many of the symptoms, *but they don't kill germs* the way Listerine Antiseptic does. Listerine gets way back on throat surfaces and kills those germs, instantly, by *millions!*

So, remember, no matter what else you do when you fight a cold, you need an *antiseptic* to kill germs.

Why take unnecessary chances with a cold? Closely supervised tests over a 12-year period showed that those who regularly reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and sore throats than those who did not. The minute you feel a cold coming on, gargle Listerine Antiseptic early and often.

NO MATTER WHAT ELSE YOU DO FOR A COLD YOU NEED AN ANTISEPTIC

to kill germs like these!



These and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

At the first sign of a Cold or Sore Throat

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC-Quick!

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

ACCORDING to my pay check, this makes the fiftieth time I have been here for an appointment. Or, to make it sound grander, I have been peddling on this corner for 100 straight weeks.

Fifty consecutive appearances in as big a magazine as Collier's inevitably have introduced me to millions of men and women who until two years ago had been living full and happy lives without any awareness of my existence. I am not being overmodest: my twelve published books have sold I honestly don't know how many million copies. But quite obviously, from my mail, there are large numbers of literate Americans who never heard of me until two years ago. Now, after fifty issues, I believe that the meeting has been, in general, mutually satisfactory: to me, because I have been well paid and have had few restrictions; to the readers of the magazine, or their squawks would have ended my tenure long ere this; and to my bosses, because so far they have been unable to discern any mass demand for my dismissal, or to be convinced that I have done the magazine any harm.

If and when I have 100 issues behind me I may do a full recapitulation of my experience in this department. For the present, I want to thank the Collier's readers who linger over these words with varying degrees of pleasure. I also want to thank the editors for the freedom and pay that make this delightful job delightful. For those who work themselves into a state of irritation before reading the first line, I prescribe the simplest of cures: skip.

To one and all, the repeated and timely wish for a Happy New Year.

★ ★ ★

AS A CHARMED ASSOCIATE of Robert Charles Benchley I confess that I had some misgivings about the project to do a biography of him, even though the biographer was to be his son Nathaniel. But the book is out now and I can in conscience recommend it to those who knew Benchley, those who did not know him but adored (and that's the word) his writing and his acting, and those twenty-one-year-olds who were only eleven when Benchley died and who wonder what all the fuss is about. His son and biographer has done well a job that I contend was impossible.

Now for the next controversy: who's going to play Mr. Benchley in the inevitable movie? Here, for Metro or whoever buys the movie rights, is an idea: have Ernest Truex play Mr. Benchley, and then use actual stars and featured players and playwrights and headwaiters and producers to play themselves. Benchley was the only writer in our time to possess that universality of attraction that made him the celebrities' celebrity, the man whom celebrities were extra pleased to be seen with. The biggest stars you ever heard of always perked up when Mr. Benchley spoke to them; his was the name that *they* dropped. I may not have an Academy Oscar or a Pulitzer prize, but when the family began disposing of the great man's personal effects from that fabulous flat in a New York hotel, I was awarded his banjo mandolin.

★ ★ ★

ONE SPECIAL THING that Robert Benchley had, in addition to the obvious attributes of charm and humor and sympathy and the capacity for indignation and—cheapened word but rare quality—integrity, was his relationship with the famous. At a tableful or in a roomful of the household-word names, Benchley's presence made people out of them. I am tempted to say that he relaxed them, but that isn't quite it. To a certain extent he did not relax them one bit. Without being tough about it, he brought them down to size. Indeed, far from being tough about it, he was often gentle about it, although he could be tough.

In the twenties and thirties he flourished, first, because of the quality of his writing about the theater and, to the somewhat larger public, because he was the funniest man in print. He was not a jokesmith, but he practically invented what is now known as situation comedy. It turned out that he was just as funny acting it as writing it. But what made his company uniquely his own was a matter of attitude, of point of view. He was a person and a personality, and so enormously each that he was never compelled to make an effort to project either. In that respect he was alone during the twenties and thirties, when the word celebrity began to catch on. He was the only "celebrity" who never had to work at it. He was infected by the theater, but not deceived by the hoke of it. The famous and some of the rich of those days had to have someone to be beholden to, and they were lucky indeed that in their midst, at the center of it all, was a man who had the professional qualifications through his writing and acting, and the social qualification through the infrequently mentioned fact that he was a gentleman.

Mr. Benchley was physically a powerful man, as I found out (a) by staying up all night with him, and (b) by wrestling with him. He also had a frightening temper. But I never saw a man with better manners. His strength and his integrity, his actual professional achievements and his potential (he knew three languages and the history of England, some medicine and a great deal of psychoanalytical literature) and his social gifts gave him both balance and standing among those fairly dazzling people who because they were beautiful or bright could cause a pleasant confusion in a lesser man. Those days and that life, that used to be known as Mayfair, had other men who possessed some of the same qualities that Benchley had: Frank Crowninshield, Briton Hadden, Douglas Fairbanks, William Rhinelander Stewart, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Jack Thomas—but Benchley alone had all that Benchley had. There's nobody like that around any more. There's nobody that even comes close.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE ALMOST DECIDED not to have my double-breasted suit converted into a single-breasted. The suit, a blue flannel, is of such conservative style that I have considered putting some brass buttons on it and wearing it as a yachting jacket the next time I get invited on a cruise. I do not spend much time on yachts; my most recent cruise was 19 years ago; but I like to be ready. There are, however, other considerations involved in my decision to leave the suit as is. Sentiment is a minor one: the suit is 14 years old, which does not make it the senior item of my wardrobe by any means, but puts it among the ranking sets of threads. My best excuse for holding on to the garment is my conviction that, along about April, I can start wearing the suit and be a style-setter. That suit, or that style, will come back, and I'll be ready for that too.

A relation of mine came across a snapshot of me taken in 1922, when I was seventeen years old. It could very easily be a picture of a fashionable young man of 1956: the three-button suit of conservative cut, the buttoned-down collar and striped necktie, and the fancy waistcoat—all right out of today's ads. The same outfit could be worn by a modern undergraduate and he would only be conforming, just as I was conforming when the picture was taken. The point is that almost everything comes back, and my double-breasted suit has only a few months to wait. But as to reliving the 14 years since the suit was bought —thank you, but no thanks.

★ ★ ★

I WAS HOSPITALIZED a couple of years ago, and came close to being mausoleumized. Unlike Irvin S. Cobb, whose book Speaking of Operations—sold slightly better than Black Beauty, and Marcel Proust, who is rediscovered every year by freshman English classes, I never have made a buck on my illness. So I am putting this paragraph in here in the hope of making a test case with the tax men. I am now writing about the time I was sick, and I am getting paid for it. Does this paragraph make the hospital expense deductible?

You know, I have a feeling it's not going to work.

★ ★ ★

I UNDERSTAND LES ELGART is cutting a platter of Pompt and Circumstancet. (If Deems Taylor doesn't like this, no one will.)

AL HIRSCHFELD

Bob Benchley was no jokesmith, but he practically invented situation comedy

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"The Voice With a Smile"

MISS SERVICE REPRESENTATIVE
"The Voice With a Smile" in the telephone Business Office

One of the nicest things about telephone service is "The Voice With a Smile." It runs all through the business.

Millions of times a day the operators send it singing over the wires. You hear it when you visit the Business Office or telephone the service representative.

The installer brings it to your home when he comes to put in telephones. The lineman has it as he works along the road or gives you the right of way at a busy intersection.

In talking about telephone people and the way they go about their work, we'd like to say a good word for you, too.

For it's your friendliness that helps us do the kind of job you want us to do. And that means better service all along the line.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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LETTERS

Indochina

EDITOR: The editorial note preceding Bao Dai: The Case of the Absentee Emperor (Sept. 30th) stated: "Most qualified observers agree that, if the choice were made today, the people of Viet-Nam would vote for Ho Chi Minh, and thus become the first country to choose Communism in a free election." I returned from Viet-Nam as recently as late August. I visited nearly every sector of the country, talked to Viet-Namese of all walks of life, and to members of the foreign press and diplomatic corps. I have yet to meet anybody who thinks the Communists could ever win the country in a *free* election.

It seems careless to compound the confusion by intimating there is such a possibility as free elections. North Viet-Nam has a population of 12,000,000 compared to South Viet-Nam's 10,000,000, and Communist sanctions would surely guarantee at least 98.9 per cent of the vote in their territory. But at least one half of the population of North Viet-Nam would, if they could, come to South Viet-Nam. Premier Diem, who knows the score, has stated there will be no Soviet-style elections. Neither he, his government nor the U.S. government has pledged themselves to an election. . . .

ANGIER BIDDLE DUKE,
New York, N.Y.

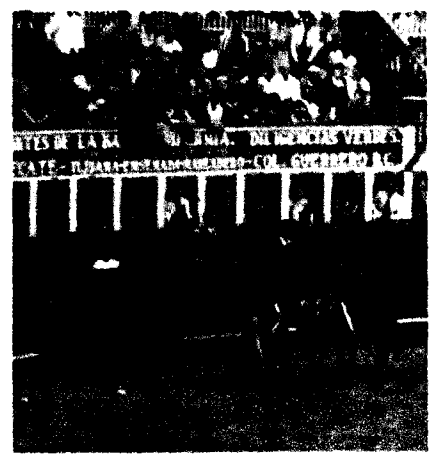
Moment of Untruth?

EDITOR: The bullfight is a meticulously stylized drama like a Chinese play, a fencing match, or a ballet, within the shadow of death. Much of its interest is the detailed differentiation and sequence in the execution of the various cape and *muleta* passes. Therefore, it is not carping to note that two of the passes pictured in Barnaby Conrad's article In the Ring with Arruza (Oct. 28th) are wrongly identified. The caption on the fifth picture on page 39 is a *pase por alto* but an even closer definition would be an *ayudado por alto.* The caption on the sixth picture says Arruza is performing an *estatuario.* This could be the beginning of a couple of passes but neither of them would be an *estatuario.* It is more than likely the beginning of an *ayudado por bajo,* or a *derechazo,* depending on the interpretation. And, by the way, there is absolutely no such thing as a right-handed *natural.* That is and has been my firm critical opinion for many years, too many to mention, since I was writing on the bulls for the Associated Press in Spain. You may hear the voices of some misguided *aficionados* and critics raised in illegitimate protest, but I stand on my classical conviction. REX SMITH,
American Airlines, New York, N.Y.

The captions on all the pictures were checked with the author, Mr. Conrad, who wrote La Fiesta Brava, Matador and numerous articles on bullfighting. His reply to the above letter: Rex Smith says the passes shown in pictures five and six should be called ayudados, *but these pictures are of one-handed* muleta *passes. The bullfighting bible, Los Toros, by Cossio, states: "An* ayudado *is a* muleta *pass executed with both hands." Therefore, Mr. Smith is wrong on this point. He is also wrong when he says there is no such thing as a right-handed* natural *because Cossio does not specify the hand in his definition of the* natural.

. . . "Still on his knees, he went toward the animal. Right up into its face he went, while it pawed and wondered whether to charge. Then Arruza rested his forehead on the bull's horn. That was when the girl in our party fainted." This seemed to me the most dramatic, terrifying incident in the article. Has a picture ever been taken of such an *adorno?* . . . HEATHER ANGEL,
San Francisco, Cal.

Arruza and the adorno (below).



. . . MUST CONGRATULATE YOU AND MY FRIEND BERNABE CONRAD FOR MOST COMPLETE, AUTHENTIC AND FINEST ARTICLE EVER WRITTEN ABOUT ME.
CARLOS ARRUZA, Mexico City, Mex.

. . . Arruza has not come out of retirement as Conrad said! And the pictures illustrating the article which show Arruza in a *traje de luces* were not taken at the bullfight described in the article; no matador in retirement wears a *traje de luces.* At Juarez, Arruza was just playing a benefit.
JOEL L. HARRISON, Beverly Hills, Cal.

Mr. Conrad's comment on Mr. Harrison's comments: In 13 places in the article it is stated or implied that Arruza is retired and that the fight described was just a benefit exhibition. For instance, the dialogue on page 38: "It's not a corrida, *just a festival" . . . "It's for charity" (which automatically means* traje corto *costume).*

Nowhere was it implied that the photographs were of the fight described. Since it was clearly stated that this was a festival, not a formal corrida, *the costumes in the pictures are obviously not meant to be consistent with the text. Since it was clearly stated that Arruza placed no* banderillas *during the fight described, the large picture on page 37 obviously was not meant to deceive.*

. . . I have an eight-year-old daughter. Have you a right to shock her into hysterical sobbing so the doctor gets her to sleep at 4:00 A.M., and she misses two days at school? Many an animal, boy or girl will be tortured and killed because of these pictures. . . .
MARYLN MATTHEWS, Detroit, Mich.

. . . Our laws have outlawed this barbarous practice; let's leave it to those poor backward places that so enjoy it. You are an American magazine, first and foremost—what is not good enough for your country should not be good enough for you. . . .
DOROTHY DONAT, Orange, Conn.

. . . Congratulations on behalf of thousands of fans and of La Aficion, Pena Taurina Norteamericana. The latter is a club being organized for lovers of the art of bullfighting and which all *aficionados* are invited to join. . . .
MARY ELLEN NOLAN, Inglewood, Cal.

. . . Here's hoping you find space for more articles on the dramatic art of bullfighting, notwithstanding advice to the contrary—which you will undoubtedly receive. . . .
STANFORD LYNDE, Lodge Grass, Mont.

. . . I felt like shouting with the crowd for the art and bravery of the matador. Can't get worked up over baseball, football or basketball. Give me an old-fashioned bullfight. . . .
MRS. ANNAMARIA HULL, Eureka, Cal.

. . . If you think bullfighting is good clean fun, try it from the horse's standpoint. Put on a padded coat and let an infuriated bull ram you. . . .
CAROL GRIFFITH, Falls Church, Va.

. . . I am an apprentice *torera* myself and hoping to make my professional debut in the spring in La Plaza Mexico, but I can't blame Arruza for hating women bullfighters because the present ones are making a ridicule of a sacred and traditional art. If I truthfully thought I could not do better, I wouldn't have made the three trips to Mexico in the past three years to pursue this career I love so much. My greatest problem was to locate a reliable and serious manager. Now I'm returning to Mexico City to continue my training. Below is a picture of me taken in my *traje corto,* the traditional fighting costume for women. . . .
VIRGINIA A. ROMAIN, Detroit, Mich.

. . . Mr. Conrad states that Arruza fought 108 *corridas* in 1945 and was awarded 219 ears. Were three of the engagements against three-eared bulls? . . . LEWIS E. THOMAS,
Toledo, Ohio

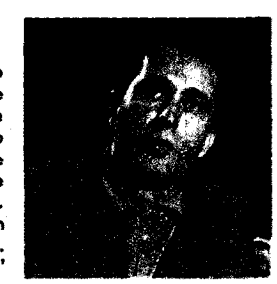
In each corrida, *the matador fights three, sometimes two, bulls.*

Series Closer

EDITOR: Your baseball story Series Opener (Oct. 14th) proved the old adage that there's no substitute for experience. This was again proved in the last World Series. Much highly deserved praise was bestowed on Sandy Amoros' running catch in the left-field corner that resulted in a double play and killed a Yankee rally. However, not one sports writer noticed (or at least, did not mention) the fact that old dependable, "baseball-wise" Pee Wee Reese was out on the grass, in position to take the relay that made the double play possible. . . .
R. A. FEATHERS, Tempiute, Nev.

The Cover Marvin Koner

There's an explanation for the natural look Perry Como customarily wears in his photographs—like the picture on the cover and those which accompany Michael Drury's article about the singing star, beginning on page 26. It may also explain Como's relaxed attitude on TV. "He's one of the few famous people I know who doesn't stiffen up at the sight of a camera," reports photographer Marvin Koner. "Usually to get a candid picture I have to sneak up on the subject—but not with Como. He simply ignored me. He seems to figure folks will take him just the way he is"



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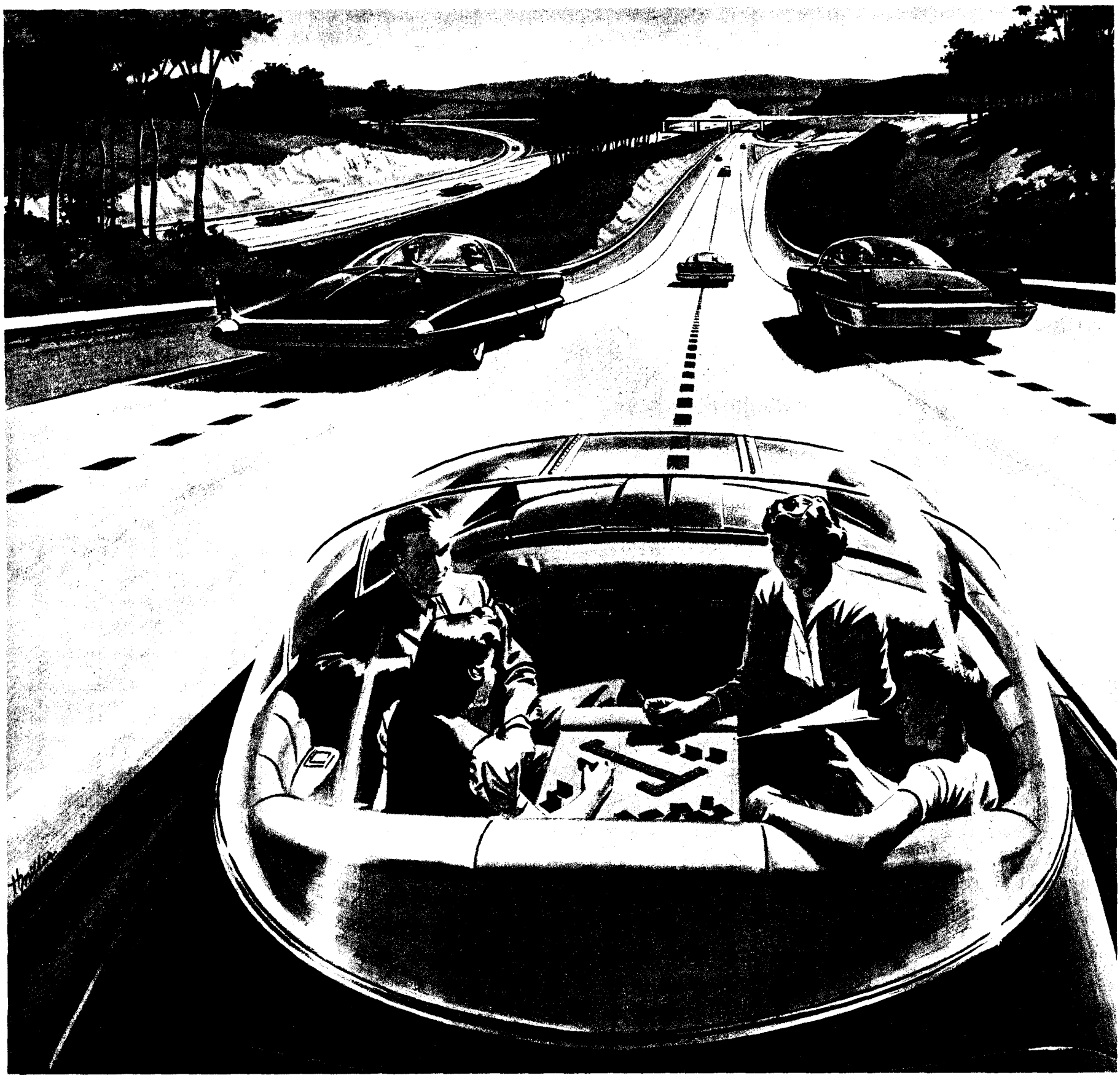

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*Names on request from this magazine

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ANTHONY SARIS

The Seven Happy Gods

By JOCK CARROLL

IT WAS five o'clock, Tokyo time, and there were already a fair number of us in the Correspondents Club when one of the wire-service men arrived with the news: "Art Mason just got a Pulitzer prize."

In the silence following this announcement some of us glanced instinctively at the photographs above the bar. There was the early shot of Mason with his arm thrown patronizingly around Ernie Pyle, and another of him in the doorway of that wrecked B-29 just below Seoul that had served us as press headquarters.

Jim Bendix, an old-time reporter, was the first to speak. "Excuse me," he said, "while I go outside and throw up."

I didn't agree with Bendix' opinion of Art Mason, but I didn't argue. So far as the Mason of ten years ago was concerned, Bendix was right. But he was ignoring that people change. Mason, the man who had just written Face the Rising Sun, and Gomenasai, was being acclaimed, and rightly, as a great contributor to our understanding of the East. The Pulitzer committee was only confirming what the public already knew.

It's true Mason doesn't deserve the credit for his change. The credit belongs to a girl named Hiroko-san—and to the Seven Happy Gods.

It happened back in '51, just after the Korean truce talks began. I was going home for a rest, and while I was in the MATS office arranging for transportation I ran into Mason. He'd just been awarded a fellowship at Harvard and was going out on the same plane in the morning.

Mason said, "Look, why don't you come out to my place tonight? We can leave for the airport together."

It didn't take me long to convince myself it was a good suggestion: he lived near the airport. But the real reason I accepted was that Mason's house was rumored to be complete with the most beautiful girl in Japan. I wanted to see for myself.

In the taxi, Mason talked nervously, almost compulsively. "I'll be glad to shake this little island," he said. "I'd no more trust these bowing and smiling Japanese than . . ."

The ride was pretty embarrassing. Our taxi driver, I knew, had to understand English in order to hold his job, but to Mason he didn't even exist.

When we arrived at Mason's house we entered an unusually large room with sliding doors opening onto an inner garden court. In the doorway was a young woman, on her knees and bowing her head to the floor. "Good evening," she said.

As she rose I saw that the rumor was well-founded: she was the most beautiful Japanese I had seen. The bright red colors of her kimono indicated she was just out of her teens.

Mason introduced me to Hiroko-san. For a moment she gave me her polite attention; and then her eyes, and her heart, returned to Mason.

A wrinkled housekeeper appeared with sake, and Hiroko-san filled the tiny porcelain cups. "Your airplane?" she asked Mason with seeming casualness. "It is still for tomorrow morning?"

"I told you before," said Mason. "I'll be leaving here at seven o'clock. Is everything packed?"

"Yes," Hiroko-san said, "it is all finished." Then she looked at me again. "You must be very happy," she said, "to return home after so long a time. I am glad—for both of you. I will drink a toast." We raised our cups. "To your happiness," she said. She took only a small drink and then rose. "Now I will bring you dinner. You will be hungry, no?"

After she rustled from the room, Mason lifted his cup. "Well?" he said, mocking her accent, "beautiful, no?"

"If I were you I'd miss my plane," I said.

He gave a derisive laugh. "Don't be so damn' romantic!" He waved his hand around in an all-inclusive gesture. "This has cost me ten thousand good old American dollars in the past few years. I'm not saying it isn't the best deal I ever made, but don't lose sight of the fact it's a business deal—for me, *and* for her."

"But her people aren't going to welcome her back with open arms, exactly. Maybe not at all."

Mason poured himself another drink. "Of that ten thousand dollars," he said, "she'll have salted away at least five thousand for herself. I know what it costs to run this place. And with that kind of dowry, she'll be married within a month." He spoke vehemently, like a man arguing with himself, so I didn't pursue the subject.

Hiroko-san returned and set up a low table, on which she cooked sukiyaki. Mason ate without speaking, and Hiroko-san regarded him anxiously. "Is it not good?"

"It's delicious," I said quickly. "It's my misfortune to taste such food when I am about to leave Japan."

She smiled her thanks but her dark eyes immediately returned to Mason's face.

When we had finished eating, we lingered for a while over the wine. Mason was drinking heavily. He seemed to be trying to get drunk.

After several long, awkward silences I said I thought I had better be getting to bed, and Hiroko-san showed me my room. But I could not sleep. Hiroko-san's unhappy face kept coming before my eyes. Finally, I got up and pushed back the sliding doors that opened onto the garden.

I could see Mason sitting on a small stone bench. Hiroko-san stood beside him, one hand outstretched. "Go away!" he said thickly.

"I am sorry," said Hiroko-san. "But I wanted to give you this, to make you think of me sometimes."

She slipped something into his pocket and turned away. As she moved through a patch of moonlight I saw her face. Her cheeks were wet.

IN THE MORNING Mason took hurried leave of Hiroko-san and we drove away in a cab. At the airport he paced up and down, smoking one cigarette after another. Some of his nervousness seemed to leave him once we boarded the plane, but he still didn't want to talk, and so I struck up a conversation with a British trader across the aisle.

While he and I were talking I saw Mason reach into his pocket for cigarettes. Instead of cigarettes he brought out a small white package. "Looks as though I got a going-away present," he said.

He tore away the white paper and held up a little string of miniature gods. They were the Seven Happy Gods, mascot gods of the Japanese and a familiar sight in the stalls along the Ginza, fashioned into many kinds of cheap souvenirs. I was a little surprised at Hiroko-san's choice.

Mason dangled the grotesque little gods carelessly. "The five-thousand-dollar present," he said to me with heavy irony. "The Seven Happy Gods in gen-u-wine walrus ivory."

The British trader leaned forward in his seat. "May I see them?" He took the little gods, examining them carefully. "Very nice," he said. "Did I hear you say five thousand?"

Mason laughed. "In a manner of speaking. I—"

The trader nodded. "Then you got a bargain. Haven't seen white jade like that in quite a while."

"Jade?" said Mason. He took the little gods in his hand. His face turned pale and his hand trembled. "I'll have to go back," he said, finally.

He got off the plane at Honolulu, but when he got back to Tokyo, as he told me later, the house was empty and she was gone.

That was three years ago, and since then he has made a fruitless search for her. With the success of his books, of course, he left the newspaper business, and that is why the fellows at the Correspondents Club don't know about the great change that's taken place in Arthur Mason.

But his books tell the story of that change, and perhaps someday Hiroko-san will read one of them and understand and come back to him. Again, perhaps not. The Japanese are a proud people, with an unfortunate attitude toward suicide; they do not consider it an unhonorable way of leaving a life that has become intolerable.

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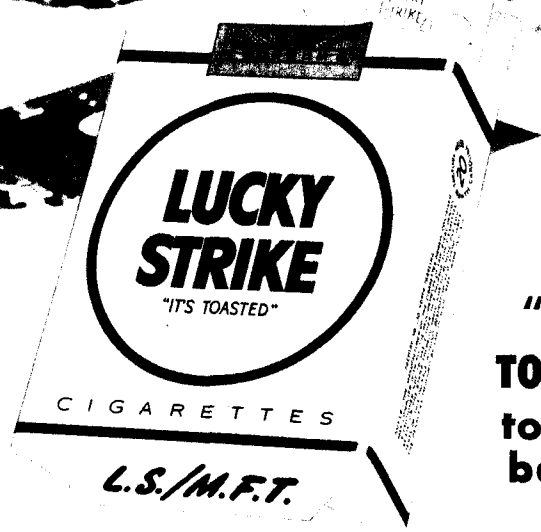

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

If a thing is worth saying, it's worth saying twice—even to the same people. But twice is the limit. After that they begin to suspect you. What we mean is Merry Christmas. And, more than incidentally, a happy, peaceful 1956.

★ ★ ★

Gentleman named Mr. T. Anger, in Birmingham, Alabama, has more than 2,000 newspaper clippings. Adds to them every day. And each is a column or less of medical, financial, spiritual, political or social advice which he has no intention of following. He says you have no idea how physically fit and independent it makes him feel.

★ ★ ★

This Seattle, Washington, restaurant at noon was busy. Thus Mr. Joe Fellman paid little attention to the stranger who sat down opposite him, until the waitress asked this stranger what he was having. Stranger said he didn't want a thing. Waitress asked him why, then, he was sitting in this restaurant. "It's my lunch hour," the stranger said. This seems as sensible to us as most things we hear these days.

★ ★ ★

If the future of our country means anything at all to you, here's discouraging news from a belated report by Mr. W. M. King, county clerk in Cynthiana, Kentucky. Mr. King says that his

IRWIN CAPLAN

office issued only 14 marriage licenses last June as against 92 fishing licenses. We at once put through a telephone call to the Honorable Happy Chandler, Kentucky's revived governor, asking him what he intended doing about it. Mr. Chandler was shocked. "But," said he, "I am working on a combination bride-fishing-license plan which should change all that."

★ ★ ★

Cheery little letter from a gentleman in New Orleans, Louisiana. He says he gave up drinking and smoking for seven months and thereby saved up enough money to pay for his resulting nervous breakdown. Signs himself Nuts McNulty.

★ ★ ★

Realtor gentleman reports from Bangor, Maine, that he has just sold a house to a gentleman from Vermont. Realtor told the Vermonter that amongst the house's other admirable features was a brand-new roof. Said the Vermont gentleman: "If it lasts as long as the mortgage, you'll hear no kicking from me."

★ ★ ★

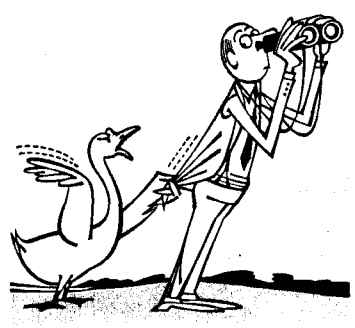
It happened in Frostproof, Florida. What happened was that Miss Lula Jeanette Snow was married to Mr. James White. And Mrs. Celia M. Larson asks us to suggest an appropriate and obvious name for the first female child born of this happy union. "If you can't think of it," says Mrs. Larson, "ask Walt Disney."

★ ★ ★

We have asked Mr. Claude Eames of the Elkhorn (Wisconsin) Independent to let us know what happens to this neighbor of his and how, subsequently, said neighbor's wife pleads. It is Mr. Eames's neighbor's frequent after-dinner whim to run to the back door and scream: "No, no! Please, please don't hit me again. I'll wash the dishes." Anyway, if we were on the trial jury, we'd vote to spring her.

★ ★ ★

You remember, of course, how geese honked a warning to the Romans when some folks who didn't believe in minding their own business swarmed down on the town. Anyway, a descendant of



those Roman birds may be seen and heard in St. Edward, Nebraska. Honks for half a minute at the approach of a plane—even before the plane can be spotted by the Ground Observer Corps. And we almost forgot to tell you that the gander's owner is a member of the GOC—Mr. Keith Howser.

★ ★ ★

Hobbywise, this gentleman in Keokuk, Iowa, is making a collection of the names and records of living, recently deceased, deposed, imprisoned and hunted Latin-American presidents. He is cataloguing them—a somewhat stupendous undertaking—under such classifications as *de jure, de facto, ad interim, sine die, in absentia, pro tem and whereabouts unknown.*

Best to you for the Holidays!

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

The successful Bliven team. Which one does how much is a family secret

DUNCAN AIKMAN (page 56) is generally known as a "journalist and author." That covers a lot of ground, as has Aikman. For the last 20 years he has been an "expert" on Latin America. He's taken three big swings through the area, has covered various Pan-American conferences for newspapers and magazines, and written two books about the lands south of our border.

However, Aikman's personal history also includes an education at Phillips Exeter Academy and Yale, other books on subjects from peace to Calamity Jane, a stint of teaching German and Latin, assignments as columnist, foreign correspondent, Washington correspondent and editor on newspapers from London to Los Angeles, and as press officer during the war for the Office of Inter-American Affairs headed by Nelson Rockefeller.

★ ★ ★

THE outspoken article in this issue by Princeton professor John Q. Stewart (with Dick Gehman) is his third coast-to-coast appearance, so to speak. The second time was a few months ago when he lambasted the U.S. Weather Bureau for its false alarm over a hurricane called Ione.

The first time Dr. Stewart made headlines was in 1931. Speaking before a distinguished group at the Brooklyn Academy of Arts and Sciences, he predicted among other things that with nuclear power we would travel to the moon by the year 2050, maybe even by 2000. Such an observation by a well-known scientist at that time created quite a stir.

"It was a flashy thing to say," Dr. Stewart says deprecatingly today. But he is a man of wide interests and bold imagination, far from flashy. He joined the Princeton Department of Astronomy in 1921 and, in his own words, has "taken a good deal of freedom" in his work. He has had published papers and books on such subjects as navigation, acoustics, magnetism, demography and, of course, astronomy.

★ ★ ★

"I'VE contributed articles to 30 magazines since I got out of the Army in 1945," free-lance writer Bruce Bliven, Jr., tells us. "I've also had two short stories published, and a book (The Wonderful Writing Machine, concerning typewriters, which was the subject of a piece in Collier's, May 14, 1954). My next two books will be (1) a juvenile, (2) a history of Revolutionary War fighting in and adjacent to Manhattan Island."

Bliven's current effort is farther along in this issue (page 32), in this case on the subject of children's teeth, cavities and toothpaste.

The secret of Bliven's universality and prolificacy in writing is said to be Mrs. Bliven, an ex-book editor. When folks ask, Bruce says, "Oh, Naomi helps me with research." Naomi gives him a loving look and says nothing.

★ ★ ★

WHEN Perry Como and Michael Drury had this picture taken, he glanced at her hair, wagged his finger under her nose and said, "Michael Drury, since you've been around here your hair is getting grayer."

"As a former barber," she replied, "you might like to know that for seven years I have cut my husband's hair, as well as my own."

Como looked at her head again and said, with that smile of his, "Say, let *me* cut your hair, will you?"

"No, thanks," Mike replied. "You'll cut it too short."

We cite this episode to show how much will power and sense of duty some writers have on the job. Or maybe Mike didn't want to have to explain to her husband she was getting a new barber. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

MARVIN KONER

Michael Drury and Perry Como, about to break into an exchange of tonsorial humor

Here's a happy thought for a wintertime treat. Serve light, dry Carling's Black Label Beer and it's smooth going all the way to a successful get-together! *Everybody* likes Black Label. Especially the host... he's serving *top quality*, but at the *popular price!* That's why Black Label sales are now four times what they were four years ago. And every day *more* people say...

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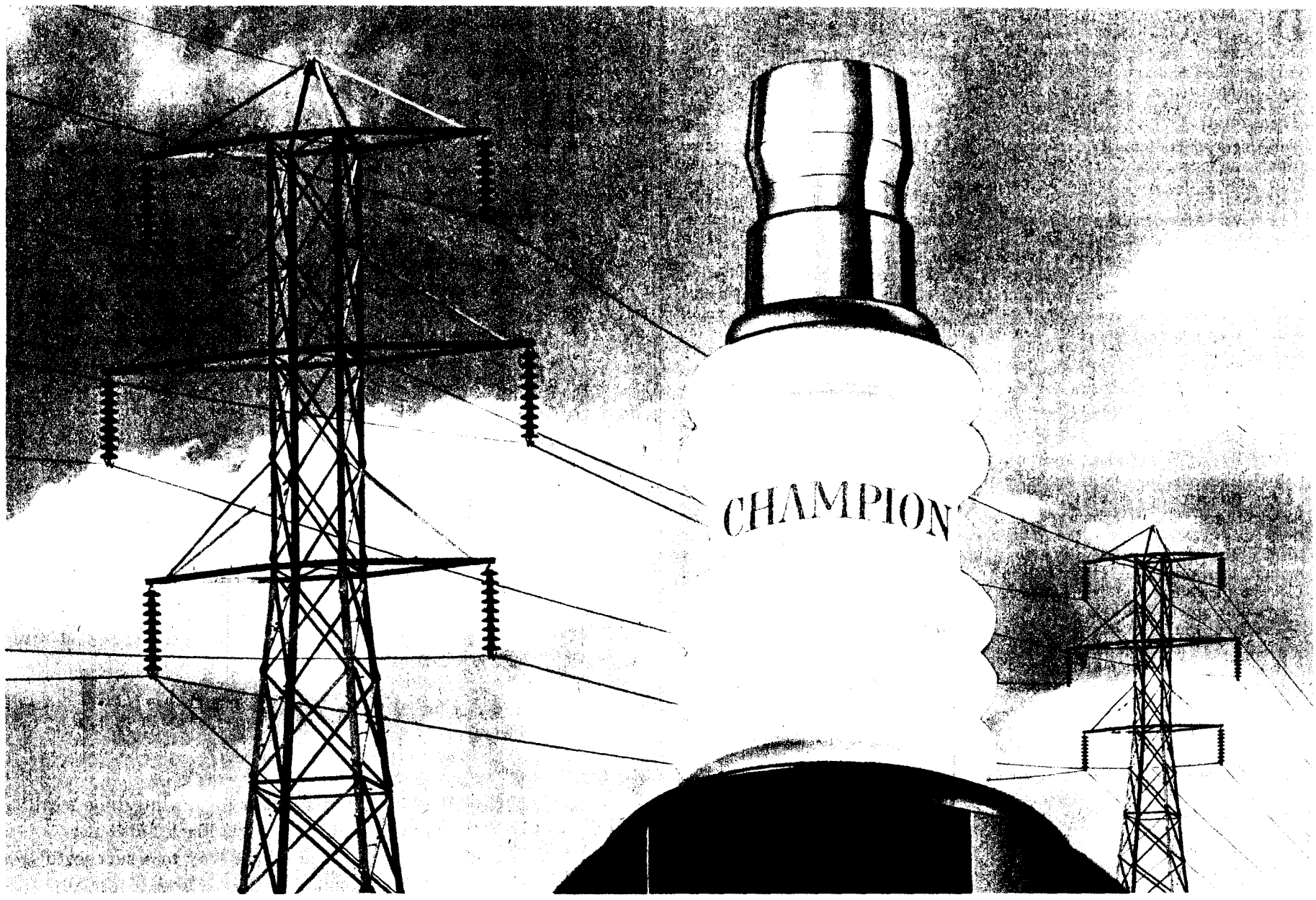

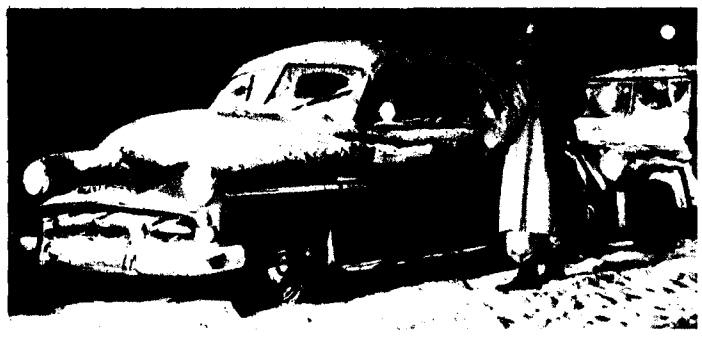

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Mad River

By DONALD HAMILTON

Cohoon had been away five years, paying for another man's crime. Now he was free —but someone in his home town was trying desperately to railroad him back into jail

BEGINNING A NEW THREE-PART SERIAL

BOYD COHOON leaned forward to look out the side window of the stagecoach. This bridge they were crossing was new to him. There had been no bridge here five years ago, and no one had written him of it.

Old John Black's ferry cable was still there, he saw, far below and a quarter of a mile downstream. The ferry was tied up at the south landing, looking waterlogged and half rotted, the river swirling by it. Black's Ferry had become past history in the time he had been away.

He twisted in the seat to see farther out the window, and then a tap on his arm caused him to turn. "I beg your pardon, ma'am."

The girl at his left said, "I'm quite all right—aside from a few broken ribs." She smiled wryly and turned away. Cohoon looked out the window again.

They were on solid ground now, climbing through the barren hills north of the river. Once the driver stopped the stage and called down for someone to roll a large boulder off the road. As Cohoon and the man on his right responded to the call, Cohoon noted that neither of the two men in the opposite seat showed any inclination to help. They seemed disturbed by the halt, and moved apart to keep watch through the windows on either side. Cohoon had already marked the pair because they were heavily armed, and because of the large valise between them.

With the road clear again, they went on, following the same winding course that he had traveled five years ago, in handcuffs.

The girl beside him said, "You act as if you'd been here before."

He hesitated, reluctant to be drawn into conversation. Then he said, "I was born here, ma'am."

She looked surprised. "Oh, I thought—"

Cohoon saw that she was embarrassed. It was clear that she had classified him in her mind—by his unimpressive size, pale complexion and cheap suit—as not belonging to this country of large, tanned and durably clad men.

"My mother taught the first English-speaking school in this part of Arizona," he said. To converse with a woman, after all this time, was disconcerting to him.

The girl smiled. "Maybe you can tell me the name of the river we just crossed."

"Well, the Mexicans named it after some saint or other," Cohoon said, "but the Indians call it Crazy River, or Mad River."

"It looked as if there used to be a ferry down below the bridge."

"Yes," Cohoon said. "That was Black's Ferry. Wasn't sup-

The bearded man, who had run into him deliberately, grabbed Cohoon's shoulders roughly and said, "Why don't you watch where you're going?"

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posed to be too safe, in the old days. Old John Black was supposed to have a habit of shoving lone travelers over the side for whatever might be in their packs."

"Is that really true?" the girl asked.

Cohoon grinned. "Well, I used to know Willie Black, old John's boy, but somehow I never did get around to asking him; we weren't exactly on friendly terms. Old John certainly never lacked money for liquor, though."

The girl shook her head. "Well, I was warned it was a wild country. Tell me, what were those mountains we went through south of the river?"

"The Candelarias," Cohoon said. "The land lying between them and the river is the Candelaria Grant, formerly owned by a Spanish family of that name. It runs as far west as Yellow Ford, thirty miles."

"That's quite a bit of land, isn't it?"

"Not by local standards, ma'am," Cohoon said. "But it includes some of the prettiest grazing land in the Territory. You have to come at it from the west to really—" He stopped and cleared his throat. From talking too little, he was now coming to talk too much. It was hard to strike a proper balance, after five years. . . .

The first thing Cohoon noted as they pulled into Sombrero was how big the town had grown. Main Street was twice as long as it had been. There was a bank, a barbershop, a couple of new mercantile establishments, an assay office and the office of some mining corporation, all housed in buildings that had a raw, new look. The people, too, had changed. There were more of them—too many. Cohoon felt an unpleasant sense of having been left behind by time, an old man at twenty-four.

THE stage came to a halt in front of the hotel. He got out and helped the girl descend, and guided her aside so that the two men with the large valise could pass. He noted that they were met by two other men, also well armed, and he heard the soft exchange of greetings.

"No trouble?"

"None. The General must be slipping. Just the same, I'll be glad to see it in the company safe . . ."

Cohoon recognized no one in the crowd around the hotel. "I'll help you with your things," he said to the girl, but she shook her head.

"Thank you just the same," she said. "If you'd just see that my trunk gets off, I'll send for it later. And if you'd tell me where I can find Miss Bessie Tompkins. The place is on Creek Lane, wherever that may be."

There was a brief silence that involved not only Cohoon and the stage driver, but several other men and two women standing nearby, all of whom looked sharply at the girl before resuming their talk. Cohoon studied the girl for a moment. She was fairly tall and nicely shaped, he saw, with brown hair, brown eyes, a straight nose and a long, humorous mouth. She was conservatively dressed in a dark-green traveling suit.

This was none of his business, but the attitudes of the bystanders annoyed him; people were very quick to hurt and reject, as he had learned from experience. He took the bag she was holding. "I'll show you the way, ma'am," he said.

"It's not necessary. You've been very kind." There was a look of wry amusement, not entirely lacking in bitterness, in the girl's eyes, and he knew she was fully aware of the situation.

"Come on," he said, starting across the street.

They passed the familiar, weathered front of Van Houck's trading post and turned right at the corner. "Creek Lane," Cohoon said, with a glance at the girl. "Miss Bessie's place is the one with the two-headed bird on it: the Double Eagle. Don't let the tame look of the street deceive you. It's early yet."

He stopped in front of the building and gave her the small valise. "Thank you," she said. "But it wasn't wise of you to help me. People will talk."

He grinned. "Ma'am, after five years in Yuma, I figure it's a little late to start worrying about what people say."

She had turned toward the door. Now she swung back, startled. "Yuma? That's the Territorial Prison, isn't it? What did you do, hold up a stagecoach?"

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Cohoon told Claire: "Take your brother to our place and get Dr. Bell to come . . . he won't talk"

"Yes, ma'am."

She smiled. "Well, I wouldn't have guessed it to look at you."

Cohoon grinned and said, with a glance at the saloon door, "I wouldn't have guessed it to look at you, either, ma'am."

The girl laughed, but when she spoke again there was a defensive hardness in her voice. "Well, some evening when you're not holding up stages, you can come around and hear me sing and have a drink on the house for your kindness. Ask for Nan Montoya—Mrs. Nan Montoya." She laughed again, and the sound was tinged with bitterness. "Montoya is dead, if it matters."

Cohoon walked back the way he had come and turned right at the corner of Main Street. In this direction, the town soon ended in a scattering of shacks and adobe huts, beyond which the church stood on a small rise. He reached the white gate and stepped inside the churchyard, making his way among the headstones.

The last time he had been here there had been only two graves in the family plot: that of his oldest brother, Stuart, who had been killed by a raiding party of Apaches when Cohoon was fourteen, and that of his mother, who had died two years later. Now there were two more, and he read the inscriptions:

WARD ZACHARIAH COHOON, 1816-1885
JONATHAN WALKER COHOON, 1859-1885

He removed his hat and knelt awkwardly. He had never been close to his father, but he had admired and revered him, and envied the two older brothers who, in size, endurance, courage and ability, had more closely lived up to the standards Ward Cohoon had set for his sons. He recalled his father's impatience and his own frustration as he had tried time and again to master the weapon that had been selected for the day's practice. Stuart and Jonathan had picked up the knack of rifle, knife and tomahawk with ease, and this had deepened Boyd Cohoon's feeling of inadequacy.

Well, he reflected now, there was no sense in pretending to be something you weren't. You're on your own now, my friend, he told himself, and rose and walked back into town.

IN FRONT of Van Houck's store Cohoon paused and then went inside. The bearded old trader was at the back of the store, counting his receipts of the day. He closed the money box, raised his head, and peered at Cohoon through steel-rimmed glasses.

"Five years is a long time, Uncle Van," Cohoon said. "How's my credit?"

Van Houck came quickly around the counter to grasp Cohoon by the shoulders. "My boy! I didn't recognize— Help yourself to anything you need, but first let me look at you. Ah, but you're a man now! Almost as big as your father . . ." His smile faded abruptly. "Did you get my letter?"

"Yes," Cohoon said. "But you didn't write *how* it happened, Uncle Van."

The old trader said, "It was like a stroke of lightning. Your father dead, shot in the back within five miles of town! And then Jonathan shot down too, out at the ranch—"

"Was it the Apaches, Uncle Van?"

Van Houck shook his head. "One man it was, with iron shoes on his horse— I heard the men in the posse talking about it. The man met your father outside of town, they talked for a while, your father turned to ride away—and the man shot him. The stock of your father's rifle was broken off short; the broken wood was still in his hands when he was found."

Cohoon said, "And Jonathan?"

"The murderer rode directly to the ranch. Jonathan was shot as he opened the door.

"It was two hours before the ranch hands found out about what had happened," Van Houck went on. "They lost the man's trail up in the rocks, and so did the posse. Finally Westerman said to call it a day, and he would notify the authorities."

"Paul Westerman led the posse?" Cohoon asked.

"Yes," Van Houck said. "We still have no law here, my boy, except when the U.S. marshal condescends to pay us a visit. Well, we've got a town marshal of sorts, to keep order here in Sombrero, but he was out of town (*Continued on page* 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

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What's wrong with the WEATHER BUREAU

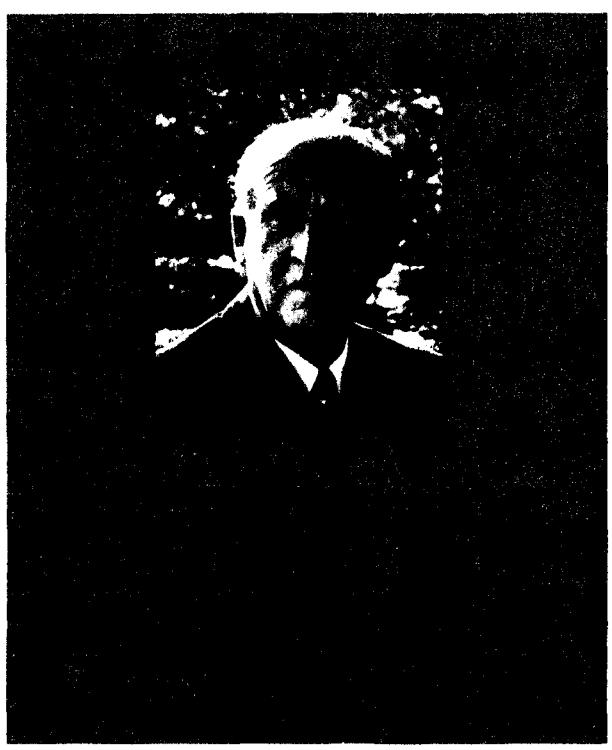
By Dr. JOHN Q. STEWART
with RICHARD GEHMAN

Will it rain today? What does the forecast say? Too frequently, says this scientist, the predictions are all wet. He suggests ways to better service in the future—especially when disaster threatens

EARLY in the morning of Monday, September 19th, in company with millions of others along the Eastern seaboard, I was busy making preparations for the onslaught of Hurricane Ione. The radio had announced that Ione was moving into Morehead City, North Carolina, and heading north. Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York were being told to prepare for one of the worst storms in history. Princeton, New Jersey, where I live and teach, was right in Ione's predicted path, and she was due to strike us around noon.

After putting the porch furniture indoors, I went off to my opening lecture—Astronomy 301. Because Ione was coming, I devoted that period entirely to hurricanes. But by 12:30 P.M., when the class was over, I had to tell my students that things didn't seem to be developing the way the Weather Bureau had predicted. The Princeton skies had barely clouded over.

In my office I consulted the microbarograph, a highly sensitive atmospheric pressure recorder. Back home, I looked at my aneroid barometer. Both instruments showed that the pressure was falling, but it was falling with puzzling slowness, considering that local Weather Bureau offices up and down the coast were still warning that disaster was at hand.



By 4:00 P.M. I was beginning to get angry. We'd had a few drops of rain in Princeton, but that was all. Obviously, this storm was nowhere near us. Although there had been severe damage to the coast of Carolina from waves and floods, the radio had said nothing of damage to inland regions. I knew what had happened. The storm had slowed in its advance and had been grinding around in North Carolina for about eight hours, which had weakened and worn down its winds. There was a possibility that it might begin to move faster—but even if it did that, 400 intervening miles overland would weaken it still more and keep it from becoming a real threat to my area.

Now really indignant, I began to think of the serious, unnecessary alarm to which people in six states had been exposed, of the tremendous sums being spent in needless preparations, of the futile and frantic labor—and, finally, of the many mistakes our Weather Bureau had made in the past. I decided to make an announcement, not with the intention of forecasting future hurricanes, but as a research scientist calling attention to the poor forecasting that was being done.

Through Princeton University's press office, I informed the newspapers that Ione was no longer a major hurricane, and that our only serious worry was the possibility that she might go back to sea and refresh herself, which would take so long that we all would have adequate warning of her return.

Nevertheless, all through the night and well into the morning of the 20th, the Weather Bureau continued to insist that Ione was coming.

She never favored us with a visit. She snubbed Princeton, and nearby New York City, by 300 miles. In the idiom of my students, the Weather Bureau had goofed again. In the more genteel phrase of The New York Times, it had been guilty of the "most sensational of false predictions."

The Ione fiasco was merely one dramatic incident in a depressing series of blunders by our government weathermen during the last 25 years. Making bad guesses—or worse, no guesses at all—is nothing new for the Weather Bureau.

A calamitous bureau mistake of omission originally stirred my own interest in hurricanes and in the weather. Around noon on September 21, 1938, my wife and son and I were in our summer cottage near Randolph, New Hampshire. By consulting my rapidly falling barometer and noting the wind direction and force, I realized that a hurricane which I had assumed was in the Atlantic off the Georgia coast was actually coming in on us! No alarm had been sounded; although there were records to show that in past decades hurricanes had bombarded the Northeastern states, the Weather Bu-

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DEVANEY

reau evidently had decided that we were somehow immune.

That storm did strike in 1938; its count of dead reached 682, and property loss exceeded $400,000,000.

The same thing happened with Hurricane Carol on August 31, 1954. The bureau failed to warn either the Long Island or Rhode Island shores.

Eleven days after Carol came Edna. Public criticism now made the bureau extra-cautious. This time the experts overwarned. While Edna was still below Cape Hatteras and her path was unpredictable, the New York forecasters were issuing statements to put the city on the alert. Maine was warned far in advance, but just as Edna came roaring down, the forecasters observed an almost unanimous radio silence. The interior New England States, getting ready for the blow, were bypassed. Coastal Maine, thoroughly confused, and largely unprepared, was hit hard. Edna sideswiped the coast all the way to Nova Scotia.

Then came the 1955 foulups, three in a row.

First was Connie, on August 12-13th. Days before she even approached Hatteras, the bureau began alerting the New England coast, even though that section was covered by a strong high-pressure area, into which a hurricane very rarely penetrates. Then the high moved off—but the alert was removed at the very time that the risk increased! That storm, instead of moving into New England, pretty much blew itself out in the Carolinas and Chesapeake Bay, but it drenched Pennsylvania and the Northeast with rains.

Diane made her debut five days later, causing the Weather Bureau to trip over its own terminology. She lost velocity in North Carolina, where her winds dropped to less than 75 miles per hour. Because Beaufort's Scale of Winds makes winds of "hurricane velocity" 75 miles per hour or better, the bureau said Diane was no longer a hurricane. Diane disagreed. She remained a hurricane in every respect except velocity. She carried heavy rains into the Pennsylvania Poconos and the hilly Winsted-Worcester areas in Connecticut and Massachusetts, causing the worst floods ever recorded in those sections and leaving hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of damage in her wake.

The third 1955 blunder was Ione, which was supposed to come but didn't.

The Weather Bureau's poor record on East Coast hurricanes is matched by an astounding body of inept forecasting in other areas.

In the Los Angeles-southern California section, for example, the bureau has not been guilty of the kind of galvanic mistakes that have characterized Eastern stations, but John H. Aldrich, of the Los Angeles Weather Bureau Forecast Center, recently admitted that the center's five-day forecasts are only "fairly accurate." The center is frequently wrong because it must try to make forecasts for an area which is, meteorologically speaking, impossibly large. Striking variations occur in this area: one day in the summer of 1955, when a fog was holding temperatures along the coast to 60 degrees and thereabouts, the Lockheed Air Terminal at Burbank in the San Fernando Valley reported 103 degrees.

In the Midwest, the record is just as discouraging. It is not fair to accuse the bureau of laxity in forecasting tornadoes, for there is good reason to doubt that those sudden, focused storms will ever fully succumb to man's scientific foresight. But it is not hitting below belt level to declare that some recent errors now appear inexcusable. In the dry summer of 1955, the Detroit forecasters for 10 days said that rain would come "on the morrow." The rains never came. On the morning of March 29, 1954, the bureau prophesied "flurries." But in the Detroit area, "flurries" meant four and a half inches of snow, with thunderstorms to boot.

Comments a respected private meteorologist:

"Despite the vast body of new knowledge accumulated during the last twenty-five years, and despite the many new scientific tools developed for observation and interpretation, the accuracy of the Weather Bureau's public forecasts has improved little, if it has improved at all."

Spokesmen for the Weather Bureau flatly deny this assertion. D. M. Little, deputy chief and a veteran of 38 years in the service, recently said to a colleague of mine, "Of course we've improved—in the matter of when rain stops and starts, for instance, and in the precision matters of forecasting exact temperatures. Also, twenty-five years ago we made a forecast every twelve hours. Now it's every

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Rain was forecast for the parched Midwest ten straight days. No rain

six. Today, if we forecast fair weather and happen to catch approaching rain on our radar, we can sometimes revise the forecast in time."

Still, I doubt Mr. Little would deny that his bureau's service leaves something to be desired. It is especially unsatisfactory for the special needs of transportation companies and other businesses and industries whose successful operations depend upon accurate weather forecasts. Several private forecasting companies recently have begun to make a very good thing of weather consulting, and most airlines employ their own meteorologists because they have found that they cannot safely rely upon the bureau.

With the case against the Weather Bureau standing in bold relief, it is only natural for the average person to ask questions. Why, he wants to know, is the record so deplorable? Why do mistakes occur with such appalling regularity? Most important, what steps can be taken to produce a better bureau?

I HAVE TALKED at length to a number of meteorologists, I have corresponded with Weather Bureau officials and have sent an associate to Washington to query them on specific topics. (Incidentally, the bureau has been most co-operative.) Also, I have drawn upon the Report of the Department of Commerce Advisory Committee on Weather Services, published in 1953. This committee—called The George Committee after its chairman, Joseph J. George, Superintendent of Meteorology for Eastern Air Lines—consisted of eight independent meteorologists who made an extensive survey of the bureau at the request of Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks.

These recent activities of mine have enabled me to suggest some answers to the above questions, as well as some specific ideas for the improvement of the Weather Bureau. The answers aren't easy, because the whole problem of forecasting isn't easy. We expect the Weather Bureau to do its job on a snappy operational schedule, not as a matter of leisurely research. This cannot always be a reasonable expectation. Meteorologists' work is complicated beyond that of most scientific practitioners by three factors:

- Man does not yet understand the enormously complex workings of the atmosphere. Besides . . .
- Weather observers can't do more than *sample* the wide-flung atmosphere here and there, a tricky business because . . .
- Air is inherently unstable and on the move. Big phenomena quickly develop from small: a balmy tropical zephyr may become a hurricane in a matter of days.

Keeping tabs on such evanescent yet powerful phenomena is a terrific job, which the government has been attempting to do scientifically for about 85 years. One of the earliest U.S. weathermen was Benjamin Franklin who, in 1743, while comparing notes with a Bostonian on a total eclipse of the moon, became the first man to chart the movement of the weather—in this case, a storm that traveled from Philadelphia to Boston. In 1870, a weather service was established under the Army Signal Corps, and in 1891, the Weather Bureau was created in the Department of Agriculture. It was transferred to Commerce in 1938.

Today the bureau employs around 4,200 people and has about 7,000 co-operative observers in some 12,500 stations and substations in the U.S. and possessions. Its chief is Dr. Francis W. Reichelderfer, who began his career as a Navy meteorologist and has been in his present post since 1938. Dr. Reichelderfer and his associates use four different methods of weather-watching:

1. Readings of the "weather elements"—including barometric pressure, wind direction and speed, temperature, humidity, amount of rain or snow falling, and sunshine—which are taken by the network of stations and from reports sent in by co-operating ships at sea.

2. Radiosonde and Rawinsonde, two terms for operations in which balloons are sent into the upper atmosphere to gather similar data.

3. Radar, which at present is mainly useful in locating areas of rainfall (the Weather Bureau hopes it may be developed into an indicator of wind speeds).

4. Air reconnaissance, mainly used for hurricanes.

Upon collecting its data, the Weather Bureau issues six-hour forecasts. Some are made up entirely by individuals using their own skill and experience. Others, in Washington, are put out after data have been compiled and computed by electronic calculating machines. These machines have been in use for almost a year. Results thus far have been satisfactory, but, as Deputy Chief Little puts it, machines are only as good as the information fed them by humans.

The Weather Bureau declares that its people do the best they can, considering the magnitude of the job, the limited funds available and the short time in which forecasts must be prepared. This is so in general, I am sure. But even when the record is good it is not *very* good, and when it is bad it is horrid.

Witness Ione. Those protracted and unjustified warnings may have been due to the bureau's preoccupation with its most modern forecasting tools. I would be the last to say that these tools—upper-air data and airplane reconnaissance—are not highly valuable, but evidence convinces me that the bureau became so absorbed with *slight* indications on its upper-air maps that its forecasts were not properly influenced by the old-fashioned surface-wind and barometer readings (which were available in great plenty).

The bureau's own splendid sequence of photographs of radar locations of the central rainless eye of Ione show that after she crossed the North Carolina coast about 8:00 A.M. on September 19th, her northwesterly movement slowed to a stop. When it gradually resumed, its movement was more northeasterly. The storm had lost its forward momentum, and by no reasonable expectation could there have been an acceleration sufficiently strong to speed her into New York City before many, many

DR. VINCENT J. SCHAEFER

Cumulus clouds and heavy rains over the Florida coast herald hurricanes which are Weather Bureau's main headache. But the agency has now started a four-year program of research into these storms

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WERNER WOLFF

Diane was no longer a hurricane after she slowed to less than 75 mph Weather Bureau said. This was technically right, but storm then brought disastrous rains to Northeast U.S., and towns like Winsted, Conn., lost hundreds of millions of dollars during worst floods in their history

hours had elapsed. Meanwhile, Ione's winds were losing strength and becoming less of a menace hour by hour.

"Ione fooled us," a Weather Bureau official says.

She did, indeed. But certainly she would not have hornswoggled the government forecasters so spectacularly if they had been more scientific in their interpretation of all existing data. Perhaps, I venture to say, their predictions might have been more accurate if they had had, and had used, a manual of hurricane forecasting constructed from knowledge of previous storms north of Hatteras. During my correspondence with the bureau regarding Ione, I asked if there was such a manual. The bureau sent me a typed check list of hurricane behaviorisms, but apparently nothing so extensive and detailed as a manual exists. Despite the large numbers of hurricanes that have come north and hit the coast, forecasting their courses has been, and evidently still is, partly a matter of guesswork. Meteorologists have not yet decided whether the recent frequency of hurricanes above Hatteras is likely to continue in years to come. It is still too early to make any such estimate. But immediate improvement in the bureau's understanding of them is severely needed.

Thanks to public (and, therefore, Congressional) indignation over the 1954 hurricane errors, we may get a hurricane manual. The Weather Bureau is now engaged in a three-year program—"Operation Wildwind" is its working title—for hurricane research. Data collection will begin on May 1, 1956, at bases in those southeastern seas where hurricanes are born. If plans work out, three airplanes will take readings, data-collecting rockets will be fired into storms, and the bureau will try out a new device called a "hurricane center beacon"—a broadcasting balloon designed to float into the hurricane's eye and send out signals showing its map positions. "There never has been a project in meteorological research to approach this one in size and scope," says a bureau spokesman.

This is very encouraging, but not all the Weather Bureau's problems can be solved by research in physical science. There is the matter of personnel. Of the 4,200 full-time people now employed by the bureau, 90 per cent are in operations, 3 to 4 per cent are research scientists, and the remainder fill administrative positions.

Nevertheless, it is disturbing to realize that only three or four per cent of bureau personnel are research scientists. According to Deputy Chief Little, there is a research-forecaster operating at every one of the 12 major forecasting stations. These men are examining, says Little, "every type of major storm and development." Research projects now going on at outside stations include investigations of tornado forecasting, of fruit-killing frost, of the effects of moisture and temperature upon growing tobacco, and the effects of weather upon the pineapple crop in Hawaii. All in all, an extremely limited program.

Now, research cannot be carried on without money. The program could be much more vigorous if only there were more funds, which would enable the bureau to obtain more well-qualified personnel. Indeed, lack of funds may be the principal thing wrong with the Weather Bureau.

WHEN THE Eisenhower administration came into office, the economy-minded Sinclair Weeks, Secretary of Commerce, caused a reduction in the Weather Bureau's appropriation from $27,000,000 to $25,335,000. This forced a reduction in the number of central offices the department was able to maintain. Many stations were closed, and others were reduced in hours of operation. Still others were reduced in manpower.

Admirable in intent though these cuts may have been, they seriously interfered with the efficiency of many local offices. The Honolulu station was partially incapacitated when three stationary Pacific weather ships were abolished. On March 1, 1954, a California Eastern Airlines DC-4 landed in Oakland with its fuel almost exhausted, having encountered unexpectedly strong headwinds. The airline blamed the near tragedy on "inaccurate and insufficient reports from the Honolulu Weather Bureau."

In the spring of 1955, after the hue and cry that was raised over the 1954 errors in hurricane forecasting, the new Congress made an effort to increase the bureau's appropriation. An act passed last July provided the bureau with $32,500,000 for operating expenses, for taking over some facilities formerly maintained by the military services, and for the augmentation of a severe-storm warning service and research program. Also, $7,500,000, to be spent over a four-year period, was set aside for the establishment of new facilities and the purchase of new equipment.

If the new appropriation seems an improvement over the old, consider that the damage caused by just one storm last summer, Diane, totaled at least $500,000,000 or enough to run the Weather Bureau more than 14 years. Much of this sum—not to mention the 179 lives lost—might have been saved by better forecasting.

The current annual appropriation allows only about $20,000—perhaps $30,000 at the most—for liaison with commercially operated firms, according to a bureau spokesman.

Sampling the atmosphere is such an extensive job that only the government is equipped to handle it, and all private meteorology is dependent upon access to the data collected. The government needs more sampling stations, but even if it should get twice as many as it now has, it still could do only "coarse" forecasts, unsuitable for private or narrowly local interests. Therefore, it seems reasonable to urge that industries and "peculiar" localities begin to think more and more in terms of hiring their own experts for "fine" predictions.

To sum up, it is safe to say that the Weather Bureau, and consequently the rest of us who depend upon it, would materially benefit if it would: improve its standards for personnel, broaden its facilities, step up its research program, thoroughly clarify its language and clear its channels for public communication, co-operate more fully with private agencies and—most important of all—gain the funds necessary to do all the foregoing. For the current year the bureau requested $33,500,000, including funds for future facilities and research. It got $40,000,000. Whether or not it will seek—and get—the money it needs next year is a question that the public will have to decide. But even in this age of atomic uncertainty, one fact is certain: we'll still have the weather, whether or not. THE END

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The last word on ADOLF HITLER

By H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Long-sought Nazi witnesses to the infamous dictator's last days are among released Russian prisoners. The British agent who proved Hitler dead nine years ago has returned to the scene—and now ends all rumor

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

After the fall of Berlin left uncertain the fate of Adolf Hitler, the British command assigned Major H. R. Trevor-Roper, an intelligence officer and Oxford University historian, to ferret out the truth. His investigation led him to publish, in 1947, The Last Days of Hitler.

Trevor-Roper was born in Glanton, Northumberland, England, in 1914. He was educated at Charterhouse and Christ Church, Oxford University. After World War II, he returned to Christ Church as a student (fellow). In 1953 he became an Oxford history lecturer.

Both during and after World War II, Trevor-Roper traveled widely in Western Europe. He has written innumerable historical articles, pamphlets and letters. Among his published works are Archbishop Laud (1940), The Gentry, 1540-1640 (1953), and Hitler's Table Talk (1953). He is married to Lady Alexandra Howard-Johnstone, daughter of the late Field Marshal Earl Haig, Britain's famed World War I commander.

Munich, Germany

AFTER 10 years of captivity the German prisoners are coming back from Russia: Nazi field marshals who were faithful to the end, like Ferdinand von Schörner, the former Eastern Front commander; renegade field marshals like Friedrich von Paulus, the Stalingrad turncoat who joined Russia's puppet Free German committee—and Adolf Hitler's own personal staff who were with him to the end, like Heinz Linge, his valet.

To me it is this last group which is the most interesting, for it contains men whom I, as a British Military Intelligence officer, had hunted all over Germany in the final days of World War II. They were witnesses to Hitler's last days, which I had been ordered to reconstruct. In particular I had sought four men: Linge himself; Otto Günsche, Hitler's SS adjutant; Hans Baur, his personal pilot, and Johann Rattenhuber, the head of his personal detective force. But I did not find them; they had been captured by the Russians and taken to the Soviet Union. My report—and my later book, The Last Days of Hitler—had to be written without their personal testimony.

Now three of the four men are back in Western Germany, and I have sought out their accounts of the final collapse of the Fuehrer's empire in the hope of finding answers to four questions: What new can be added to that which was already known about the deaths of Hitler and Eva Braun, the mistress he had made his bride? Did Martin Bormann, head of the Nazi party and executor of Hitler's will, escape the Berlin holocaust? What happened to the remains of Hitler and Miss Braun? And —why did the Russians persist so long in the fable that Hitler had survived the fall of the German capital?

The three witnesses who have returned are Linge, Baur and Rattenhuber. Günsche may yet still come; a returned fellow prisoner told me in 1953 that he had left the former SS adjutant behind in the Soviet prison of Sverdlovsk. Rattenhuber escaped the notice of journalists who met most returning prisoners (although I later interviewed him). On the other hand, Linge and Baur have sold their stories to the highest bidders, making hay in the sudden sunshine. (I don't blame them; after 10 years' captivity it is only reasonable.)

But what, in fact, do the stories of these men add to what was already known about Hitler's death?

* * *

Linge's story is claimed as unique. Even the staidest newspapers have described him as "the first known survivor of the closing scenes in the Reich chancellery who claims actually to have seen Hitler dead." In truth he is not the first; he is the fifth.

We already knew that Hitler and Eva Braun committed suicide on the afternoon of April 30, 1945, during the final stages of the Russian siege of Berlin. They were alone in Hitler's private suite in a concrete bunker 30 feet beneath the ruins of the chancellery; members of the Fuehrer's staff were in nearby rooms. Hitler killed himself with a single bullet through the head; Miss Braun swallowed a capsule of poison.

After the sound of the pistol shot signaled that Hitler had carried out his suicide plan, Erich Kempka, his chauffeur, helped Linge carry the bodies from the suite. Then, on the surface, just outside the bunker entrance, the corpses were doused with gasoline and a torch was applied. Kempka told me his story in 1945, and he later published a book called I Burnt Hitler. (I also heard in 1945 Linge's version of that fateful afternoon—from three secretaries to whom he had told it that same evening.)

The other witnesses who claimed in 1945 to have seen the bodies of Hitler and Eva Braun were Artur Axmann, head of the Hitler Youth, who said he inspected them in the bunker before their removal to the surface, and two guards, Hermann Karnau and Erich Mansfeld, who said they watched the corpses burning outside the bunker.

As for Baur, who said good-by to Hitler and then saw him no more, he witnessed nothing that was not also witnessed by the three secretaries in whom Linge had confided, or by Werner Naumann, who was arrested on a charge of neo-Nazi conspiracy in 1953, or by Admiral Erich Voss, a naval liaison officer in the bunker, whom nobody even bothered to interview when he returned from Russian captivity in 1954. While some newspapers have quoted Baur as saying that he actually witnessed Hitler's suicide, the pilot personally assures me that this is quite untrue; he says the newsmen must have misunderstood him.

So far as the actual stories of Linge and Baur are concerned, then, they add little except confirmation to what was known 10 years ago. Of course, such confirmation is important; thanks to them, we know even more surely than before exactly how Hitler died. But how about the other unanswered questions? What light do the new witnesses shed on them?

Bormann's fate has been a mystery since he escaped from the Fuehrer's bunker the night of May 1, 1945, carrying in his pocket a copy of Hitler's testament, of which he was to be executor. He intended to make his

DRAWING BY TOM ALLEN

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Why did the Russians persist in hinting that Hitler was still alive and then suddenly, in 1952, concede him dead?

INTERNATIONAL

Hitler's pilot Hans Baur is one of three newly freed Soviet prisoners who were with dictator near the end

WIDE WORLD

Recently released Heinz Linge, Hitler's valet, helped to carry Fuehrer's body up from bunker

UNITED PRESS

At war's end, awestruck American soldier inspects room in concrete bunker where Adolf Hitler shot himself and Eva Braun swallowed capsule of poison

Russian soldiers point to excavation which was dug to find Hitler's body. When no remains were located, Reds kept claiming dictator was still alive

INTERNATIONAL

way to Schleswig-Holstein and join the man Hitler had designated as the new Fuehrer, Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz.

With a party of other fugitives from the bunker, Bormann went down into Berlin's subway system, emerged at the Friedrichstrasse station, and joined a group of German tanks in an attempt to force a passage across the Weidendammer Bridge over the River Spree. The party got across the bridge safely, but on the far side the leading tank, in which Bormann was riding, was hit by an antitank rocket. There was a violent explosion, nearly everyone was thrown to the ground and wounded—and from then on all order and cohesion were lost.

According to Kempka, who was also in the party, Bormann was killed. Now both Linge and Baur say the same—or at least they say they *think* that Bormann was killed, for they admit that they did not see his body. We thus have three voices declaring that Bormann perished in the tank explosion. In all ordinary circumstances, this evidence would seem very strong.

But these were not ordinary circumstances. Two of the witnesses were themselves wounded in the tank explosion. Baur was so badly hurt that his Soviet captors later had to amputate his leg. Kempka admits that he was temporarily blinded, and it is hard to understand how he could have "seen" Bormann's death or anything else. In these circumstances any human testimony is doubtful—and, in fact, as against this testimony, itself uncertain, we have the word of four other witnesses that Bormann survived the explosion.

Two of these witnesses, Günther Schwägermann, adjutant to Nazi propaganda boss Paul Joseph Goebbels, and Artur Axmann, were known to me when I wrote my book. Their accounts were identical and quite independent of each other. According to them, Bormann was wounded but not killed in the explosion, and at a later stage accompanied them and Naumann in an attempt to escape along a railway line. This account was afterward confirmed by Naumann. And finally, in 1953, a former SS major, Joachim Tiburtius, added his testimony. He, too, described the tank explosion, but insisted that Bormann had survived it. In the confusion after the incident, Tiburtius said he lost sight of Bormann, but afterward saw him again near the Hotel Atlas. "He had by then changed into civilian clothes," Tiburtius said. "We pushed on together toward the Schiffbauerdamm and the Albrechtstrasse. Then I finally lost sight of him. But he had as good a chance to escape as I had."

That is the last we know for certain of Bormann. Axmann claims to have seen him dead on the railway line. We cannot rely absolutely on his unconfirmed evidence, but my own view is that although Bormann survived the tank explosion, he most probably did perish in Berlin later that night. Certainly his wife, who died in Switzerland a year later, thought that he was dead, for she left her children to the care of a guardian, a Roman Catholic priest. However that may be, Baur and Linge are not likely to help us solve the problem.

* * *

Now let's consider what happened to the bodies of Hitler and Eva Braun. Although we know (and Linge confirms) that the bodies were burned, we also know that even 40 gallons of gasoline cannot entirely consume a human body. Charred relics must be left. The question is, where were these relics put? Before consulting the new witnesses, let us review the evidence that was already in.

The three secretaries whom I interviewed in 1945 told me that they had asked Linge and Günsche what had happened to the bodies. Linge told them that the bodies had burned "till nothing remained." Günsche said that the remains had been given to Axmann and put in a box, presumably to be preserved as a relic by the Hitler Youth.

Unfortunately neither of these statements can be accepted without difficulty. Linge's remark obviously could not be true, and the truth of Günsche's statement has been denied by Axmann himself, who insists that he knows nothing of the disposal of Hitler's ashes. Further, neither of these statements is consistent with the evidence of the two guards who witnessed the burning. They agreed that the remains were buried. They say that the captain of the guard (who is missing) picked three trustworthy men and told them to bury the bodies. The place of burial was to be secret, but it was noticed afterward that a bomb crater in the chancellery garden seemed to have been converted into a grave.

Such was the evidence given to me in 1945. There is one way in which it can all be reconciled. If the statements of the guards are true, then Günsche and Linge may have been under an oath of secrecy and would naturally have put off the questions of the secretaries with evasions. In that case, all the evidence would be consistent with the statements of the guards that the remains of Hitler and Eva Braun were buried in the gar-

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The key to that riddle, the author finds, was Joseph Stalin

den. This, then, is the balance of the evidence of 1945. How is this balance tipped by the new evidence of 1955, when 10 years have made the pledge of secrecy now meaningless?

Linge's answer is now less evasive. He says that he did not himself see what happened to the remains of Hitler and Eva Braun, but "when I re-emerged from the bunker I was told that Hitler commandos had taken the bodies to a spot nearby and had buried them." So far as it goes, this supports the previous balance of evidence. But the fact is that neither Linge nor Baur can give any firsthand evidence.

What about Rattenhuber? According to one of the guards, it was Rattenhuber who ordered the captain of the guard to have the bodies buried and who afterward imposed the oath of secrecy. Rattenhuber denies this. The guard, he says, must have been mistaken; it was not for him but for Günsche to give such orders—and Günsche is the one witness who has not yet returned from Russia.

Nevertheless, Rattenhuber has some evidence of value on this subject. Some hours after Hitler's death, he tells me, one of the SS soldiers came to him seeking more gasoline to pour on the bodies and a flag in which to wrap them for burial.

Rattenhuber was unable to supply the requested items, but later the same soldier told him that the bodies had been buried "in a bomb crater." In other words, Rattenhuber can give secondhand evidence which, once again, confirms the earlier tentative conclusions about Hitler's grave.

* * *

Now for the final problem: Russia's puzzling attitude toward Hitler's final days. For seven years, the Russians behaved as though they believed Hitler were still alive, yet they refused to co-operate in examining the evidence at their disposal. What light do the new witnesses shed on this strange Soviet behavior?

Once again it will be convenient to begin by considering the status of the problem before the return of the prisoners from Russian captivity. Shortly after I began my inquiry in September, 1945, I discovered that the men who probably knew most about Hitler's final days—members of the Fuehrer's personal staff—had been seized by the Soviet army. I thereupon made a formal request to the Soviet command to be allowed to question the prisoners. I gave the Russians all the evidence at my disposal to help locate the men, and I explained what questions they could answer.

I thought it reasonable to suppose that the Russians would help me, for it was indirectly at their insistence that I was making my inquiry. Earlier that same month—September, 1945—the Soviets had declared they knew nothing of Hitler's fate, and they had even accused the British of keeping him alive in the British occupation zone, presumably for use against the Russians. It was to refute this charge that the British command ordered me to determine the facts.

But the Russians, far from assisting me, did not even acknowledge my requests, much less answer them. They seemed to have no interest at all either in the inquiry which they had provoked or in the sources of information which they possessed.

Afterward, looking back, I began to see the reasons behind the Russians' odd behavior. It seemed clear to me that there were two conflicting voices among the Soviets. One was the voice in Berlin of Marshal Georgi Zhukov, Soviet commander in Germany. The other was the voice in Moscow of Generalissimo Joseph Stalin.

In Berlin, Zhukov undoubtedly knew the essential facts about Hitler's death soon after the capture of the city. On May 1, 1945, the day after Hitler's death, General Hans Krebs, commander in chief of the German army general staff, had visited Zhukov's headquarters as the emissary of Bormann and Goebbels and had sought to make a local truce. From him Zhukov almost certainly had learned of Hitler's suicide, and probably also of his marriage, which the Soviet marshal announced to an astonished world a week later. The next day—May 2d—Zhukov's soldiers had captured the chancellery, and the bodies of Goebbels and his family were identified. At the same time, a number of witnesses of the last days of Hitler had been captured. Baur and Rattenhuber, at least, had been identified within a few days, for their capture was announced in the official Russian communiqué of May 6th.

Thus Zhukov was well informed of the essential facts very soon after they occurred. Nevertheless, only a month later, on June 9th, Zhukov publicly declared that, in his opinion, Hitler was still alive. What had happened to cause him to make a statement so contrary to all the information in his possession?

The answer, in my opinion, is clear. We have plenty of evidence that, throughout the summer of 1945, Stalin was declaring that Hitler was alive. He said it to Presidential emissary Harry L. Hopkins in Moscow on May 26th, and he said it again on June 6th; he said it to Secretary of State James F. Byrnes at Potsdam on July 17th, and he said it again on July 27th. Of course he had no grounds for saying it, but mere ignorance never prevented the master of the Kremlin from pontificating on any subject. Moreover, what Stalin said automatically became the truth in Russia.

Early in June, 1945, it was noticed in Berlin that Marshal Zhukov was looking very crestfallen and hardly dared speak without first referring to his political adviser, the late Andrei Vishinsky, who had come from Moscow. This was precisely the time at which Zhukov suddenly made his statement that Hitler was alive. It seems obvious, then, that he spoke because Stalin had told him to.

If this is so (and I feel convinced that it is), then the Russian attitude toward me in September, 1945, becomes intelligible. The Russians in Berlin knew the facts (at least in outline), but they were obliged publicly to maintain the opposite of what they knew. In obedience to orders from Moscow, they declared that Hitler was alive—and concealed evidence that he was dead.

Such was the position in 1945. It remained apparently unchanged for the next seven years, and perhaps nothing contributed so much to the belief that Hitler was still alive as this continuous official attitude of the Russians who (since it was they who had captured Berlin) should have been most familiar with the facts.

Then, in 1952, the Russians launched a new film, The Fall of Berlin. In itself the film was unimportant—it was just a piece of unadulterated Stalin-worship. But in it, for the first time, and without a word of previous preparation, the Russians admitted that Hitler was dead. The film presented the deaths of Hitler and Eva Braun in the Berlin bunker substantially as we knew them to have occurred.

What had happened to cause this about-face in the Kremlin? I feel sure that Moscow finally surrendered to the evidence of its own prisoners. Having refused to allow me to interrogate them in 1945, the Russians had questioned them themselves and had been ultimately and silently converted. The film of 1952 glorifying Stalin was, in fact, the first public evidence that Stalin had been proved wrong.

All the newly returned prisoners agree that they were systematically cross-examined by the Russians on this subject. All agree that the Russians were at first very skeptical. They say the Soviets insisted that Hitler had escaped, probably to Argentina (that, we know, was Stalin's own view). They accused Baur and Rattenhuber of having organized his escape by air or by U-boat. "Come now," a Russian general once said to Rattenhuber, "enough of these fairy tales! Tell us the truth!"

* * *

For a year these interrogations went on. Then, in 1946, the Russians at last seemed convinced. In that year Linge and Baur were both brought to Berlin and made to reconstruct the last scenes. According to Baur, the Russians even promised to show him the remains of Hitler's body, but afterward went back on their promise. At all events, it is clear that the Russians, who in 1945 had accepted Stalin's orthodoxy and refused either to co-operate in my inquiry or even to comment on its results, by 1946 had come, thanks to a similar inquiry among their own prisoners, to an identical conclusion: a conclusion they announced to the world six years later in their film, The Fall of Berlin.

Summing up, then, we cannot say that the "revelations" of the returned prisoners reveal much that is new about the last days of Nazidom. The mystery of Bormann's death remains unsolved. Linge's account of the death and burning of Hitler and Eva Braun is identical, in every detail, with the evidence which we already possessed. All we can say is that it now seems certain the remains of the bodies were buried in the chancellery garden. The Russians may later have identified them and perhaps removed them in secret to prevent the creation of an unhealthy myth. It may even be significant that Günsche, the one man who knows the details of the burial, is the one witness who has not yet been returned to Germany.

But however that may be, the important fact which emerges from the stories of the returned prisoners is the fact of the independent Russian investigation. The Russians started by rejecting the result of the Western inquiry. Then they gradually started their own investigation. Their sources, their opportunities, their methods were different from mine. Mine led to a book in 1947, theirs to a film in 1952. But the conclusions are identical. When Russia and the West so reluctantly agree, I think we can assume that the facts are now beyond doubt. Hitler is dead—and buried.

THE END

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Perry Como:

Nice Guys Finish First

And first place is where this easygoing singer habitually winds up—on records and in TV. He insists on being himself, fending off the phony with a simple slogan: "This is not for me"

By MICHAEL DRURY

While the rest of the cast is running through the program's imposing opening, Como, off to one side where the camera can't see him, cuts up a few capers

Off camera or on, Como is easygoing and casual—except that he clowns more when the lens isn't aimed his way. At left, he gets a chuckle from watching others rehearse skit

IN THE exaggerated false-face world of show business, where manufactured personalities are commonplace, a creamy-toned, forty-three-year-old singer named Pierino Ronald Como baffles the smart guys by being simply and steadfastly himself. He doesn't know how to be anything else. A radio producer once said of him, "What the devil can you do with him? He just stands there and sings. He's got no personality."

The producer misstated the case. Perry Como has a personality—his own. Equipped with a baritone voice that melts in his mouth, a disarming candor and a sweet, lunatic whimsey, Como has floated to the top of two frenetic fields: popular records and television. He is like a man who has tamed man-eating tigers—and the reason, as he sees it, is that tigers like him. He is the highest-earning recording artist in the country, a millionaire (the word makes him cringe, although he acknowledges the fact) and the man tagged last fall by the National Broadcasting Company for the parlous task of luring a large chunk of the Saturday-night TV audience away from CBS and comedian Jackie Gleason after other performers had tried and failed.

Como did not fail but the reason is not easy to pin down. The Perry Como Show, like the man it's named for, evades classification. Faced with loud and formidable competition, NBC had plans for what is known in television lingo as a fine, fat production. The network rolled up such big guns as executive producer George McGarrett, onetime boss of Your Show of Shows, the first Saturday-night television program to capture the nation; producer Lee Cooley, who has been with Como five years; director Grey Lockwood, who formerly staged the Martha Raye Show; conductor Mitchell Ayres, Como's personal maestro; Ray Charles, whose singing groups appear on the Hit Parade and were regulars on Como's previous show; Frank Gallop, sonorous dean of announcers; choreographer Louis Da Pron, and, safeguarding the entire operation, a brain trust of four writers headed by Goodman Ace, who has authored witticisms for Milton Berle, Tallulah Bankhead, Danny Kaye and his own Easy Aces back in radio days.

In about two weeks' time, Como distilled this impressive collocation into a genial, spoofing show, molded to fit his low-keyed personality. The big guns, which some people thought would hinder, have actually helped greatly.

Goodman Ace, for example, is widely regarded as the king of acid comment, and mixing him with Como's alkaline personality originally raised the question of their neutralizing each other. But Ace's talents, if sometimes rapierlike, are also flexible, and he has been one reason why The Perry Como Show has succeeded in cutting deeply into the Tren-

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dex ratings of the once-invulnerable Gleason. It's hard to beat two aces back-to-back.

"This is a change of pace," Goodman Ace says, "but it's interesting. One night after the show Jack Benny called me from the Coast and said, 'At last you've got somebody who understands your kind of timing.' "

It isn't only timing. Como, who used to be a barber, could probably turn a three-ring circus into a one-man show in 20 minutes, not with elephantine egotism but with adamant simplicity. As the man said, he just stands there and sings.

When someone asked him what he thinks about as he confronts an audience, Como chuckled. "I'm thinking about lying down," he replied, "but there's no place to lie so I stand up.

"I remember the first time I was ever on a stage," he said, "and I was petrified. It was in the Chicago Theatre with Ted Weems's band. Before that I'd been singing with the band on dance dates, but that's different. People look at you some, but mostly they're dancing.

"There I was—all those faces, looking . . . I stood up there and I was shaking all over. I took a good firm grip on the floor, like this, with my feet out. And there was that orchestra pit. All I could see was that big black hole like a grave out in front of me. Normally, of course, the orchestra would have been in it, but in our case the musicians were on the stage.

"Anyhow, I forgot my lines, forgot the song, forgot where I was. Ted stopped the band and came down and took hold of my shoulder and he said, 'Is anything wrong?' I just looked at him. I hardly knew him. The audience laughed and after that I could sing, I guess." Como shook his head in wonder.

He has come a long way. Today he is a field commander in a great battle between two big networks. He ignores the battle as much as he can. A gentle guy in a rough and cutthroat business, he likes everything nice and friendly and resists like granite anything he thinks is wrong or bad taste. One of his favorite expressions is, "This is not for me." He utters it with an upward inflection, almost as if he were singing it, cheerfully convinced that it explains everything.

Last summer when NBC signed him, after five years with CBS, to a 12-year contract at a reputed $15,000,000—which would make it the biggest deal of its kind so far—the event made no headlines because Como kept perfectly quiet and stubbornly refused to let anybody confirm (or, for that matter, deny) the figure. This kind of publicity, he said, was not for him.

The network's tub thumpers began beating up other ways of making the country Como-conscious. One of the wilder schemes discussed was the creation of a national Perry Como Week, wind of which wafted across Rockefeller Center to the singer's office. Alarmed, he sent for Bernie Miller, promotion boss at RCA-Victor, the recording company Como's been under contract to since 1943.

Stalking unhappily around on his office carpet, Como said, "This is not for me. What am I, George Washington? Are they going to put up statues in the park or something? It's crazy. It's just not for me." Miller had had 12 years of experience with that phrase; he helped interpret it to NBC and the idea was dropped.

Nor will Como have any truck with the competitive infighting regarded by many as a basic ingredient of the entertainment world. On the first program of the current hour-long series, someone was given an allegedly funny line that slapped at a fellow TV star (on another network, as they say), Arthur Godfrey. Although Como didn't make the crack, he felt queasy about it and decided to begin the second show a week later by apologizing in the most public way possible, on a nation-wide network. This blew a considerable number of fuses.

The staff had misgivings. There were many who said Como was making a big issue out of nothing; that insult was an integral part of comedy; that making a speech in the opening minutes amounted to slowdown tactics; that show business was a dog-eat-dog affair anyway and Como could scarcely watch out for everybody in it.

Como can be very deaf when he wants to. He said afterward, "Even if they had said to me, 'You do that on the air and you're through,' nothing could have stopped me." And nothing did.

That's Como. He breaks half the rules in the book and wins in a walk. You can argue from here to breakfast whether apologizing to Godfrey was good showmanship, but it was good Como—even embittered and embattled TV veterans admitted that and cheered him for it—and being Como is all Como claims to be good at. If the apology didn't help the show it certainly didn't hinder it. He got 5,000 letters commending him, only 22 saying he was wrong, and the program has climbed steadily into hit status. Meanwhile, Como can sleep nights—that is, unless he gets *too* successful.

"You know," one of the NBC staff said wonderingly, "that crazy guy will worry if we beat Gleason hollow? He figures it's a big country, there ought to be room for everybody. He's *amiable*."

Although he is without guile, Como has an unnerving faculty for going at things sideways. He is by no means an obtuse man but he is a careful one; he likes to walk all around a situation before he makes up his mind. When he was searching for a musical conductor eight years

Como chats backstage with some members of the crew for his Saturday-night program

When he has nothing else to do in rehearsal, Como tries golf swings—left, with prop club

Clowning with dance director Louis Da Pron

With some of Ray Charles Singers

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARVIN KONER

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Once he walked unannounced into a Philadelphia barbershop and shaved an astonished stranger

ago, word of his hunt reached many ears, including those of a chunky Wisconsinite named Mitchell Ayres, who was then musical director of Columbia Records.

One day Ayres's phone rang and Como asked him if he would like to play golf on Saturday, his regular golfing day in all weather until NBC botched it up for him. Ayres said sure. He'd met Como a few times casually and he wondered, as any man would have, if he was going to be offered a new job. Nothing whatever was said; they played golf.

Ayres is not a talkative man but he was a little puzzled. Two weeks later Como called again, suggesting another game. Again the job was not mentioned. Como phoned a third time and Ayres, by now convinced that the singer just liked to play golf with him, was concentrating on getting out of a sand trap on the thirteenth hole when Como, standing on a grassy rise above him, said, "Hey, you want to be my musical conductor?"

Ayres stopped, squinted up at him and said, "Yeah." Then he went back to the sand trap and they finished their game. Ayres has been with Como ever since, not only on radio and TV, but also as music consultant and conductor of his recording sessions. He and Como get along fine; they exchange silences and appear to understand each other very well.

There is a school of thought that holds Como is too self-contained, that he seethes inside and would be better off if he blew his top once in a while. But people who have known him since childhood say he was born the way he is. He's never had an ulcer or a nervous breakdown; he probably wouldn't know a neurosis if he met one. He drinks only moderately.

That's not to say there's no limit to his patience. He occasionally becomes angry; when that happens his face wears a steady, tight-lipped look. Sometimes he just walks out of the room. But even when he bawls people out, it's in character.

One night he was appearing in a benefit at Philadelphia and someone inadvertently dismissed his pianist before his final singing stint. On stage without an accompanist, Como pondered a few seconds, laid a finger alongside his nose in a characteristic gesture, squinted at the audience and told them frankly what had happened.

He thought a little more, then suggested that all the women line up on one side of the room and the men on the other, and he would give everybody a haircut—an offer he frequently makes when he finds himself giving a speech. He sang a few snatches of songs, unaccompanied, told a few stories, and retired to the wings.

Looking around sternly at his staff, he rebuked them in true Como fashion: "Hey," he said, "somebody goofed." They hung their heads and were crushed.

During TV rehearsals when the racket in the studio gets out of control, Como will say into a mike in a flat, controlled monotone, "May we have it quiet in the studio?" This is followed by a stunned silence, and then he says on an upbeat like a bobwhite, "Then-kyou!"

Como keeps insisting he is not a comedian, but he has a cockeyed southpaw wit, perhaps not so much a sense of humor as a sense of fun, and the timing of a guided-missile mechanism.

When he's rehearsing a song he may put on somebody's else's glasses and peer at people over the top or grope around blindly. One afternoon he picked up an unfinished sweater off a chair and stood there singing his song and knitting away, perfectly dead-pan. He really can knit. The distaff members of the Ray Charles Singers do so much knitting in idle moments that Como, who has a healthy curiosity about practically everything, got them to teach him how.

Sometimes in rehearsal when Grey Lockwood asks for "one more," Como grabs the big director by the arms and shakes him—a process that results in Como's doing all the rocking, because Lockwood weighs 210 pounds and is a head taller than his star—and cries, "Come *on*, Grey!" This makes everyone laugh, as Como knows it will. He does it partly to blot up any loose bits of irritation that may be floating around at having to work overtime. He himself is tireless.

Como gives bear hug to singer Patti Page and actor Peter Lawford, who were guests on one of his shows

"End the show right here," Como suggests with gestures

His staff never quite knows where Como's pixilated pranks may lead him—or them. On his previous program, which was wholly musical, producer Lee Cooley used different settings to add pace and variety. For a warehouse scene he ordered up a small yellow hoist truck that bewitched Como. The singer ran the thing all over the stage during rehearsal; then, during the show, while there were several singers in the scoop, Como pushed the hoist button without warning, sending them ten feet in the air. The astonished cameraman backed up fast to keep them in his picture and the floor manager waved frantically for Como to bring them down again. Como waved back serenely and went on singing. Not until the show was off the air did he lower the hoist, saying sweetly, "Okay, you can come down now."

Como's good at make-believe but he's not really much of an actor. That is one reason the four movies he made between 1944 and 1948 were so bad and his songs are so good. He couldn't be himself in the stereotyped roles Hollywood assigned to him, but when he sings lyrics he believes them—and you believe them, too.

On opening day of his show, the entire cast, including Como, was in

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the studio at seven o'clock in the morning. The broadcast was due to go on the air at eight that night and by four thirty the situation was unmitigated chaos. There were nearly 300 people roaming around, guest stars and their managers, singers, dancers, booking-agency vice-presidents, secretaries, newspapermen, invited guests, stagehands, electricians, the production staff. The director and producer pleaded all day long for quiet, but they knew sets had to be built and lights strung, and they did not expect the impossible.

Then, on the run-through, Como leaned against a box and sang Unchained Melody, and suddenly there wasn't another sound. Hammering ceased, conversation stopped, even the walls seemed to be listening. Como stood there in a single floodlight, singing his heart out, pouring into that silent studio all his simplicity and affection and decency.

When he finished, for just a few seconds nobody moved, nobody said a word, nobody applauded. Then the noise rose again. It was a moving tribute.

Such episodes are not uncommon in Como's career. They don't surprise him; he knows he's a star. Still, he maintains a vigilant native suspicion of stardom's pitfalls. He talks as though any day now he might go back to the barbershop he left 22 years ago to become a dance-band likes his charcoal-gray mop cut close in a semi-crew cut, but not too close. After a time he says politely, "That's enough." Thirty seconds later he says less politely, "That's enough, I have to catch a bus." Finally he starts pulling off the sheet and climbing out of the chair.

Como's hair is thick and wiry and would probably curl if it were long enough. His eyes are dark brown and gentle, with slight laughter crinkles at the corners. His frame is stocky and if he let himself eat Italian *pastas* as often as he'd like, he could easily put on weight. On a visit to his family home recently, he gained 15 pounds on his mother's cooking in two weeks, but he shed it just as quickly.

Another outcropping of Como's Latin heritage—one that runs wild with him—is a love of lurid color. His clothes closets look like boxed rainbows. He goes slightly nuts in stores and buys six or seven vivid shirts or cashmere sweaters at a clip, then falls in love with just one or two and wears them till they're in tatters. It is nothing for Como to show up almost anyplace wearing dark-red slacks, a pink shirt, yellow sweater, blue socks and black shoes (and no tie; he rarely wears one except on camera, not even to Mass). By some strange magic of his own Como tames these brilliant colors so that they look perfectly natural on him.

Como seems to grow more handsome as he gets older. An actress

Left, memorizing his lines. The first time he ever appeared on stage, as a singer with Ted Weems's band, he got such stage fright he forgot his lines completely.

Como with guest singer Peggy Lee.

Ventriloquist Paul Winchell and dummy Jerry Mahoney with Perry.

Above, in a skit with little Johnny Puleo and his Harmonica Gang, with singer Julius La Rosa (L.), comic Arnold Stang (in earphones).

vocalist. He isn't fooling anybody and he isn't trying to. It's just a precaution against foolhardy notions.

As a boy in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, where his father was a mill hand, Como worked at barbering part time. He learned to play the guitar and trombone and, with two other boys, played and sang in taverns on Saturday nights. On a vacation in Cleveland in 1933, Como, by now a full-fledged barber, auditioned for a dance band headed by Freddie Carlone. He never went back to barbering.

To this day, however, Como cannot go past a barbershop without peering in, waving, mentally sizing up the location, layout, equipment and potential trade. Often he will go in and shake hands all around.

In Philadelphia last summer, he spotted a barbershop across the street from a record distributor's store and marched into it. After shaking hands with everybody in the place, he beckoned to one barber to hand him the razor he was holding and advanced on a lathered-up customer. Now a straight razor is a fearful and ticklish weapon, and Perry Como or no Perry Como, the customer eyed him dubiously. But he went at the job with such obvious dexterity and pleasure that the man relaxed and enjoyed one of the most celebrated shaves in Philadelphia history. "How the heck," he asked, "am I going to make my wife believe this?"

When Como has to go to the barber himself, he gets a bit jumpy. He named Mildred Clinton, who played his wife on his opening NBC telecast, watched a close-up of him on a studio monitor and said with a sigh, "He has a *good* face." It's true. He's a man who has come to terms with himself, and it shows.

It is this inherent realness that endears Como to people. He is entirely without side or pretense. Once his wife hired a man to do some work in his yard and Como, with his usual curiosity, went out to watch him.

The man looked up. "Whatta you want?" he asked darkly.

"Nothing," Como said pleasantly.

The man went back to his raking. Pretty soon he stopped. "What do you stand there for? Go away."

Como shifted his weight a little. "I—uh—just like to watch."

"Look," said the exasperated gardener, "I'm doin' my job Mr. Como hired me to do. Who're you, anyway?"

"I'm—Perry Como," the star admitted.

The man threw down his rake, wiped his hands on his pants and pumped Como's arm up and down. "Persa Como!" he cried, very excited and pleased. "Persa Como! Wait'll I tell my kids."

Como's unpretentiousness captivates children. One of his own sons is an adopted child; the boy entered Mrs. Como's heart at an adoption agency when he was about three and a half. There was, of course,

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He's now the highest-earning U.S. recording artist, with 10 records that sold a million

much family discussion before the adoption, but Como had never actually seen the child until one day he came home and found him sitting on the front steps. "Hi," he said. "What's your name?"

The child told him, adding that his last name was Como.

"Is it?" Como asked. "Well, do you know who I am?"

"Yes," the little boy replied, "you're my daddy."

At this point Mrs. Como came out of the house and gave her husband a married look. He arched his eyebrows, she nodded and they both smiled. Como put out his hand to the child. "Come on, son," he said, "let's go inside." Just that simply he made the little boy his own.

Como has been married for nearly 23 years to a girl he met at a high-school picnic when he was fourteen, Roselle Belline. They have three children, Ronnie, sixteen, David, nine, and Therese, called Terri, who is eight. The children are almost never photographed; Como insists on that. Mrs. Como also stays out of the limelight and, like any suburban wife, creates a home for her family, but she is an important reason for Como's quiet, assured outlook. Twice she has encouraged him to keep singing when it looked as if his career had reached a dead end. He talks with her about scripts and listens to her judgments.

They live in a 12-room white house with long orange shutters and stone pillars, in Sands Point, Long Island. Mrs. Como does much of her own work with the help of one employee, a cook. Both the Comos can cook, and when there are guests Como likes to put on a big apron and broil steaks at the barbecue pit, which he says is "big enough to live in if you added a couple of bedrooms."

The Comos don't go in for lavish entertaining, and the idea of sightseers gawking at their house appalls them. For nearly two years the television program Person to Person, which takes an intimate look at celebrities' homes, has been trying to get the Como house into its probing eye, but it will take a major revolution in Como's nature to allow it. "This is not for me," he says and even the persuasive Ed Murrow, who emcees Person to Person, can't argue with that.

Como's chief diversion, aside from golf, is lying on the sofa and watching TV. He can do it for five hours a night and often does. He spends so much time in a horizontal position, he claims he's thinking of turning the TV set on its side. Like many husbands, he sometimes falls asleep in the living room and has to be carted off almost bodily to bed.

For a man in his business, Como is decidedly vague about time. A seasoned performer, he has learned to get his show on and off the air on schedule but it's hard for him. He may be late to rehearsal because he stopped to watch some very interesting earth-moving equipment, or fail to show up on camera because he had to ask about a stagehand's new baby—boy or girl and how much did it weigh? When he has to decide about a sketch or a song, he says, "We'll talk about it tomorrow," or "Let's do this next week," and if it's a song he doesn't like, next week never comes.

During one program not long ago he had every man in the control room on his feet and sweating: the camera was ready for a certain shot and Como was nowhere to be seen. Lockwood cried into his mike, "Hold that shot, just hold it, keep the music going," and then in a kind of agonized chant to the backstage crew, "Get Perry in, get Perry in, get Perry in. Where the heck is Perry?"

Finally, Como jogged merrily into the scene, going past the spot like a runner passing first base, eased back in and began singing. The directorial crew sat down with a collective sigh, clutching their stomachs.

"Holy Toledo," muttered Lockwood.

Cooley, who has been on Como's staff for five years, grinned at him. "You'll get used to it, boy."

Como used to get up about eleven and put in three afternoons of work a week. He was so familiar with the format of his show that, as he is fond of saying, "I could have phoned 'em in." Things are different now; he rises at seven, gets to his office by nine or ten, and works six days a week. With his new early-rising time, Como can get up and walk around for two hours before he knows he's out of bed. One Saturday he appeared in the studio at 9:00 A.M. and Cooley greeted him with, "Dig those crazy red shoes." Como looked down at his feet and grinned, surprised and a little abashed. He was wearing red leather bedroom slippers.

Como employs about 20 people, not including actual performers such as singers, dancers, musicians; owns a music publishing firm which has so far published only one of his own song hits, Tina Marie, and controls the production company that packages his TV show every week. He is not a gifted businessman, but his deep-rooted shrewdness about people makes him surround himself with good management, and his money is solidly invested in reliable stocks.

Although he owes his position as a television star largely to his success as a popular recording star, the two facets of Como's career are oddly separate. The only person immediately concerned with both, besides Como, is Mitchell Ayres. The first time Ayres cut a record with Como, he went into the control booth to talk something over with the engineers and suddenly heard his musicians begin to play in the studio. Como had picked up the baton and was conducting. "My gosh!" Ayres breathed,

Perry and Roselle Como met across 23 years and were wed in 1933

Ex-barber Como gets hair cut by Rudy Montera. As might be expected, Como's a fussy customer

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"he can read music." It's an accomplishment not common among pop singers.

Como not only reads music but understands a complicated item called solfeggio, having to do with the intervals between notes and the relationship between do, mi, sol, fa, and so on, in any given key. This enables him to know how a piece of music sounds by looking at it and accounts for his staying on key no matter how far away from the orchestra his fancy takes him.

His fluid voice is what is known in music circles as "covered," or "without edge." It doesn't penetrate. Ray Charles, whose choir provides vocal embroidery on the show, is forever shushing his charges to keep them from drowning out the star.

When Fred Allen was a guest on Como's show in October, he watched Como rehearse a song with piano accompaniment and no mike. Seeing his mouth move and hearing nothing, Allen scowled and leaned forward. Pretty soon a girl singer named Jaye P. Morgan joined Como and they did a number together. This time faint sounds drifted over in Allen's direction. Shaking his head, he said to a man sitting next to him, "My gosh, this is the *softest* show I've ever been on."

There are still traces of a fumbling, small-town quality in Como, and

Rockwell, president of General Artists' Corporation, who represented Como, suggested they listen to Como sing. To do it, they had to go to Washington, D.C., where he was filling a theater date.

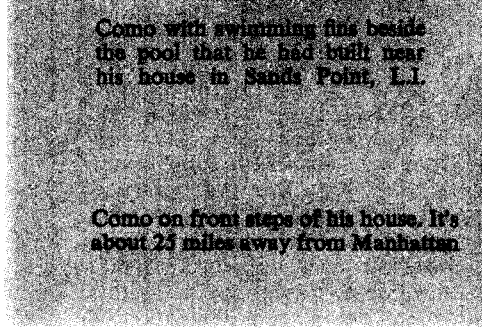
They walked into the darkened theater at the end of Como's performance, just in time to hear his liquid version of Temptation, and the way producer Robert Moss described it, "We flipped." In Como's dressing room backstage the NBC men found two trunks half packed. The singer had one more date to fill, in Cleveland, and then he was going back to the scissors and white coat. They argued him out of that, talked CBS into a kind of lend-lease arrangement, and kept him on the Supper Club for six years. Eight weeks after they went on the air, they won an annual poll conducted by Billboard, the entertainment trade journal, for radio's best 15-minute show.

Meanwhile, Como began to rack up his tally of recording hits, which today stands at 10 records that have sold over 1,000,000 copies—some of them as many as 3,000,000. (Altogether, his 100-odd records, plus his albums, have sold 400,000,000 copies.) A pop singer is doing well if he has four or five records in his lifetime that go over the million mark.

Not long ago Como hit a frightening two-year slump in his record sales, not easily explicable. As Joe Carlton, director of popular record-

Como with swimming fins beside the pool that he had built near his house in Sands Point, L.I.

The singer relaxes on his living-room sofa. He usually watches television this way. He and his wife live quietly, do little lavish entertaining



Como on front steps of his house. It's about 25 miles away from Manhattan

audiences like it. Whenever he has to stand still, on camera, which makes him uneasy, he takes a firm stance with his feet planted wide apart like a golfer about to tee off, or else pulls up his socks. When he is not on stage he goes around taking practice swings in the air with an imaginary golf club—he has half his crew doing it too—and sometimes murmurs old songs to nobody. Once he picked up a ukulele, a prop for the show, sat down in a corner all by himself and began beating out Has Anybody Seen My Gal? in 1925 ragtime, strictly for his own entertainment.

Perhaps one reason why success has not spoiled Perry Como is that he learned so long to do without it. He has had his share of flops and disappointments. Orchestra leader Ted Weems lured him away from his first job with Freddie Carlone in 1936; six years later, when Weems broke up his band, Como was on his way back to the barbershop when an agent rescued him with a last-minute contract with CBS.

CBS had him for a couple of years, and the hard truth is they didn't quite know what to do with him. He made a few recordings for RCA-Victor, did some night-club and theater appearances. Everybody liked him, nobody wished him ill, but he didn't belong anyplace.

In 1944 a couple of NBC radio men had created a 15-minute program called the Supper Club built around a vocalist, and they had it sold to a sponsor. But they lacked one rather essential item: a singer. Tom

ings for Victor, points out, "What makes a hit song is like what grows hair: nobody knows." Word around town is that part of Como's trouble was his absolute insistence on choosing his own numbers. With his natural addiction to making as little noise as possible, he leaned toward ballads and unobtrusive backgrounds, and his records began to go unnoticed.

Eventually he agreed somewhat reluctantly to do a bouncy thing called Don't Let the Stars Get in Your Eyes, and it promptly rocketed Como back into the million bracket. He's had three others at that high level since then: Wanted, a smoother item more to his native liking; Papa Loves Mambo, on which he gladly lost a $50 bet to Joe Carlton because he thought it would be a flop; and Ko-Ko-Mo, a rhythm number. (The six other million-plus Como records, dating back to 1945, are Hubba Hubba, Till the End of Time, Temptation, Prisoner of Love, When You Were Sweet Sixteen, and Because.)

"It's almost embarrassing to talk about Perry," Carlton says. "He's so decent and conscientious that people don't believe you. It's a pleasure to see a nice guy finish first."

In the last analysis, you can't really explain Como; you just have to accept him, like a live volcano or a four-minute egg. He is, he always will be, a crackers-and-cheese, once-upon-a-time sort of a guy, that unique creature, a human being. It is his greatest triumph. THE END

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Dr. Joseph Muhler, who developed the fluoride toothpaste, and nurse Carmella Weathers check teeth of six-year-old John Pallatin, of Bloomington, Ind., one of 3,600 "guinea pigs" who tested the discovery

NEXT: FLUORIDE TOOTHPASTE

A Midwest town took a three-year toothbrush test with a new dentifrice—the first findings show it cuts cavities almost in half

By BRUCE BLIVEN, JR.

JOSEPH CHARLES MUHLER, D.D.S., Ph.D., an associate professor at the Indiana University School of Dentistry, is a purposeful young man. He is a strong, husky fellow with black hair, neatly combed, and a rather handsome face. His usual expression is one of affable solemnity, as if he had something urgent on his mind and yet might, without warning, break out into a joyful grin. And he has something to grin about. At the age of thirty-three, after ten years of research, Dr. Muhler has developed a new toothpaste of remarkable promise. He has added a particularly effective fluoride —stannous, or tin, fluoride—to a specially treated dentifrice. The objective: to protect the users' teeth against tooth decay, man's most prevalent disease after the common cold.

And the new toothpaste works. In a vast field study, largest of its kind in the history of dental research, it has cut tooth decay just about in half. The tests have taken place in Bloomington, Indiana, site of Indiana University and a pleasant town surrounded by fertile farms interspersed with limestone quarries. Thirty-six hundred Bloomingtonians, both children and grownups, have served as volunteer guinea pigs. They have been brushing away, each in his own normal tooth-brushing manner, for as long as three years. Some have been brushing with the new toothpaste. Some have been using a nonfluoride control toothpaste for comparison purposes. And Dr. Muhler, with the help of a 17-man staff, has been keeping careful count of the incidence of new cavities in their teeth.

The results of the Bloomington study have been published in the Journal of Dental Research and the Journal of the American Dental Association, and read before appropriate scientific meetings. Some questions have not yet been answered. No one knows, for example, exactly how long it takes the antidecay effect to begin. And the percentage of protection, while close to 50 per cent, is only an approximation. But there is no doubt at all that the toothpaste really does reduce decay.

It works a good deal like sodium fluoride solutions that are commonly swabbed or sprayed on children's teeth by family dentists. The toothpaste's stannous fluoride, like the sodium fluoride most dentists use, combines with the surface enamel of the teeth and makes it considerably more resistant to the mouth acids that cause decay. In its effect, the toothpaste is also a remote cousin to fluoridated drinking water, although the differences are considerable. When a child swallows fluoridated drinking water, the fluoride is absorbed into the blood and carried by the blood stream into his future permanent teeth while they are still forming in his gums. Later on, after the teeth have erupted, they are especially well able to resist decay.

Dr. Muhler hopes the toothpaste will help the large number of persons who, for one reason or another, are not benefiting by either of these older, well-established methods of treatment.

"The toothpaste is no substitute for community water fluoridation," Dr. Muhler has said. "That's the best decay-prevention measure we know—the one way of making certain that all the kids in a town, rich and poor alike, are protected. But many communities are taking painfully long to fluoridate their water, and forty per cent of the population doesn't drink 'city water.' At least 18,000,000 families, most of them living in rural areas, can never be included in the water fluoridation program.

"And while fluoride applications by a dentist are fine, four treatments are required over a period of several years, and each treatment may cost as much as $15. Thus expense is a serious barrier. Only a small fraction of the country's children are actually being treated."

It appears, furthermore, that the toothpaste will benefit an even larger group: the nation's adults. Until now, grownups who missed fluoride treatments when they were young—that is to say, most of the adults in the country—could do nothing about it. Stannous-fluoride toothpaste, according to the test results, offers them protection. The Bloomington study showed that the toothpaste reduced the caries (tooth-decay) rate for adults almost to the same degree as for children.

A man with a toothache hardly needs to hear a sales talk on the value of decay prevention. But because there are hundreds of millions of unfilled cavities in the United States, and because a neglected cavity eventually kills the tooth, a major public-health question is involved. This fact was impressed on the armed forces during World War II, when thousands of young men were rejected because they couldn't meet the embarrassingly low minimum dental requirements. On account of the dentist shortage (only one for every 1,900 persons), a big improvement in decay prevention appears to be the only practical solution to the problem.

Dr. Muhler hastens to point out that his toothpaste, by itself, won't solve the dilemma. "I believe the complete answer, eventually, will be a combination of things," he says. "Besides fluoride protection, it will involve better nutrition, better oral hygiene and probably other factors not yet known. But I am sure that the toothpaste should be a very big help."

America's giant toothpaste industry, which sells $100,000,000 worth of its product per year, agrees completely. Nearly every major toothpaste company is making—or is about to make—a fluoride toothpaste. The fact is that Dr. Muhler's experiments, which have been causing a lot of commotion in peaceful Bloomington, have also stood the toothpaste business on its collective ear.

A few weeks ago Dr. Muhler was busily working in his Dental Studies Clinic, a low, long, Quonset hut near the center of the Indiana University campus. The building is set in a broad sweep of lawn that is often dotted with his young subjects' bicycles. The clinic has been the headquarters for

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN MENDECINO

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Testing cheese for Campbell's Onion Soup and Franco-American Spaghetti and Macaroni

Campbell Cheese

Black-coated, shelf-cured cheddar, and only the best of that

This is how an experienced cheese man selects the finest cheddar cheese for our Campbell and Franco-American Products:

He starts by plugging the cheese with an instrument like an apple corer. This takes out a 6- or 8-inch piece which the tester sniffs and tastes to judge the cheese for texture and clean flavor.

The black-coated cheese you see him testing is a rather rare delicacy seldom found in stores. It's shelf-cured in a costly, time-taking way that makes it pretty expensive and difficult to produce in large quantities.

Each choice cheese has to be hand-turned every second or third day while it is curing. It must be cured for about four months without a waxed covering to allow it to develop the distinctive character which many fanciers of fine cheese say makes it the best cheddar anybody ever ate. Then it is waxed and put into a cooler until it has been aged for a year to 14 months.

But we don't tell you this story to brag about the fine cheese that goes into Campbell's Onion Soup and Franco-American Products. We tell it because it is typical of the care that Campbell takes to get ingredients that are worthy of the blending skill of our Campbell Chefs.

For at Campbell we deeply believe this: "*To make the best, begin with the best . . . then cook with extra care.*"

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."

Campbell's

Soups • Tomato Juice • Pork & Beans
V-8 *Cocktail Vegetable Juices*
Franco-American *Products* • **Swanson** *Products*

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In recent weeks five major manufacturers have announced multimillion-dollar plans to market fluoridated toothpastes

the three-year field study. One end is furnished as a bright, cheerful, five-chair dental office, with a small waiting room where the reading material, in deference to the preponderance of children in the study, leans heavily toward comic books. On this particular day it was lined with small girls, including four almost identically sized who were there to give a fifth (of matching height) company—and to check the new comic books. Dr. Muhler, wearing a dentist's coat, was examining the teeth of one of his 3,600 subjects, a girl about twelve years old. When he had finished, he stopped work long enough to explain how the field study, which began in May, 1952, has been run.

ONCE A VOLUNTEER had agreed to join the study, Dr. Muhler said, the subject's teeth were cleaned and examined, both by X ray and visual inspection, and a careful count made of the decayed, missing and filled teeth. At a later date, after the subject's mouth had been classified and he had been put into one or another of the several groups of subjects, he was given several free toothbrushes and several tubes of toothpaste. It looked like any ordinary toothpaste, except that the cardboard containers, and the tubes themselves, were a pristine white, marked only with a small, unobtrusive letter or design. Compared with the gaiety of commercial toothpaste packaging, the stuff looked rather dull and drab. There were brushes and toothpaste enough for the subject's entire family, or at least everyone living under the same roof. That was to minimize the chance that a participant, sleepily, might lurch into the bathroom and grab the wrong tube. The subject was told simply to go home and brush his teeth as usual, using the free toothpaste and none other, and to report back to the clinic at a stipulated interval, usually six months.

"The idea has been to test the toothpaste under very realistic circumstances," Dr. Muhler said. "We didn't supervise its use. We said nothing about how, or how often it should be used. We didn't even tell the subjects what, exactly, we were testing. If the subjects know what you hope to prove, they may try to help. There wasn't any serious danger that the results could be thrown off; still, we wanted to be as careful as possible."

Bloomington is still rather baffled by the faint air of mystery with which the clinic has surrounded itself. The total number of citizens who have been brushing their teeth with Muhler-supplied toothpastes—the 3,600 subjects, together with the 7,900 members of their immediate families—comes to 11,500. Including Indiana University students, Bloomington's total population is only 38,000. Almost every third person in town has been involved in the study. Naturally, as the months went by, they wondered what they were all supposed to be proving. "I sometimes think, from the way the phone has been ringing, that everybody in Bloomington must have telephoned at least once," Dr. Muhler said. "We ran awfully short of ways to say, politely, that we couldn't answer their questions."

One mother, a few weeks after her child had been enrolled, telephoned the clinic. She was outraged. "I've heard that some of the toothpaste you've been passing out is just ordinary toothpaste," she said. "Now what about my Susanna? Is that true of her toothpaste?" Dr. Muhler tried to calm the mother. The subject of scientific controls—the groups using nonfluoride toothpaste for comparison's sake—was ticklish. Almost any volunteer might feel slighted if he knew for certain that he was a mere control. Fortunately, Dr. Muhler hadn't the slightest idea who was in which group. That distribution had been performed mechanically, according to mouth classifications, under the direction of Ohio State University statisticians. Dr. Muhler explained, patiently, that he was unable to give the mother the information she wanted. "Well, if you won't tell me what Susanna is doing," the indignant lady said, "I'm certainly not going to let her come back to your clinic!"

"There wasn't much we could say to people like Susanna's mother, but we tried our darnedest to impress every volunteer with the idea that he, personally, was vital to the experiment," Dr. Muhler explained. "That wasn't too hard because it was true." But it did take thousands of man-hours of patient effort. As each subject's checkup-appointment time approached, he got a telephone call from the clinic reminding him of the date. If an appointment was missed, the nurse or secretary set up another one.

Mimi Perry, ten-year-old daughter of Bernard Perry, who runs the Indiana University Press, is one of Dr. Muhler's subjects. When the Perrys were packing to go on vacation, Mrs. Perry noticed that the supply of toothpaste had run a little low. She called the clinic and asked for a reserve tube or two, just to make sure that they wouldn't run out.

It so happened that the clinic itself was temporarily out of the particular toothpaste for Mimi's group. "Well, I don't suppose it makes too much difference if Mimi misses a week or so," Mrs. Perry ventured. Nothing could have been further from the truth, as the clinic quickly explained. The nurse was confident that Mimi's toothpaste would come within a day or two. The clinic would immediately ship the Perrys two or three tubes by Air Express. Before the Perrys themselves had reached Southold, Long Island, the package from the clinic had arrived. The Perrys, naturally, were impressed. Most of Bloomington, after a few scores of incidents of the kind, was also impressed.

On return visits the volunteers went through virtually the same routine as during their first call: a thorough cleaning followed by an examination to count the number of decayed, missing and filled teeth. The staff couldn't guess what any given count indicated. The cards on which the cavity counts were recorded were carefully masked so that the various checks would be completely independent of one another. Dr. Muhler and his assistants simply counted and charted, then forwarded their reports to the statisticians. Only they, with the keys to the codes that told who had been brushing with what, could figure out the data's meaning. Dr. Muhler didn't know how well the stannous fluoride had worked until the statistical reports came back.

Of the findings so far released, these are the two most important:

(1.) Five hundred and fourteen children between five and fifteen years old were divided into two groups. One group used the stannous-fluoride toothpaste (42 per cent heat-treated calcium orthophosphate, 2 per cent detergent, 25 per cent humectant, 29.2 per cent water, 1.4 per cent binder, 0.4 per cent stannous fluoride, and flavoring). The other group used toothpaste that was identical except that it contained no stannous fluoride. The children got no supervision or instruction, and interviews with parents showed that, on the average, the youngsters actually brushed their teeth less than once a day.

At the end of a year 423 children reported back for their third examinations. The average number of new decayed, missing or filled teeth among the 209 children in the control group was 1.31. The average number of new decayed, missing or filled teeth among the 214 children who had been using the stannous-fluoride toothpaste was 0.65.

In other words, the reduction in the caries rate for the stannous-fluoride group was 50.6 per cent.

(2.) Three hundred and twenty-two adults between eighteen and thirty-eight years old, with a median age of twenty, were given substantially the same test.

At the end of six months, the caries rate for those who had used the stannous-fluoride toothpaste was 50.4 per cent lower than for the control group. At the end of a year, the reduction in decay for the stannous-fluoride group was 41.6 per cent.

Two questions seem almost certain to be asked about fluoride toothpaste.

The first is: Since fluorides in quantity are toxic, and some babies eat toothpaste by the fistful, isn't it dangerous to have fluoride toothpaste in the house?

The answer: No. A child would have to eat a pound of toothpaste, or six large economy-sized tubes, at one sitting before he would have consumed enough fluoride to have any toxic effect. Moreover, the essential oils in toothpaste, and in the flavoring particularly, are nauseating. Before a baby could finish even one tube of toothpaste he would throw up.

The second question: Will fluoride toothpaste stain teeth?

The answer: No. This is by no means a silly question, however. The Food and Drug Administration, which has approved the sale of Dr. Muhler's toothpaste, thinks it's possible that in a few communities where an excess of natural fluorides in the drinking water has caused mottled teeth, a fluoride-carrying toothpaste might make the mottling worse. A warning to that effect—applying only to children under six years old—is being printed on the package now that the toothpaste is being placed on the market.

But Dr. Muhler is certain that this warning is unnecessary. "Under the worst conceivable circumstances—which will never come up—the added degree of mottling would be far too slight for a layman to see."

Just who is this Dr. Joseph Charles Muhler, who developed the remarkable toothpaste? He is not only a research scientist, but a busy teacher with a class load of 11 hours a week, an administrator (secretary of the Graduate Dental School) and an author who, in addition to more than 80 scientific papers published or awaiting publication in various professional journals, has collaborated on two published textbooks and a third which will appear shortly. He is not only a doctor of dental surgery, but a doctor of philosophy (in chemistry)—not to mention a bachelor of science. And he had earned all three of his degrees from Indiana University by the time he was twenty-nine years old, despite the fact that he has had to support himself, or very nearly so, from the time he was a freshman in high school.

Naturally, his fantastic ability to get work done is the despair of the Indiana University campus. "It's the last straw!" one of Dr. Muhler's colleagues said recently, a note of sadness in his voice. "I've just heard that Joe, in his spare time, writes detective stories!"

That is true. "But I've only written a few," Dr. Muhler says apologetically. "I don't believe I've finished more than twenty. And I doubt that they're good enough to print."

AS FAR BACK as he can remember, to his childhood days in Fort Wayne, Indiana, Dr. Muhler was sure he wanted to be a chemist. At Central Catholic High School he took all the chemistry courses possible, and worked as a lab assistant. In 1944, when he had almost finished working his way through Indiana University, his draft number came up. The Navy decided to send him to the Indiana School of Dentistry. "That was pretty nice," Dr. Muhler recalls, "except that at the time I hadn't the slightest interest in dentistry."

With the advantage of hindsight, one might be tempted to think that the Navy classification board was marvelously wise.

When the war ended, and the Navy stopped paying for Muhler's dental education, someone told him that he might be eligible, on the basis of his marks, for a research grant from the Indiana State Board of Health. Muhler applied, and, to his delight, found he was entitled to $75 a month pay, plus a lump sum of $500 for research expenses.

A faculty member, Dr. Grant Van Huysen, suggested that Muhler might use the money to run an experiment on a question two other scientists had already raised: Were some fluorides more effective than others in protecting tooth enamel against decay? In September, 1945, having won his B.S., Muhler started the work that was to lead first to the discovery of stannous fluoride's exceptional effectiveness, then to a stannous-fluoride toothpaste.

The first experiment took two years. It was a big job for a student working in the time left over from his dental classes. Occasionally he had help from some other student. But for the most part he

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Mothers and children in the waiting room of the Quonset hut which is the clinic where the volunteers in the toothpaste test reported regularly to have their teeth examined

worked alone from six o'clock in the morning (after delivering newspapers to add to his income) to seven thirty, and again, after classes, from late afternoon until midnight, with just enough time out to eat and keep up with his dental studies.

To get the materials he needed for his experiment, he wrote every major and a good many minor chemical supply houses; altogether he got more than 300 different kinds of fluoride salts. From the Dental School he obtained teeth that had been extracted—hundreds of them—and ground them to powder by hand in a diamond mortar. Then, hour after hour and week after week, he treated tooth-enamel samples with solutions of the different fluorides.

The tests showed conclusively that stannous fluoride was far more effective than any of the others in protecting the ground tooth enamel from acetic acid—and was nearly twice as effective as sodium fluoride, best known and most commonly used fluoride. With Dr. Van Huysen, Muhler published the results of his experiment in 1947.

Muhler graduated from the Dental School in 1948 with Indiana's best honors record in 23 years. The school, to no one's surprise, gave him a job as a teaching fellow, and for the next two years Muhler worked on the second phase of his experiment: Would stannous fluoride be as effective on the teeth of live animals?

"I had never worked on animals before," Dr. Muhler recalls, "and I didn't realize that 1,200 rats and a small army of hamsters are a big responsibility. If they don't need feeding, their cages have got to be cleaned. They have to be coaxed, petted, pampered and showered with love and affection."

Nevertheless, as Dr. Muhler reported in the Journal of the American Dental Association and in the Journal of Nutrition, stannous fluoride did reduce the decay in animals.

In 1949 he married Majetta Stewart, whom he had met five years earlier in a Shakespeare class. "I got a C in that course," Dr. Muhler says. "It was my worst mark, and well worth it." (The Muhlers now have a five-year-old son, Joseph Charles II.)

That same year, while Muhler was attending a dental convention in Chicago, a Procter & Gamble research scientist approached him. As the two men strolled along Lake Shore Drive, the Procter & Gamble man said his company had been following Muhler's work with interest, and that if he needed help of any kind, the firm might be able to supply it. Not long afterward, Procter & Gamble made a research grant to the Indiana University Foundation, and has done so every year since. The total sum, up to now, is close to $300,000.

It was Charles L. Howell of the Indiana State Board of Health, not Dr. Muhler, who took the experiment a third step. The question was whether stannous fluoride, which had worked on animals, would work equally well on children. In 1951, Dr. Howell treated the teeth of 1,200 school children by direct application, using stannous fluoride in some cases and sodium fluoride in the others. The children in the stannous-fluoride group fared by far the best. The reduction in new decay was as high as 65.5 per cent.

THERE WAS no certainty, even at this point, that stannous fluoride could be used in a toothpaste. All fluorides combine readily with other substances, including the ordinary abrasives in toothpaste. The big problem was to find a formula that would leave the stannous fluoride free to combine with tooth enamel, not with just the abrasive in the dentifrice. For a time that seemed practically impossible. Then Dr. William H. Nebergall, a graduate student helping with the experiment, happened to put a sample of abrasive in a laboratory oven and bake it. When the stuff was removed, investigation showed the fluoride would not combine with the abrasive. Heat treatment was the answer for which Muhler had been looking. "It seemed wonderfully sensible afterward," Dr. Muhler says, "because every chemist knows that heat decreases solubility. But baking the stuff was really just a lucky accident."

All of this laboratory work, the basic research that lies behind the toothpaste formula, took six years. As a result, Dr. Muhler was practically positive—once the fluoride-compatible abrasive turned up—that his toothpaste would work. The field study, begun a few months later, confirmed his conviction.

Dr. Muhler likes the thought that stannous-fluoride toothpaste promises to help preserve the nation's teeth. He's delighted that Indiana University, through the foundation that owns the patent on the new toothpaste and has licensed Procter & Gamble to manufacture it, stands to make considerable sums out of royalties on every tube sold. Since he needn't worry about the commercial toothpaste battle now shaping up, he's free to concentrate on his next research. (It will be in the field of nutrition and have nothing at all to do with fluorides.)

Dr. Muhler in his laboratory may be able to keep calm and cool, but it looks as though the toothpaste manufacturers, in the months ahead, are in for a hot time. In the conviction that the public—as soon as it understands what a fluoride in toothpaste can do—will be eager to buy, five of the six largest firms are hurrying to meet the anticipated demand. Procter & Gamble is the only company producing Dr. Muhler's compound, and Crest, as Procter & Gamble has named the new toothpaste, is the only one of the group that has stannous fluoride. But there are four other fluoride toothpastes already on sale, or shortly to be on sale, which have been developed in their respective companies' laboratories according to their own formulas: Colgate's Brisk, Bristol-Myers' Sentry, Block Drugs' Super Amm-i-dent and Lambert's Antizyme. And undoubtedly, before the lists are complete, others will be added.

It takes millions of dollars to launch a new dentifrice. It's fascinating that, in the course of one summer, all five of these firms—which already, as a group, were selling more than 75 per cent of the nation's toothpaste—should have decided, separately, that the fluoride idea is so good it cannot be ignored. And if you ask Dr. Muhler, they're right. THE END

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY IKE VERN

During scrimmage, West Virginia forward Hot Rod Hundley, in red shirt, lofts jump shot toward basket (above) and whips backhand pass past defense on fast break (r.). Despite justified reputation for clowning on the court, Hundley insists basketball is the most important thing of his life. As proof, there isn't a day in the year, in and out of season, that the Mountaineer star doesn't spend time practicing his shooting and passing. A good high-school pitcher, he gave up baseball because he feared he might injure his hands for basketball. This single-mindedness of purpose plus what his coach terms "fastest reflexes I've seen in college ball" make Hot Rod a scoring sensation and top gate attraction. Experts say he can't miss as a pro

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"Hot Rod" Hundley

He's basketball king of the Mountaineers—a sharpshooting, fancy Dan passer who's being tabbed as "a new Bob Cousy"

Spinning basketball is almost Hot Rod's trade-mark. More than a trick, it also helps him relax between foul shots

THESE days every youngster in West Virginia seems to be spinning a basketball on his index finger. Why? It's a pet stunt of Rod (Hot Rod) Hundley, the Mountaineers' star forward, who has become the sports idol of the state.

Hundley, West Virginia University's six-foot four-inch court genius, probably is the most colorful college player in the country today. He likes to twirl the ball in his hand like a top whenever there's a lull in the action of a game. He also inspires imitation with such Harlem Globetrotterlike stunts as dribbling the ball with his knees or while lying on the floor, and transferring the ball from one hand to the other by rolling it down his back. On occasions he'll deliberately predict his baskets Babe Ruth-style by holding two fingers high above his head as he cuts loose with a shot. In one game he scored two points by batting the ball into the basket with a clenched fist; and, against Pittsburgh last season, he shot successfully while kneeling on the court. What thrills the crowd equally, however, and makes Hot Rod a solid All-America candidate is his amazing gift for the more orthodox basketball techniques. In his first varsity campaign last year, he averaged 23.7 points a game despite being hobbled for a time with an operation-weakened left knee. His total of 711 points stands as the highest ever scored by a major college sophomore.

Hundley can be equally as impressive on defense. He switched over to guard George Washington University's great Corky Devlin with 13 minutes to go in the finals of the last Southern Conference championships. Devlin, who had scored 22 points up to that point in the game, could add only one more basket. Hundley wound up with 30 points and the tournament's Most Valuable Player award—and his team copped the title. Muttered George Washington coach Bill Reinhart later, "You have to see him to believe him."

Take Hot Rod's ability to pass. Like the flashy Bob Cousy of the professional Boston Celtics to whom he is most often compared, Hundley rifles the ball from every possible position to teammates seemingly outside his field of vision. "He's the best middleman on a basketball fast break I've ever seen," says West Virginia coach Fred Schaus, a former pro star himself. "The job is the key to our offense. It means down-court dribbling and passing at top speed and a last-second decision whether to shoot or pass off. Hundley's perfect on the play. Time and time again I've seen him fake in the defense with his head-and-shoulder actions and instinctively whip the ball to the man with the best chance to score."

It's on this fast break, after a game is either safely won or definitely lost for West Virginia, that "the new Cousy" likes to dig into his assortment of tricks. "It all started," Hundley recalls, "in my first game as a freshman. We were so far ahead that when I drove down-court on one play I brought the ball around my back and dropped it in the basket. The crowd liked it. I did, too. So I've been busy trying to think up new gags ever since."

The clowning draws capacity crowds and brings smiles to just about everyone except the representatives of the 47 other colleges which unsuccessfully offered Hot Rod scholarships after he racked up 1,956 points as a Charleston, West Virginia, high-schooler. It doesn't salve their wounds either to hear Coach Schaus assert that his star is only approaching his peak as a junior.

"He's always had a deadly jump shot and a right-handed hook," says Schaus. "Now he's also scoring with an accurate left-handed hook shot and long sets, which make him just so much better. And the superlative of better," the coach notes happily, "is best."

—HOWARD COHN

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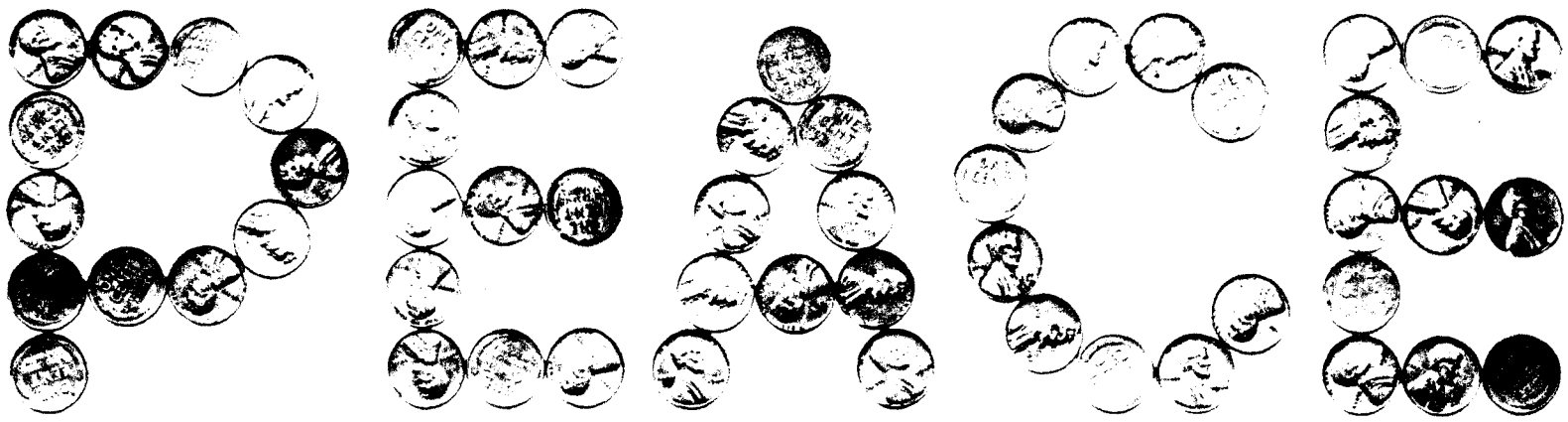

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Blindly responding to anger too long contained, Fred flung his speech across the room, toward the bottles set up along the buffet

The Big Puddle

By CAMERON HAWLEY

Author of Cash McCall

Fred's business was small, but he had to make these big shots listen to him

FRED COOPER was a realist. After seven years as president of the Sea-Bay Packing Company, he had no delusions about his standing in the food-canning industry. In the immediate vicinity of Crab Cove, and for some ten miles up and down the Eastern Shore, he was a big man. But that was as far as it went. As soon as he got out of Chesapeake County, he was a very small frog in a very big puddle—and he knew it.

Admittedly, for a few short months during that first year after he had come home from the Navy and married Nancy Tripler and the Sea-Bay Packing Company, he had thought of himself as having moved up in the world. That delusion had been erased by his first attendance at an annual convention of the American Food Packers Association. There were, he had then learned, something over sixteen hundred food canneries in the United States, divided by AFPA into seven classifications, and the Sea-Bay Packing Company was strictly Class VII. Its president rated no more than a no-bath room in a side-street hotel; his assigned seat at the big banquet was in the corridor outside the balcony of the grand ballroom; and no one bothered to speak to him—except salesmen who were trying to get his label business.

Fred had built up Sea-Bay Packing to a point where, last year, he had given Nancy a mink stole for her birthday and a lemon-yellow convertible for Christmas—thanks largely to such new gourmet specialties as Sea-Bay Newburg with Sherry, Sea-Bay Crab Mornay, Sea-Bay Old-Fashioned Eastern Shore Crabcakes, and Sea-Bay Hickory-Smoked Oysters. But that kind of success meant nothing to the classification committee of AFPA. Members were not rated by net or gross profit, but solely on total cases of annual pack.

Admittedly, Fred Cooper had made some slight progress in AFPA. After his third convention he had gained enough stature to be assigned a room with a bath, but it was still in an outlying hotel. The following year he had managed to get inside the grand ballroom for the annual banquet, but he was still up in the balcony.

Two years ago he had been a last-minute draftee as an assistant teller and asked to help pass election ballots to his section of the balcony; but that had been his only direct participation in the multifarious affairs of AFPA, most of which seemed to be carried on by a restricted group whose names he had been taught over the public-address system but whose faces, seen from the distant reaches of the balcony, were only

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER RICHARDS

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fuzzy-edged blobs of light glowing dimly through a blue haze of cigar smoke.

From the overheard remarks of other delegates, he had gathered that the real life of the convention went on upstairs, in the suites of rooms where the suppliers entertained their customers. Last year, cherishing a final hope that patience would eventually be rewarded, he had invaded those upper precincts. A representative of one of the big can-manufacturing companies had invited everyone within hearing distance to slip up to "the suite" any time they felt like it. Fred had made the ascent and actually managed to get inside the foyer door, but despite the prominent display of his badge no one had recognized him. After a futile attempt to worm close enough to the bar to get a drink—which, afterward, he assured himself he hadn't wanted anyway—he had edged his way back out the door, unnoticed.

Then and there, even before he had checked out of the hotel, he had made his decision: he was through with AFPA conventions. They just weren't worth the waste of three days during the busiest part of the crab season. There was very little in the speeches anyway, and what little there was could be read afterward in printed form.

Resolutely, he had neglected a request from AFPA headquarters that reservations for next year's convention be made immediately. When the follow-up letters came, he threw them in the wastebasket. Actually—and it was one of those coincidences that prove how strange, indeed, are the workings of fate—on the very morning that he tossed out the red-headlined *LAST CHANCE AND FINAL WARNING,* the telephone call came.

HE HAD been down in the crab house, checking on the installation of a beautiful new stainless-steel agitator kettle, when his secretary had sent word that there was a long-distance telephone call from a Mr. Pompfrey in Chicago. The possibility was so remote that it never occurred to him that it might actually be Hubert T. Pompfrey, president of the Inter-Continent Canning Company, Class I, and chairman of the AFPA program committee.

But it was indeed old Hubert T. himself, his voice right there in Fred's ear, the great void between the balcony and the speakers' table suddenly and miraculously bridged. "Just wanted to get your slant on this year's program," Hubert T. said, leaping to a first-name basis before Fred had recovered from his first gulp of surprise. "It seems to me, Fred, that one of our big troubles in AFPA is that we don't get enough participation from our rank-and-file members, who are, as I'm sure you recognize, the very heart and soul of our great industry."

"Well, I—"

"You're absolutely right, Fred! What would you think—now, listen to this, Fred—instead of a lot of long-winded speeches, suppose we were to take the whole gang on the first afternoon of the convention and break the boys up into discussion groups based on their specific interests. Then we'd have some real shirt-sleeve working sessions. Get what I mean?"

"Yes, I—"

"Fred, I knew I could count on you! That's why I've picked you for chairman of one of the most important—Let me see now, got a note on it right here somewhere— Fred, you're going to be chairman of the group meeting on Specialty Sea-Food Products, Eastern Division."

"But—"

"Of course, there'll be a general theme to unify the whole convention program—the Food Industry in the World Today—so all you'll have to do is make a fifteen-minute speech that will tie in the World Today with Specialty Sea-Food Products. Then, after that, you can open the session for questions, and you'll be sort of a moderator—"

At that point the whistle on the crab-house roof—which, unfortunately, was just outside the window of Fred's office—let loose with a screaming demand for more crabs. By the time Fred Cooper's hearing had been restored, there was nothing more to hear except Hubert T. saying, "—and I'm sure grateful to you, Fred! Well, see you at convention, old boy. Yes sir, we'll have to get together, you and me. Been too long, Fred. Yes sir, much too long!" . . .

After he had recovered from the shock, the regaining of consciousness aided by a repeat performance on the crab-house whistle, Fred Cooper had examined the proposition with the same cautious scrutiny that he always gave any deal that looked too good to be true. Obviously that first-name business branded Hubert T. as a stuffed-shirt phony; and the fact that it was only a little over two weeks until the convention made it painfully clear that he hadn't been the program committee's first choice.

At that precise moment, just as he had decided to send old Hubert T. a telegram of regret, there was the intervention of a second strange quirk of fate: Nancy arrived to take him home to lunch. And so the telegram was not sent. Nancy was even more excited over the invitation than she had been over the lemon-yellow convertible. "Darling, this is too perfectly wonderful! I can't think of any project I'd love more."

As has been previously noted, Fred Cooper was a realist. Facing the facts of life had taught him not only where he stood in the food-canning industry, but also where he stood in his own home. When Nancy took on something as a *project,* nonresistance was the only course left open to him.

When he arrived home for dinner that evening, the living room looked like a collection station in a Boy Scout wastepaper drive. "What in the name of time is all this?" he demanded.

"Background," she said pertly. "Reference material. When Uncle George ran for the state legislature, he always had stacks and stacks of it."

"But it's only a little fifteen-minute speech, and—"

"That's a lot longer than the Gettysburg Address," she countered. "Don't worry, darling. You're going to be wonderful, you really are!"

THE next day the books Nancy had ordered by telephone from Baltimore and Washington began to arrive. There wasn't much available on Specialty Sea-Food Products, she explained, but there were bushels of stuff on the World Today!

And Nancy had some more good news. As soon as Fred's speech got to the rehearsal stage, Uncle George had promised to come over some evening and coach him on delivery. Wasn't that wonderful?

His protest gained only the unanswerable argument that if the President of the United States was a big enough man to realize that he needed someone like Robert Montgomery to coach him, what was wrong with inviting her very own uncle to dinner next Tuesday?

Nancy had assumed, of course, that by next Tuesday he would have his speech all written and ready to rehearse, and, as usual, Nancy's assumption was no frothy bit of wishful thinking. Before he had left for the office that next morning, she had extracted a promise that he would immediately sit down and dictate a rough draft. She called at nine ten—just to be certain that he hadn't forgotten—and again at a quarter to ten.

As a practicing realist, Fred Cooper knew when he was licked. For the next two hours he dictated his fifteen-minute speech. By the time Nancy arrived to take him home to lunch, he was able to report that it was all done except for a concluding summary.

"That's fine," she congratulated him. "Bring it home to dinner with you and we'll have a perfectly wonderful evening!"

What he brought home was twenty-seven pages of irrefutable typewritten proof that he'd be nine kinds of fool to stand up in front of all of his competitors and tell them exactly how to duplicate the flavor of Sea-Bay Crab Mornay and the secret tricks of producing Sea-Bay Hickory-Smoked Oysters.

"But, of course, darling," Nancy had said. "This is the way Uncle George always writes his speeches. First he does a rough draft. Then he cuts out everything that might tell anyone anything important. Oh, this is fine, Fred, it really is—and you're so much handsomer than Uncle George ever was. You'll look wonderful up there on the platform. All we have to do is to cut out all this sea-food business—and thank goodness, dear, you've given me plenty to cut—and then we'll just write in a few nice words about the Food Industry in the World Today. That is the theme of the convention, isn't it? It's really simple, dear. You just wait and see!"

Having long since taught himself that it was a futile waste of effort to struggle against the inevitable, Fred Cooper settled down to wait and see. What he saw was the closing door of his study, appropriated by Nancy who disappeared with the admonishment: "Now you settle down and relax with a nice detective story, darling. If you get tired waiting, just go to bed."

Since Nancy had put on her horn-rimmed glasses and had a pencil poked in her ash-blonde hair, he made up his mind that there was no use stalling around with a detective story. He might as well get a good night's sleep.

NINE pages of Nancy's hunt-and-peck typing waited for him at the breakfast table, the minor errors obscured by an overlay of red-penciled hieroglyphics. "It's really very simple, darling," Nancy explained. "Uncle George always does it, and so do all other good speakers. One line under a word means that you emphasize it. A double line—that's a real punch. If it's a wiggly line, you smile. A slash mark is a pause. Two slash marks mean that you stop to take a breath. Isn't it a wonderful system?"

Fred Cooper admitted that the system was indeed a fit subject for wonder. He went so far as to agree that he might attempt a trial reading tonight after he got home from the office.

"Oh, darling, you do need someone to look after you," Nancy said with a wiggly-line laugh and then a double-slash-mark pause. "You aren't going to the office today. It's Saturday! Isn't that wonderful? We can start rehearsing right now!"

Despite his adherence to the philosophy that a policy of nonresistance was the straightest path to marital bliss, Fred Cooper was not a man to be pushed beyond a certain point. From the very beginning, he drew the line at Nancy's suggestion that she accompany him to the convention. Now, two

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weeks and two days later, he was still drawing the line.

"Of course, I *want* you, honey," he said, double-underlining the word, "but the whole point is—well, I'll be jumpy enough as it is, without you sitting out there watching me."

She clung to him as he got into the car. "You'll remember what Uncle George said about not using too many gestures, won't you, darling—only the ones that are marked in the script? And you won't scratch your ear when you get nervous, will you, dear?"

"I'll remember," he promised, starting the motor. It was a two-hour drive to Washington, and it was already a quarter to nine.

"You know where your speech is?" Nancy asked.

He patted the saddle-leather portfolio that she had bought him the day she had driven to Baltimore to order his new suit.

"And there's an extra copy in each of your bags, just in case anything should go wrong."

He nodded. "And another one pinned in the inside pocket of my topcoat."

She put her head in the car window and kissed him the way she had on the day he had left for the Navy. "And the minute you're through you'll call and tell me how it sounded?"

"But you know how it will sound, honey. You've heard me rehearsing six times a day since—"

"Promise?"

He couldn't start until she got her head out of the window. So he promised.

BY THE time he got to the Chesapeake Bay Bridge, Fred Cooper had become conscious of an oddly unfamiliar sensation. Having considered and rejected all other possibilities, he finally had to admit that he must be getting a little excited himself. Nancy, of course, had gone completely overboard; she just didn't realize that a fifteen-minute speech to a little discussion group could not possibly make any real impression on a big convention like the AFPA. But on the other hand, well, Uncle George had been absolutely right when he'd said that there were a lot of things in that speech that a good many Americans ought to be thinking about today—especially that part about free enterprise and the relationship of the government to the food-packing industry. It was too bad, in a way, that those final cuts of Nancy's had taken out the last surviving paragraph on Specialty Sea-Food Products, but she was probably right about it. There were a lot more important matters in the World Today than automatic controls on steam kettles and piecework rates for crab pickers.

Across the bridge, he tramped down on the accelerator, edging over the speed limit every time there was a clear stretch of road ahead, his annoyance mounting as the traffic became heavier and heavier. It was almost eleven o'clock by the time he got to the hotel.

Delegates were already lined up ten deep at the room desk; but, almost unbelievably, Nancy's hunch about writing a little "Dear Hubert" note had worked. There was a two-room suite reserved for him—so that, as he had explained in the note, he could entertain a few of the boys after his Specialty Sea-Food Products session. The rate was thirty dollars a day, but it would be worth it. And, as Nancy had pointed out, it would be a deductible business expense.

As soon as the bellboy was out of the suite, Fred Cooper called room service and read off Nancy's list of what he'd need for the party. Then, hurriedly changing into his new suit, he went down to the mezzanine and eased his way into the crowd that was already milling around the registration tables, where the girls from the AFPA offices were passing out badges, programs and their special once-a-year smiles.

There was the pinprick of momentary annoyance at having "Cooper" confused with "Hooper," necessitating the retyping of his badge, but everything was all right on the printed program. There it was in black and white, down near the bottom of a page-long list of the group meetings into which the convention was to be divided for the afternoon:

SPECIALTY SEA FOODS, EASTERN—Parlor G
F. Cooper, Chairman

Almost immediately he heard himself being paged and, identifying his presence with a wave of his arm, he pushed his way back toward the registration desk, where he was confronted by an owl-faced young man who said he was Harrigan from AFPA public relations.

"Sure hope you got your remarks down on paper," Harrigan said anxiously. "Going to be impossible for the newspaper boys to cover all the meetings this afternoon. Only way we're going to get any break at all is to hand out advance releases."

Fortunately, as Nancy had suggested, he'd transferred the topcoat copy to his suit coat; this elicited a fervent compliment from Harrigan that brought a moment of respectful attention from the crowd. Several men smiled at him. One even spoke.

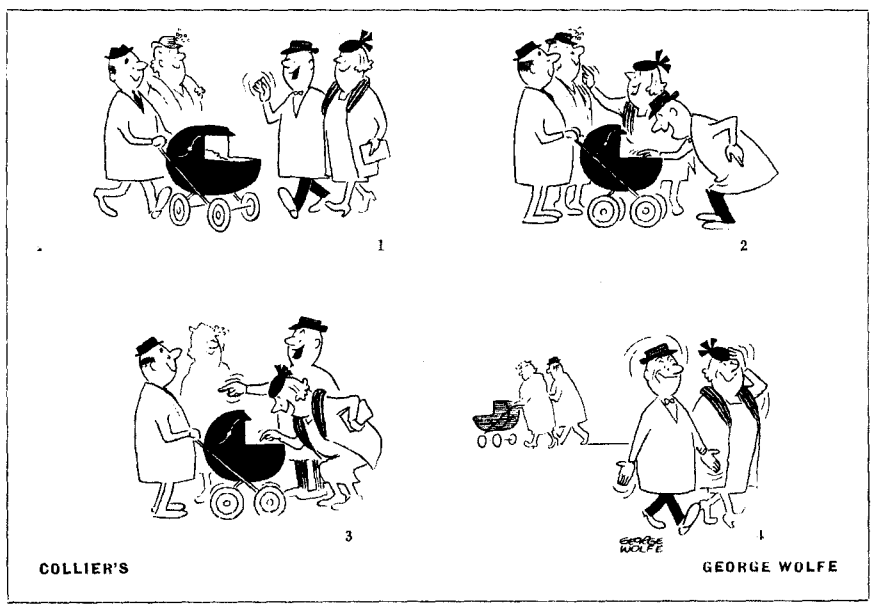
PURPOSEFULLY avoiding any further interruption of his plan, Fred circled the mezzanine and eventually located Parlor G. The door was open and he went in, struck with a momentary clutch of panic as his imagination filled the rows of chairs with the major executives of every important sea-food-canning corporation on the entire Eastern coast, Maine to Florida.

Closing the door, assuring himself that it was safely latched, he opened his new portfolio, took out his speech, and tentatively mounted the low platform on which the speaker's lectern stood. Prodded by the memory of Nancy's eager, poised smile, he managed to get out the first sentence. The words boomed back alarmingly—but that, of course, was only because the room was empty; everything would be all right when there was a crowd.

He made a second start, confidence mounting as he got through the first page without missing a single cue, hitting every emphasized word, even managing the smile that the wiggly line called for at the end of the last paragraph.

Everything was going to be all right: all he had to do was to keep calm—not lose his head, remember not to scratch his left ear if he got nervous, have a glass of water handy just in case his throat started getting dry.

Back on the mezzanine he overheard one of the AFPA girls saying, "Yes, I'm sure that's Mr. Cooper"—nothing like this had ever happened before—and then he saw, bearing down on him, the real-life version of Hubert T. Pompfrey's portrait in the annual report, a magnificent thatch of white hair surmounting a shell-pink face perfectly matched to the fresh rosebud in his lapel.



"Fred, old boy!" Hubert T. exclaimed, although not without an unconscious glance of confirmation at Fred's badge. "How's everything, Fred? All set for the big session?"

"I think so."

"Fine—great—wonderful!" Hubert T. said in an ascending scale of enthusiasm. "You mark my word, Fred, this is going to be the best convention in the history of the old AFPA. Sure am grateful to you, Fred."

"Well, I—"

"Know you'll excuse me for a minute, Fred. Have to get the old ball rolling, you know."

There was a convulsive stirring of the crowd, and Fred Cooper let himself be swept along in the crowd that poured into the grand ballroom. There were no assigned places for this first luncheon, as there would be for the big banquet, and he walked resolutely toward one of the tables directly in front of the speakers' dais, finding himself joined almost immediately by seven other men, all of whom were at least Class III. Unfortunately, none was in the specialty sea-food business so he couldn't personally invite them to attend his session in Parlor G.

The luncheon service was slowed by the table-hoppers, mostly can-and-label salesmen who kept getting in the way of the waiters; and by the time dessert was served—apple pie with a thick slab of cheese—Fred Cooper's watch indicated that they were between eighteen and twenty minutes behind schedule. The time lapse stretched to a full half hour before Hubert T. Pompfrey, adjusting the rosebud in his lapel, finally introduced the Honorable William Jennings Brown for a few short comments on pending legislation that might seriously affect the food-processing industry.

Fifty-five minutes later, with a final, fourth-time repetition of his heartfelt conviction that the food industry had played a great and vital part in the building of a free America—the shortness of time, unfortunately, having precluded any discussion of pending legislation—the Honorable Mr. Brown sat down. It was the exact moment that the session in Parlor G should have been starting. There were still a half-dozen untouched items on the agenda for the noon meeting.

EVEN more disconcerting, however, after the lights went up, was the state of the audience. Half the chairs were now empty, and an alarming number of new evacuees, finally recovered from the soporific effect of apple pie and cheese, were scurrying toward the exits. Pompfrey's vigorous gaveling to halt the exodus had no effect except to put the public-address system out of order.

"Shame we're running so late," Fred Cooper said to the one man still at his table. "Everyone's leaving."

"Wouldn't be here myself if I didn't have to run one of these confounded meetings this afternoon," the man growled.

"Same here," Fred said.

"You too?"

"Specialty Sea Food, Eastern."

"Tomato Products, Midwest," the man said, moving over to the chair beside Fred and extending his hand. "Bjornsen of Bjornsen Brothers."

"Cooper of Sea-Bay Packing," Fred said, grateful for the chance to share his apprehension. "Looks to me as if we won't have anyone left for our meetings, the way the crowd's thinning."

"Oh, the boys are still around somewhere," Bjornsen said reassuringly. "They'll show up when we start getting down to business. It's always like this. One time at Atlantic City—"

Bjornsen was interrupted by a proclaimed minute of silence, invoked as soon as the public-address system was back in order, honoring seven members who had died during the last year. Fred Cooper recognized none of the names, but all the deceased, apparently, had been close personal friends of Hubert T. Pompfrey and valiant fighters in the cause of AFPA.

There was a mild transition from the dead to the living as an attorney from the association's legal staff took over the microphone and droned through a long report on the great fight that the legislative committee had made last spring against the Robbins-McKewn bill. Of course no one had really expected the bill to pass—but, as the lawyer took a solid ten minutes to explain, the fine battle that the committee had fought was in the best AFPA tradition and was, therefore, something that everyone had a right to know about.

Even Bjornsen was beginning to show concern. He took out his watch and laid it on the table. When the lawyer finally gasped his last, it was eight minutes after three. The water carafe was empty now and Fred's throat was beginning to feel smoke-tanned and crackly. Under the shield of the tablecloth's overhang, he started to leaf through his speech, hunting for some-

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thing that might be cut out to save time.

Bjornsen nudged him and he looked up to see that one of the AFPA vice-presidents at the speakers' table was in whispered conference with the chairman of the program committee. "Maybe they're going to call off the rest of it," Bjornsen said hopefully.

The hope proved fruitless. Beaming, Pompfrey announced that he had just had an excellent suggestion: that the convention recognize the great service rendered to AFPA by its former presidents. The secretary would call the roll. After five minutes of name calling, the not too startling fact was revealed that no ex-presidents happened to be in the room at the moment.

There was still another committee report, scheduled for five minutes, but the chairman felt that the fine work of his members would not properly be acknowledged without a few words for each of them. There was a dutiful response of quick-fading applause as the seven committee members paraded to the front of the room and launched into a twenty-minute skit that had probably sounded uproariously funny when they had first rehearsed last night.

At exactly six minutes to four, fingering his now badly wilted rosebud, Hubert T. Pompfrey announced to an almost empty room: "Gentlemen, as you may or may not have noticed, we're running just a few minutes behind schedule, which reminds me of a little story about—"

A long time later he got to the point: "—and so, like Reuben and Annie, let's not miss anything just because the clock stopped. Now listen to this, men: the buses are going to leave for the board of directors' reception at five o'clock sharp! They'll be right down front at five o'clock—and that doesn't mean five minutes after five, it means five o'clock *sharp!* I know that doesn't give us very much time for our group meetings this afternoon, but I'm sure everybody will co-operate in our fine old AFPA spirit and that you'll all be down front—"

THE rest of what Pompfrey said was lost as Bjornsen, upsetting his chair with a splintery rattle, made a rush for the door. Fred followed as fast as he could, angrily positive now that not more than a dozen men would show up in Parlor G. Outside he felt a momentary lift of spirit as he saw the crowd on the mezzanine, drifting down the corridor toward the meeting rooms. There was a knot of men waiting for Bjornsen in the open doorway of D, and he heard laughter as he passed E. The door of Parlor G was closed and he flung it open, frantically attempting to recall the opening line of his talk.

A lone figure sat against the back wall, an old man who stared back myopically, seemingly a mirrored image of the blank shock that Fred Cooper knew his own face must be reflecting.

Recovering, forcing a smile, he walked toward the old man, extending his hand, introducing himself.

"Where's all the rest of this baby-food gang?" the old man complained, thin-voiced with annoyance.

"Baby food?"

"Parlor C, isn't it?"

"No, I'm sorry. This is Parlor G. The meeting—"

"Damn!" the old man exploded, heading for the door, slamming it as he went out.

Fred followed him, hopefully reopening the door, trying his best to make himself believe that the Specialty Sea-Food Products crowd was up in someone's suite, just waiting until they were sure the noon meeting was finally over. Almost convinced, he decided that he was lucky—this gave him a minute to look over his speech before they got here.

Five minutes later he was still staring at the first page, twice interrupted by the sound of someone approaching, both times disappointed as the footsteps stopped before they got to the door of Parlor G.

Pacing the room now, self-deception no longer possible, he made his decision: he'd give them just five minutes more!

No one appeared.

He'd give them another five minutes.

Twenty minutes later there was a rumble of sound from the corridor. One of the meetings was breaking up. He waited until the voices drifted off, and then he made a quick dash for the elevator. It was five minutes to five. The buses were waiting downstairs. But Fred Cooper went up, not down.

There was a message clipped to the door of his suite. He knew without looking what it was: Nancy had called.

Fumbling for the key, he opened the door and, blindly responding to anger too long contained, flung his speech across the living room, hitting and upsetting one of the bottles on the buffet. The bottle struck the marble hearth of the fireplace and erupted in a carbonated geyser that sprayed the plates of *canapés* on the low coffee table. The pages of his speech fluttered up and then settled square in the silver tub of half-melted ice.

Incongruously, Fred suddenly found himself laughing. It was not, in the beginning, a completely mirthful laugh but the longer he thought about what had happened the more genuine his laughter became.

He opened the message and stared at it. This might be funny to him, but it wouldn't be funny to Nancy. How could he ever tell her what had happened? It would break her heart.

A thought flashed through his mind, a warning that if he didn't get out of the suite at once, Nancy would be calling back again. Then he'd have to tell her. There was the temptation to stay long enough to grab one quick drink; he needed it, and as long as he had to pay for all of this layout anyway, he might at least get that much out of it. But the gamble was too great. Snatching up a caviar *canapé*, he made a dash for the door. It wasn't a moment too soon: he could hear the telephone ringing as he went down the hall.

He was brought up short at the front door of the hotel by seeing the buses being loaded for the board of directors' reception. Instantly decisive, he let the revolving door carry him right back into the hotel again. He'd had enough of AFPA. After what that gang had done to Nancy—particularly that muttonheaded windbag of a Pompfrey—the less he saw of them the better.

HE FOUND a side door and slipped outside, debating the possibility of home immediately. But he couldn't do that. Nancy would be sure to suspect that something had gone wrong. Somehow, he had to kill time until tomorrow morning.

The lighted marquee of a movie theater offered an island of escape and he bought a ticket and went inside, subjecting himself to a double feature; both films conspired to drive home the moral that husbands who deceived their wives came to an appropriately bad end.

Almost three hours later, hungry and repentant, he made his way back to the hotel. Surprisingly, there were no further messages under the door clip. Even more surprisingly, his key had hardly touched the lock when the door burst open. Arms were about his neck before he had a chance to focus his eyes—but it was undeniably Nancy, kissing him exactly the way she had on the day he'd got home from the Navy.

"Oh, darling, I was *so* worried," she breathed. "When you didn't call, and then when I couldn't get you—oh, I just *had* to come!"

Fortunately, she decided to kiss him again, giving him that much time to collect his thoughts. "I'm sorry, dear," he finally managed to mumble. "But, well, the convention ran a little late—"

She held him at arm's length, her hands gripping his shoulders, her eyes sparkling. "I know, darling, Mr. Pompfrey told me. Or maybe it was one of the other men who was up here. You must have been wonderful, darling, just wonderful!"

"Pompfrey? You've seen—"

"Of course I've seen it!" she said and laughed gaily, breaking away from him, snatching up a newspaper that was spread across the davenport.

COLLIER'S **"These David and Goliath characters you've written in here, Shenston. Wonderful stuff!"** CHARLES E. MARTIN

And then he saw it—blinking, reading and rereading, still unable to believe what he saw. But it *had* to be believed. There was the headline:

COOPER KEYNOTES CONVENTION WITH FOOD-INDUSTRY PLAN

"Oh, isn't it exciting!" Nancy exulted. "It's all there, darling, all about what you think Congress ought to do, and how the President should—"

He picked up the paper. It must be someone else; Cooper was a common name—Cooper or Hooper. Then he saw the words: . . . *president of Sea-Bay Packing Company and a vigorous spokesman for the multibillion-dollar food industry, lashed out this afternoon* . . .

The type came clear now, whole paragraphs quoted from his speech, the words seemingly strange only because they were now nakedly revealed, shorn of all underlinings, slash marks and smile cues.

"Nancy," he began, "I—"

There was an interrupting burst of knocking at the door. Nancy gave him a hurried repeat performance of the home-coming kiss. "Darling, I know how you hate this sort of thing, but you'll just have to see them! They've been waiting and waiting for hours and hours."

HUBERT T. POMPFREY was the first man through the doorway, refreshed with a new rosebud, his handshake supercharged with enthusiastic vigor. "Fred, old boy, put it there! What a speech, what a speech! Have to take a little credit for this myself, getting you on the program—"

Pompfrey yielded to an AFPA vice-president. "Fred, I don't know how to thank you—absolutely statesmanlike—the finest statement of our AFPA legislative position that—"

A third voice interrupted, and then a fourth and fifth, and after that there was the strange fantasy that his right hand was pumping unbelievable words out of an endless parade of strange faces: ". . . first time in six years that we've had a front-page news break . . . want you to appear before the Senate committee . . . hope you'll accept the nomination . . . be a great honor to have you . . ."

Suddenly the roar of reverberating words died away to a hush of respectful silence, and Fred Cooper came to the stumbling realization that his numbed right hand was now being grasped by no less a personage than the president of the AFPA. "Fred, it was my great misfortune to have missed your speech this afternoon, but everyone who heard it tells me that it was a landmark in the history of our great organization. My sincere congratulations, sir!"

Being both a realist and a man well trained in the virtues of nonresistance, Fred Cooper made no reply. He looked at Nancy. Her blinking eyes described a little wiggly line. Dutifully, he smiled. The smile bounced back from the faces encircling him, from the face of Harrigan, the AFPA public-relations man who was standing at the open doorway of the suite, acting as an enthusiastic receptionist for another inpouring of delegates.

Disconcertingly, Fred Cooper suddenly realized that he was scratching his left ear. He stopped immediately and was rewarded with an approving smile from Nancy. "Maybe," he whispered, "we'd better order some ice."

"I already have," she whispered back.

—CAMERON HAWLEY

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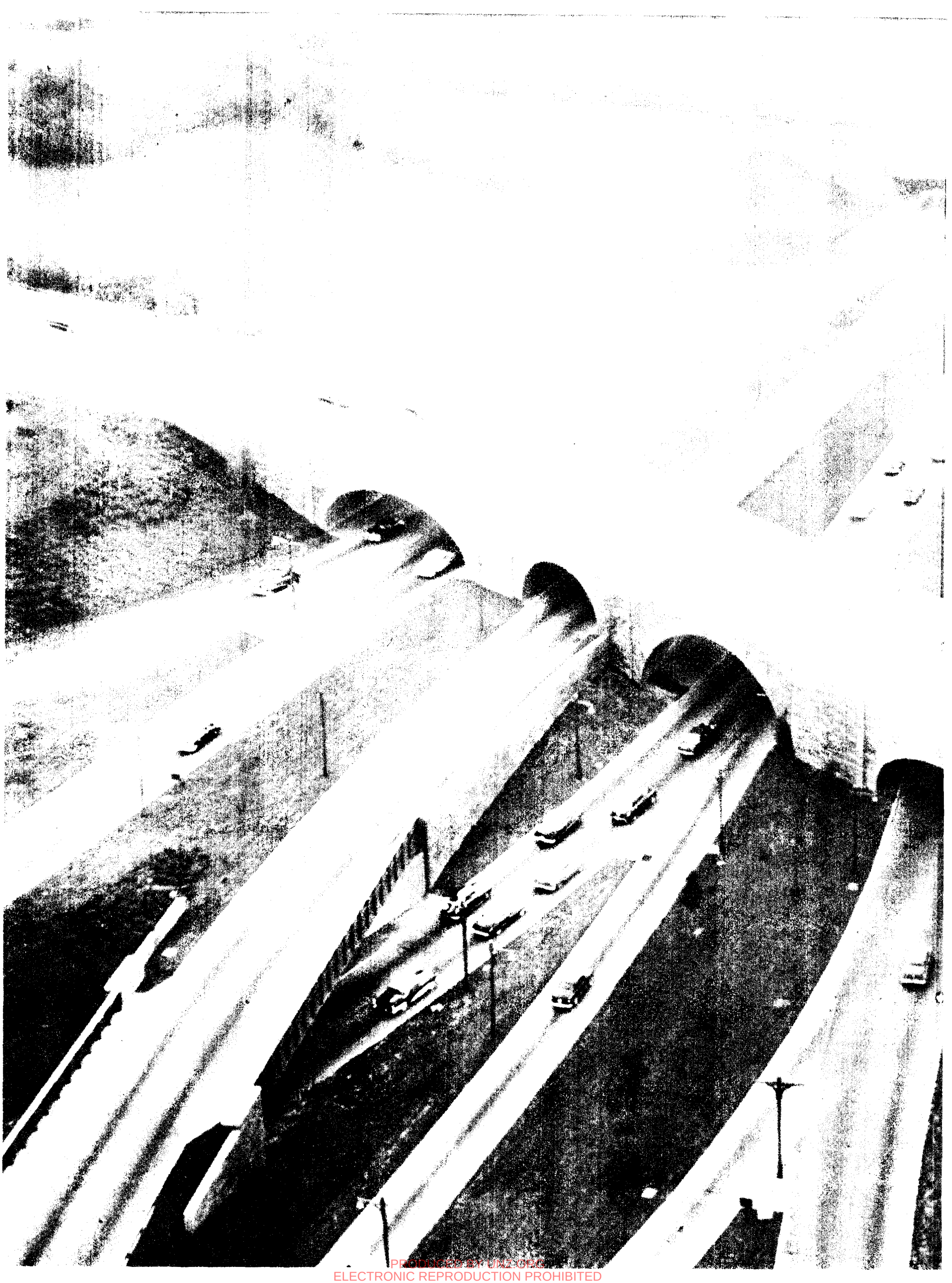

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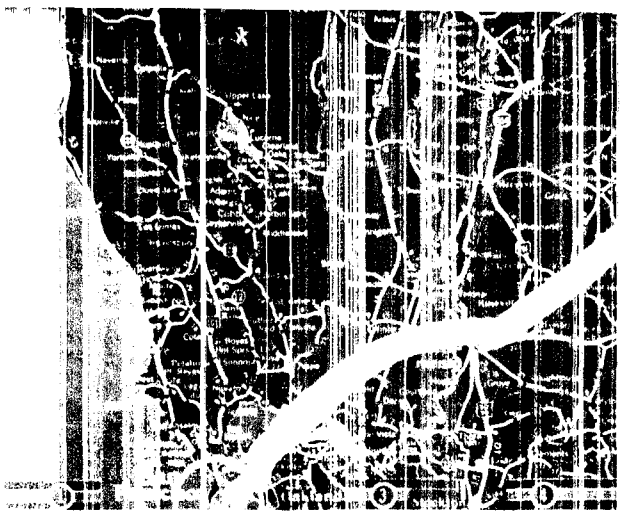
JOE COVELLO



SPECIAL REPORT:

Where Are Those New Roads?

By THEODORE H. WHITE

Here is a special report that's of vital and immediate concern to every motorist in the U.S.A.

ONE year ago—in January, 1955—the American people were invited by the President to embark on an adventure for which nothing in the history of man offered any precedent. It was, in name, a road-building program—but a road program of such stupendous engineering magnitude as to make the works of man in any other age seem almost aimless scratchings of the ground. It was a proposal to build such a system of roads in the United States as would make the Great Wall of China seem no more than a welt on the earth's surface and the Pyramids of Egypt no more than warts. Calling for combined state-and-federal road outlays of $101 billion over 10 years, President Eisenhower's highway program dwarfed any other enterprise ever undertaken or projected by our government, with the sole exception of World War II.

Whatever became of it?

The great highway program of 1955 expired in the Congress of the United States. It died in an extraordinary convulsion of contending interests which paralyzed Congressional action. Hardly a murmur, however, was heard from the ordinary motorist behind the wheel, although his interests are just as intimately—and far more tragically—involved in the inadequacy of our present road net as the big battalions of open pressure.

In January, 1956, the second session of the 84th Congress must again begin grappling with the problem of the nation's highways—the slaughter and waste forced on us by a road system no longer able to match the needs of a growing country. Who will be heard from in 1956?

The highway battle will almost certainly explode in Congress in the same clash of interests (all, curiously enough, recorded *in favor* of better roads). Equally certain, it will end again in paralysis—unless the public bestirs itself as it did not during the Great Roadblock of 1955.

Deep somewhere in the origins of this new national highway program lurk the strains and nightmare fears of the average American motorist. Though historians of the future may someday write that the Americans were a race of killers who slaughtered one another in public places with the casual indifference of a tribe of rubber-wheeled Huns, the everyday carnage does not leave ordinary Americans unmoved. Daily, we mangle one another—ripping limb from limb, hurling two-ton missiles against the frail bodies of unprotected citizens, lacerating our nerves with instantaneous gambles on what may be approaching at the hidden corner or speeding down the other lane beyond the masking truck.

The current Christmas–New Year's holidays, for example, will suddenly terminate the lives of more than 1,000 Americans journeying hap-

Intersection of four major highways within New York City limits shows how traffic congestion can be relieved by sound planning

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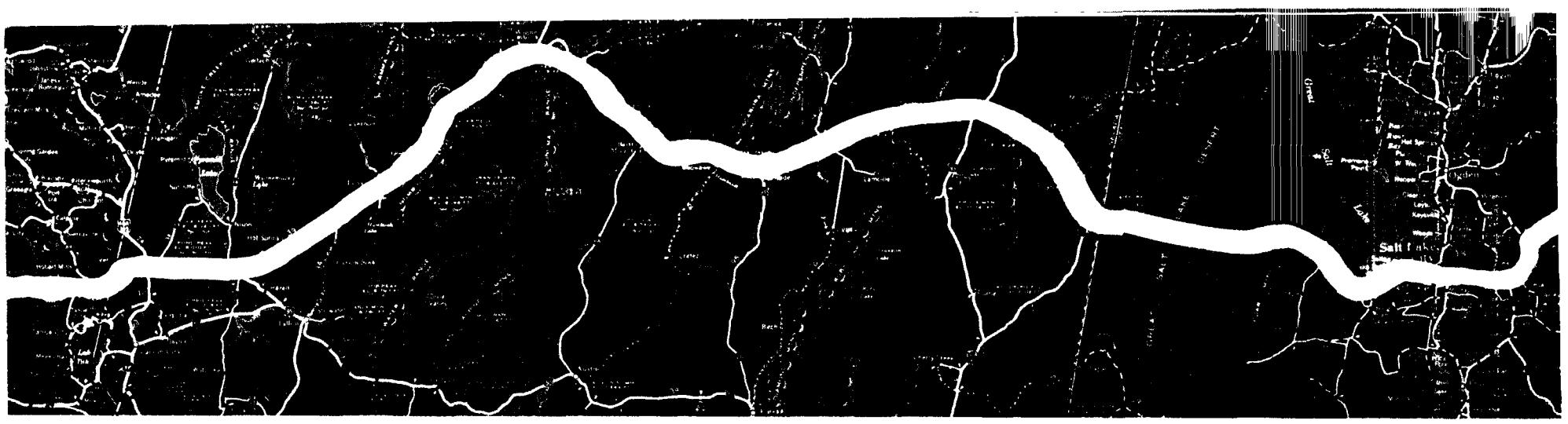

Why we need new highways: If every U.S. car took the road, there'd be one for every 700 feet of street and highway lane—and the number of autos is expected to double in 20 years

pily by car. Last year we killed 36,000 citizens on our public roads and wounded or crippled 1,000,000 more. Since 1945, we have killed off as many Americans on our streets and highways as did Nazis, Japs and Communists on every field of battle of World War II and Korea combined. All this, moreover, will go on and on until we get highways of modern design. These, say the experts, can reduce our annual death toll by 25 to 35 per cent, or save a staggering 10,000 American lives each year by engineering alone.

The great highway program of 1955, however, was proposed not so much out of pity and compassion as out of simple need.

We in America are strangling on our own prosperity. Our country is approaching an age and level of development where the problems that face us are of a kind no other civilization has ever known before. We confront an entirely new order of anxieties—and among the foremost of these is the problem of the automobile on our streets and highways.

For it is the automobile, as much as any other single phenomenon, that sets our way of life apart from the rest of the world. Everywhere else, common people have always been separated from their betters by the simple distinction of whether they walked or rode. In times past, people who rode were "cavaliers," hence aristocrats. In America today, every man is a cavalier.

Seventy million Americans—so says the American Automobile Association—take their annual vacation in the family car. Every year their appetite and their range of travel broadens so that, today, it is difficult to remember or recognize how fresh and novel even in our own country this revolutionary impulse is.

It was only yesterday—in 1911, the year that Dwight D. Eisenhower entered West Point—that a commercial automobile first managed the road trip from Coast to Coast. The expedition from Denver to Los Angeles alone took 66 days; tomorrow, if Dwight D. Eisenhower's road program becomes fact, that same trip will be little more than a weekend run.

TODAY, EVERY PERSPECTIVE of our country and times leads us to believe that we are only at the beginning of the automobile age, the era of complete mobility. Today, we have an automobile industry that turns out 8,000,000 new vehicles a year. This industry has already equipped our highways with 61,000,000 cars and trucks; in 10 years there will be some 81,000,000 in use, and in another decade the total will be almost 100,000,000.

What makes these figures ache is their relationship to our roads. At the outbreak of the second World War, we had about 3,300,000 miles of road in this country; since then we have added about 1 per cent in new road mileage. The present length of our roads is almost permanently frozen. As we add new automobiles, the existing lanes must, therefore, be broadened continuously. Since the war, we have worked energetically but sporadically on bits of superhighway; but in the same period the number of vehicle-miles driven in this country has doubled, and even with the new roads our traffic lanes are totally inadequate. If, at present, every registered automobile in the country took the road at the same time, we would have one car spotted every 700 feet on every street, every country road, every lane of every highway. And in 20 years their numbers may nearly double. Now, to any American who has let his throttle out as he turned off the cloverleaf onto one of our great new superhighways, denunciation of these great lanes must seem like nonsense. We Americans are people who thrill to road building and engineering; each new overpass, each great split-lane seems to have added dimension to our power and imagination as individuals.

Our newest state highways—the majestic Ohio Turnpike, the crowded New Jersey Turnpike, the imperial New York Thruway—are superb thoroughfares, the best of all time. But they are only stumps and pieces of a highway net. They are not a *system*. They are built only in and through limited areas where the engineers gamble that the toll fees of normal driving will repay in precisely calculated and collectible sums the enormous investment of private bondholders. They are not enough, and they dump the traffic they collect on the outskirts of our big cities in chaos and confusion.

The real problem of road building in America is new, and peculiar to our kind of democracy. In a country where every man is equally privileged and equally mobile, no citizen can be prevented from using the roads when and how he wants—even if everyone wants to use them at the same time. And, just as the arteries of our blood must be prepared to handle the emergencies of physical exertion or let us die, so the arteries of our public communication must be able to handle the convulsions of seasonal or weekly peaks in traffic or let anarchy prevail.

This is why our engineers figure that every highway must be designed to carry all normally predictable congestion (except for those 30 busiest hours of the year—the summer weekends and Labor Day and Fourth of July hegiras—whose peaks cannot be handled except by astronomic expenditures.) This is why, too, our highways must be designed to handle any legitimate truck load.

Our roads today, fine as they may feel under the tread of normal weekday traffic, no longer meet these standards. Certain sections of our nation's choking road net are already killer belts—the Boston Post Road between New England and New York, the old Suicide Alley out of Baltimore to Washington which engineers call "Bloody One," the southern leg of the same U.S. 1 as it stretches down Florida from Jacksonville to Miami, the "Grapevine" along U.S. 99 dropping into California's San Joaquin Valley . . . these are already notorious murder lanes.

As fast as we build, we create traffic jams. The New Jersey Turnpike, opened in 1952, is already carrying a traffic load not predicted until the early 1980s. Already, even with its new avenues of access, New York City's approaches are so congested that on a summer Monday morning when returning weekenders mingle with the truck peak, the traffic backs up so fast at the mouth of the Holland Tunnel that an athlete, running as fast as he can, could not keep up with the tail of the jam once it begins to clot backward.

All this is costing incalculable sums of money. It costs us, in addition to the cold valuation of $4.3 billion annually in accidents, another $5 billion in wastage of labor time, gasoline, rubber and equipment. It literally costs less to ship a crate of apples all the way from Oregon to the Hudson River than to get it across the Hudson to New York's East Side.

This road shortage may finally, if war comes, cost us our national life. For none of the great metropolitan areas possesses anywhere near adequate road facilities to evacuate swiftly the more than 70,000,000 people our Civil Defense authorities estimate will have to flee.

The crisis has been swelling for a long time. But up to now our highways and roads have been in the domain of state and local governments, with the federal government appropriating a modest annual sum to subsidize them in their work. Last year, finally, we arrived at a stage when it was obvious that the local resources and local programs could

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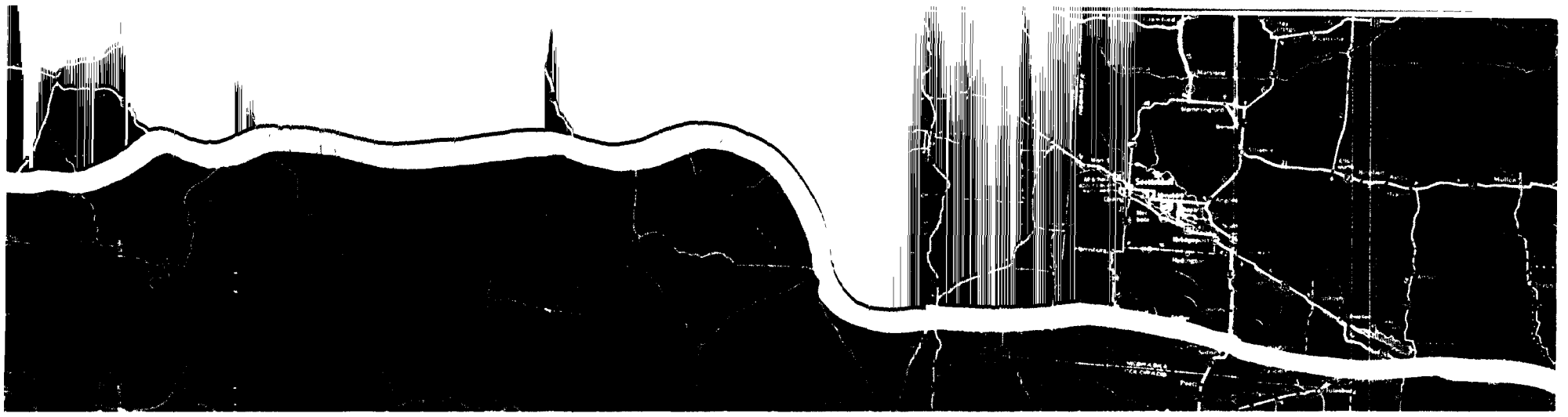


no longer meet what is now a national emergency. Which is why, one year and three months ago, Dwight D. Eisenhower asked a group of five distinguished citizens, headed by General Lucius D. Clay, retired, to devise a program for meeting the crisis head on.

The Clay report that issued from their labors was hailed editorially almost unanimously, and in a few weeks, now renamed the President's Highway Program, was delivered to Congress for action. Whereupon nothing further happened except debate. For suddenly our lawmakers found themselves engaged, at the supreme level of national politics, with those forces and groups which have always, in every Statehouse, made highway politics synonymous with bitterest controversy.

* * *

The Clay proposals were not, of course, born simply out of the amateur ruminations of a number of civic-minded gentlemen enthusiastically exploring our needs over a period of a few weeks. They were, as a matter of fact, only the polished form of a dream that had slowly been maturing in Washington for 20 years.

For Washington, among other things, is a city of dreamers. Among the boldest of these dreamers have always been the engineers of our Bureau of Public Roads. And the dreams that emerged in finished form in the Clay report were born at the bureau in the darkness of the depression. At that time, some now unremembered congressman pushed through Congress a resolution calling on the bureau to scheme up a major road-building program to soak up depression unemployment. What the congressman wanted, however, was a geometrical grid across the nation—three multilane highways running east to west, three more running north to south, all of them darting up hill and down dale, straight as an arrow, with little or no relationship to the needs of the country.

The engineers of the Bureau of Public Roads soon pointed out how phenomenally uneconomic and expensive such a grid would be. But they suggested an alternate plan, called the National System of Interstate Highways, which would be something entirely different. Through the years, the dream system gradually won official recognition. Franklin D. Roosevelt blessed it as a measure to pick up postwar economic slack; Congress, in 1947, formally made its map tracings official as the outline of our future in public communications.

The Interstate System will be based on existing roads. In its improved form, as it lies on the planning boards of the engineers, it is still a dream—a spectacular in concrete, asphalt and steel. Forty thousand miles of multiple-lane highway, running between major cities, will stretch across the nation in a road net distinguished from any previous conception of engineers in capacity, durability, grandeur and sweep.

Men will be able to drive from New York to San Francisco, scarcely, if ever, slowing at a traffic light. Truckmen will grind on hour after hour, without shifting gear or slowing to the agony crawl of the upgrade. Passenger cars will sweep by them in other lanes without ever once having to poke their noses out into the perilous stream of opposing traffic. Hills will melt away and distances will evaporate.

Not only that. The Interstate recognizes the tragic plight of our strangling big cities. It is the first serious plan to cleave through the tangled approaches of our great metropolitan areas and clear broad avenues of entrance and exit through the choking metropolitan jungle and its sprawling suburban fringes. Where our present new highways stop at city limits, the Interstate will slice directly through the urban jungle of streets in spectacular expressways that will take people through the heart of metropolis and out to the open road on the other side. It will be a *system*.

The Clay program—the President's Highway Program—made the Interstate System the crownpiece of a simple three-point program.

First, it proposed that the federal government raise some $25 billion to spend on the great Interstate to finish it in 10 years—this sum to represent 90 per cent of the total cost, the balance to be raised in the states. Thirteen billion of this would be spent on urban approaches alone. Where modern toll roads were up to the dream standards of the Interstate—some 2,500 miles of such roads exist, mainly in the North—the states which had built them would be reimbursed.

Second, it proposed that current routine federal appropriations for highway aid to secondary and feeder roads of the great Interstate be continued at $600,000,000 a year, or slightly less than their present total.

Third, it proposed a way for paying for the great new Interstate—that the federal government would set up a Federal Highway Corporation which would sell $20 billion worth of bonds, the bonds to be paid for out of current gasoline taxes, which would bring in ever more income as the new roads were built. The bonds, it was estimated, would take 30 years to pay off.

It was this third proposal that triggered off the fight. For the politics of American highways has always been dominated by one overwhelming truth: everyone loves roads, but no one wants to pay for them.

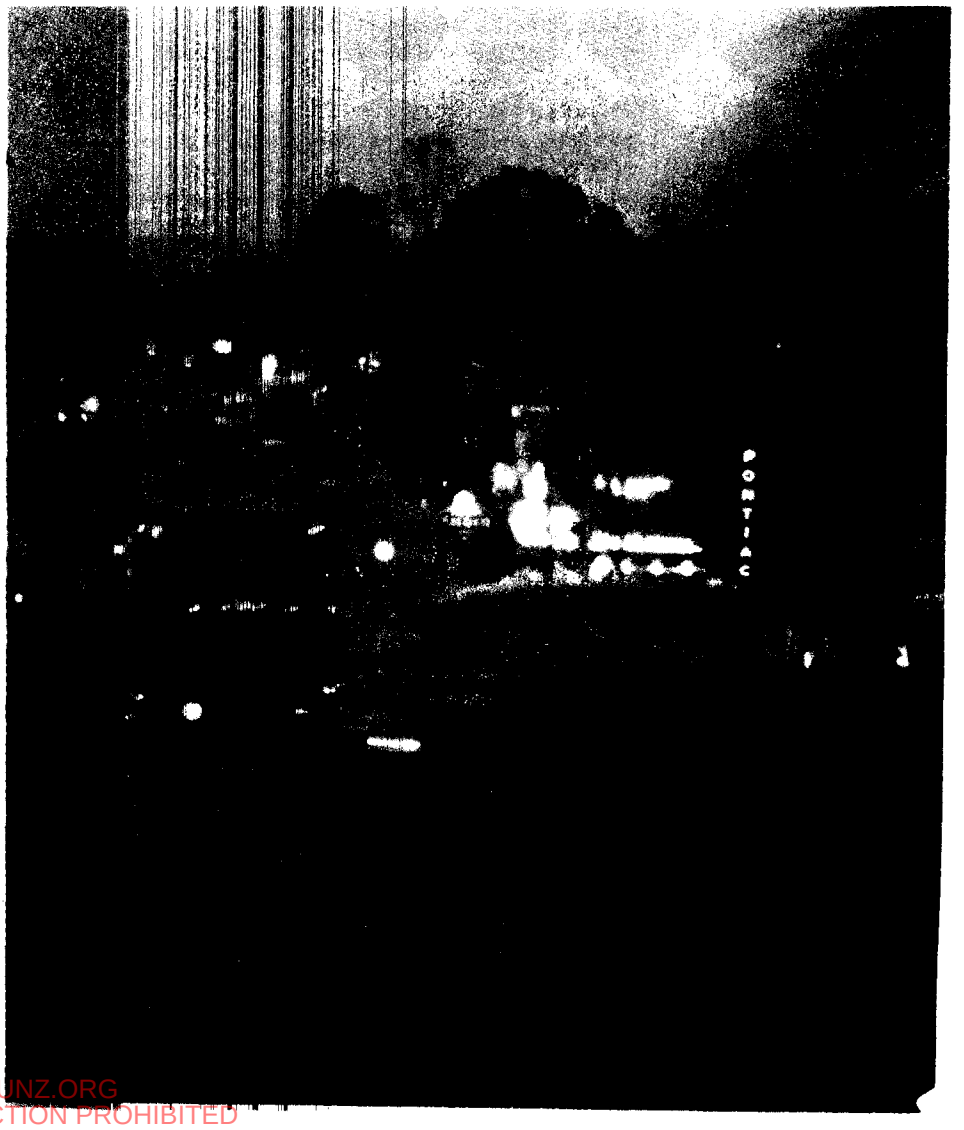
* * *

Once the great highway program reached Congress last February, all the complications of this truth began to unfold. The 1955 Battle of the Highways, as fought in Congress, proceeded in three main stages, each illuminating a separate area of uncompromising conflict.

Both of the first two stages of battle unrolled in the Senate—and each had a partisan champion. One was the freshman senator from Connecticut, Prescott Bush, an able and distinguished man making his mark

Along "Suicide Alley"—Baltimore to Washington. Roads like this would be modernized if Congress could agree on a highway program

ROBERT PHILLIPS



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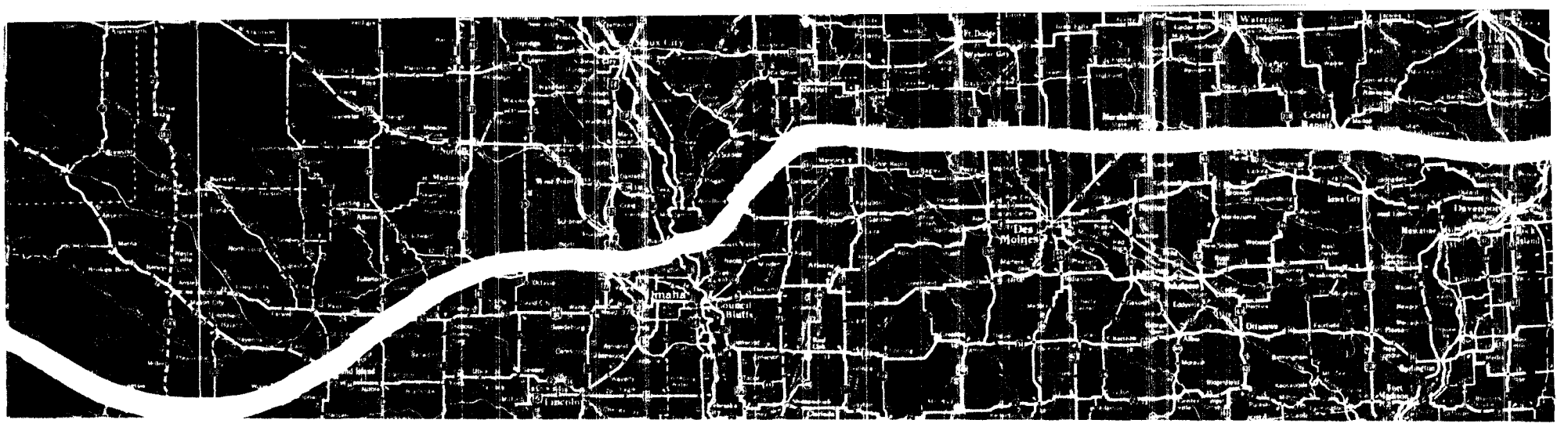

Everybody's in favor of better highways, but nobody can agree how they should be paid for.

The result: We're still stuck with an inadequate, dangerous system nobody wants

for the first time upon the Senate and nation in an issue of national significance. In the absence of senior Republican leadership, he emerged as the captain of the administration's road program to raise 20 billion federal dollars immediately by bond issue, as proposed in the Clay program. The other was the freshman senator from Tennessee, the shrewd and eloquent Albert Gore, who questioned not only the wisdom of so huge and inflexible a national commitment to roads, but, even more, the sweeping powers the federal government would arrogate under the Clay proposals over a domain that had always hitherto been under the states.

The first of the two Senate struggles raged over the bond-financing provisions of the administration's highway bill.

FOR TWENTY YEARS, the Senate had listened to Republicans denouncing Democrats as borrowers and spenders, recklessly saddling the nation with debt and burden down through all the unborn generations of time. And the Democrats had always replied that this was a healthy, growing country whose children could well afford to pay for the benefits we, their fathers, were so wisely preparing for them.

Now the sides switched. The Republican bond corporation proposal, said the Democrats, was trickery, fraudulent evasion of the legal debt limit of the nation. The bonds would eat up $11 billion of interest in addition to their principal; only bankers would profit.

It was as if, they implied, the huge $280 billion official national debt were about to spin off a satellite "corporate" debt into space, perhaps followed by others, until we had a whole constellation of satellite debts whirling about the economy, all exerting an irresistible inflationary pull.

"I for one," summed up Senator Gore, "think that the need for highways must be considered along with, and balanced with, the need for other programs, such as schools and hospitals. It doesn't make sense to me to segregate the highway problem by excluding highway expenditures from the budget and from the public debt. It doesn't make it any easier to pay for them. In my opinion, no financial legerdemain can isolate the highway expenditures or eliminate their impact upon our economy and upon the Treasury of the United States."

To all of which arguments, the Republicans replied as if the mantle of Franklin D. Roosevelt and all the ghosts of the New Deal had descended on them. Nothing great or creative is ever done, they said, unless one reasonably finances the present out of the future. This is what a homeowner does when he raises a mortgage on a new home, what a corporation does when it issues debentures for a new plant, what the nation must do to finance expansion in time of need.

They argued that if money were available immediately, through the bonds, to build the system now, highway use would increase so rapidly that gasoline taxes would rise enough to pay off the entire debt burden within 30 years without a single extra tax. Roads would be built, said the Republicans—and it would be painless.

"The importance of the Interstate Highway System is so great that it has to be provided for now," said Senator Bush, who led the Republican defense. "It must be completed within 10 years and must be put in effect as a whole, and not piecemeal. . . . The plan contained in . . . the Clay bill . . . is a pay-as-you-use plan. Nobody who has been in business would say that it is not good business to borrow money to build productive assets. That is the only purpose of borrowing money in the field of commerce and industry. It should be likewise in government."

The Senate gravely listened to both sides, then by a resounding two-to-one vote rejected the President's bond plan. It then turned to phase two of the fight—the argument over the alternative plan (see box) brought in by Senator Gore for the Democrats. The Gore bill was quite different from the President's original proposal. It carefully omitted any financing provision at all, thus dodging that fight: the money for the highways it proposed would be found, said its proponents, by the House—where, constitutionally, all bills taxing American citizens must arise.

Deep and basic to the thinking of the Gore bill were several convictions—that the secondary and country roads would be shortchanged if the Clay proposals for pouring money into the Interstate went through; that the nation had too many other needs to commit itself irrevocably to so large a program at once; that control of the money it appropriated must rest with Congress, not with any centralized federal agency.

Instead of biting off a 10-year chunk of the future, therefore, it limited its commitments to $7.7 billion over a five-year period, after which Congress could take another look at the problem. Another $4.5 billion would go to the lesser local roads that would feed the Interstate.

The Gore bill represented the best thinking of Senate Democratic leadership. And the Republicans, led by Bush again, denounced this thinking as pitifully inadequate. It was a horse-and-buggy bill, they said, as they went on to open up another continuous area of American highway debate—the everlasting struggle between metropolitan and rural Americans about where and how roads should be built.

What the Republicans objected to most was the way the Gore bill shared the enormous funds for the Interstate among the individual states. The Clay proposal had advocated that $25 billion be spent by the Highway Corporation where needed—largely in the congested population centers of the North and East. But the Gore bill instead insisted that at least half the money be divided among the states by the traditional formula of highway aid.

THIS CONGRESSIONAL FORMULA, first invented in the Road Act of 1916, still quaintly reflects the era of the Model T Ford and the Stanley Steamer. By this old formula, all federal highway aid is divided in thirds. One third is shared by states according to their population; another third is divided among states according to area; the final third is distributed in proportion to their mileage of Rural Free Delivery routes. This, of course, penalizes the heavily congested states of the Midwest and the Northeast and favors the wide-open range and farming states.

Senator Gore said he did not want money appropriated by Congress to be cut up by anybody except Congress. "I just do not believe," he said later, "it would be consistent with the public interest to place this much authority in the hands of any one person . . . As Governor Hugh White of Mississippi has said, 'Those people in Washington might wake up with indigestion some morning and decide not to give my state any money.' I am confident that Congress . . . will never agree to make a permanent appropriation of such huge sums, with the money to go into a 'kitty' to be doled out on the basis of what the Secretary of Commerce considers to be the needs of the various states."

The Republicans called the Gore bill a "blunderbuss bill." Said Bush, "After he has read the analysis of the distribution of the fund, I will leave it to every senator to say whether he does not agree that that is a good term to apply to the proposed legislation. The fact is that 30 states are given less than they say they need to complete the Interstate System and 18 states are given far more than they need and more than they can

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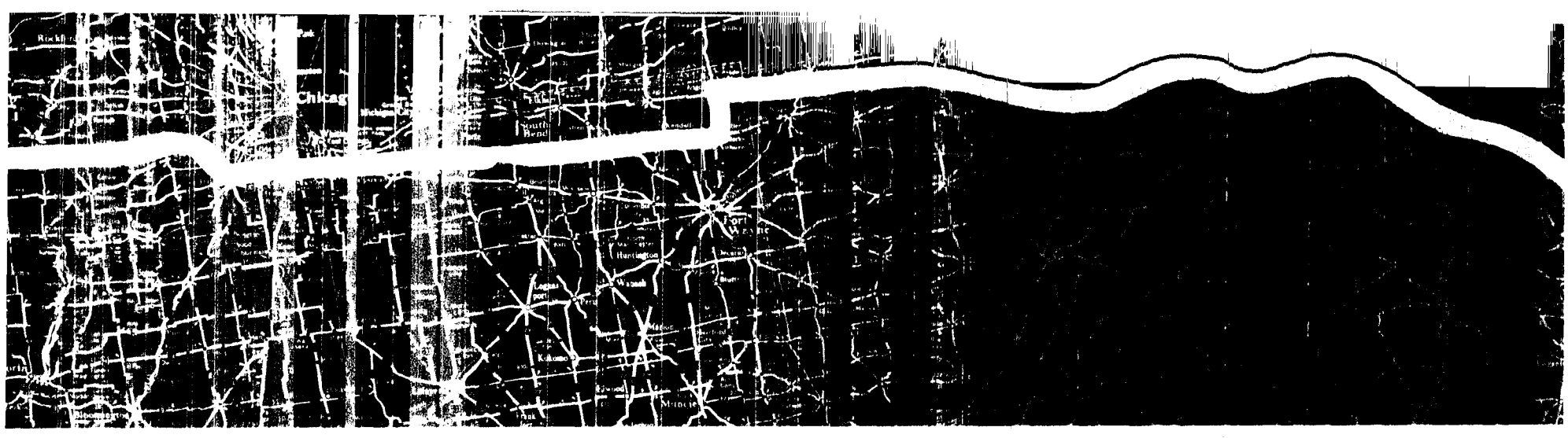

use. I say [it] . . . scatters dollars and does not build roads where the roads are needed."

Once again, as debate rolled on, the Senate sat in witness of a switch. The Democrats, normally as sensitive as sandpapered skin to big-city votes, voted solidly for the bill. Republicans, normally suspicious of big-city needs, voted solidly against it. But the Democrats had the votes and the Gore bill passed. It passed, to be shelved almost immediately. For while the long hearings and debates had dragged on in the Senate through March, April and May, the members of the House had begun to draw up their own plan—the so-called Fallon bill (see box).

* * *

Now the Fallon bill—named for Democratic Representative George H. Fallon of Baltimore, a long-time road enthusiast—was offered as a work of courage and forethought. Long before the Senate had finished consideration of the bills before it, House Democrats had decided that their road bill would be one of "real statesmanship"—which is to say that since roads have to be paid for, they would undertake to find the money. The Democrats of the Public Works' subcommittee drawing up the road bill conferred with Sam Rayburn, the Speaker, who praised their inclination and then, in a total breach with House tradition, told them to go ahead and write the taxes themselves.

The Fallon bill accepted the dream plan of the Interstate System, and the continuing federal support of lesser roads as embodied in the President's program, altering them chiefly by spreading out the expenditures over 13 years instead of ten. But it flatly rejected setting up any federal corporation to borrow the money by bonds. Instead, it bracketed the appropriations it demanded with precise tax measures to meet them.

It insisted that the burden of paying for roads must fall most heavily on those who profit most by them. It called for raising the tax on every

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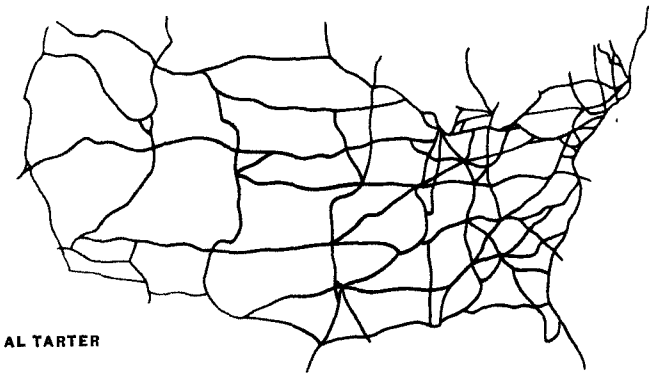
The Interstate highway system—repaired and modernized, this 40,000-mile net could solve our road headaches



AL TARTER

THE ROADS above are the vital arteries of the nation—40,000 miles of them. Together, they comprise the National System of Interstate Highways that has been the basis for every major U.S. highway improvement program proposed since the late 1930s—the roads we need for a healthy economy, the roads we must modernize in order to survive in an emergency. Some portions of the Interstate are already among the best roadways in the world. But most are badly in need of modernization—and everybody agrees the need is urgent. Here's why:

The Interstate network, even today, carries more than one seventh of all traffic in the U.S. It joins 42 state capitals and 90 per cent of all American cities of more than 50,000. Although it embraces only 1.2 per cent of our total road mileage it serves 65 per cent of the U.S. city dwellers and 45 per cent of the rural population. It also ties into major arterial routes in Canada and Mexico.

At best, the Interstate will have many miles of two-lane highway—narrow but straight and smooth and altogether adequate. But more than 28,000 miles will be four-lane, and 2,300 hard-traveled miles will be six-lane.

How much has been built to date? At present, 28 states have built or are building modern toll roads—like the superb Pennsylvania and New Jersey turnpikes—along 2,500 miles of Interstate routes. It is already possible to travel almost all the way from New York to Chicago by superhighway, with only a few breaks. Yet much remains to be done. A survey some months ago showed that only 15 per cent of the Interstate was up to the standards set for it. Bypasses and cut-throughs must be constructed for scores of congested cities on the net.

A broad-scale program will be required to complete the project—but so far Congress has been unable to agree on one. In the next column are listed the three plans Congress considered in its last session, and their present status.

PRESIDENT'S PROGRAM (DEFEATED):

1. The Interstate system to be built within ten years.
2. Price tag: $27 billion; $20 billion to be raised immediately by bonds of the Federal Highway Corporation. Money to be spent as needed to complete the system, the federal government paying 90 per cent of the costs, or a total of $25 billion.
3. Routine federal aid to the states for other lesser roads to be continued at something less than the present level, or approximately $600,000,000 a year.

GORE BILL (PASSED IN SENATE ONLY):

1. The Interstate program to begin with only a five-year authorization; Congress to take another look in five years.
2. Price tag over the five years: $7.7 billion. Financing of this sum to be left to the decision of the House.
3. Routine federal aid to other lesser roads to continue, but at a higher figure than at present, or approximately $800,000,000 a year.
4. Half of all the money appropriated for the Interstate to be shared by the traditional formula of state distribution, the other half to be distributed according to engineering costs.

FALLON BILL (DEFEATED):

1. The Interstate System to be built within 13 years.
2. Price tag: $27 billion to be raised by immediate taxation. All motorists to pay one cent more a gallon on gasoline, heavy truckers to pay an additional 2 cents on a gallon of diesel fuel and an additional 10-cent tax per pound of rubber in tires, besides additional federal excises on new trucks.
3. Routine federal aid to lesser roads across the country, to start at the present level (approximately $725,000,000 a year) and rise by $25 million each year.

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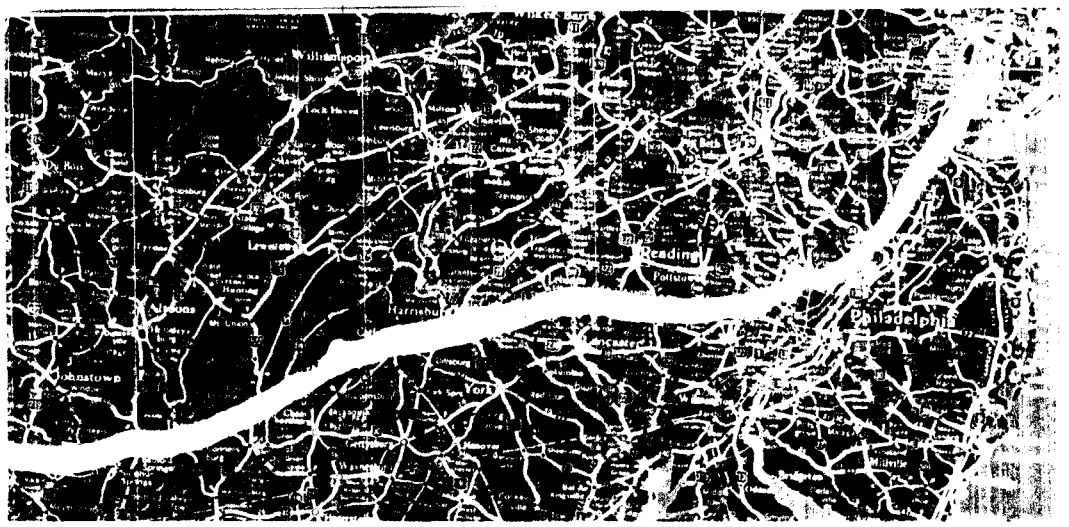

Highways was one of the first business matters Ike took up after his heart attack

gallon of gasoline burned in our automobiles by an additional cent (at a cost to the average motorist of about $5.56 a year). Not only that. The architects of the Fallon bill were convinced that the ponderous, pounding heavy rigs of the trucking industry are the villains that beat our roads to bits. Consequently, they proposed that heavy trucks should pay a sort of supertax—a 50-cents-a-pound tax on every truck tire over 8.5 by 18, a special four-cent tax on each gallon of fuel for the extremely heavy diesel trucks, a new and heavier excise tax on a new truck when purchased. Such taxes meant that the normal five-axle heavy rig would be hit by what the truckmen claimed would be an additional tax bill of some $1,031 in the first year.

Well before news of these tax provisions had leaked, however, and as soon as the House Democratic leadership had made known that its Roads subcommittee was writing a pay-as-you-go tax bill, every economic interest in our country with any direct or remote connection with highways girded its loins for battle in a lobbying fray rarely matched in recent history. All of them wanted highways, but all believed their very survival hung on the way Congress chose to pay for them.

Under our system of government, lobbying is a clearly legitimate and constitutional right of every citizen and group. But it is up to Congress to weigh the legitimate pleas of every group against the common good, balance off their contentions and come up with a judgment. And rarely, if ever, has Congress been under greater pressure in making a judgment between the broad but diffuse needs of a common citizenry and the sharpened needs of men whose livelihood hung on their decisions.

TWO GIANT CAMPS soon developed in the struggle over the bill. One was led by the railways, supported by the American Automobile Association and backed by most of the state highway officials of the country. They supported the Fallon bill. In the other were the truckmen, the tire dealers, the independent oil dealers, the diesel manufacturers—led in the grand strategy of opposition by the truckmen.

It is easiest to begin the story of the fight over the Fallon bill with the story of the railway men. Now, the railways have an acute and continuing interest in highways. In modern America, truckmen and railway men have been as bitter and unforgiving enemies as sheepmen and cattlemen on the open range of Wyoming, 80 years ago. In the past 30 years the trucking industry has grown to be a giant that grosses over $5 billion a year for freight haulage (against the railways' $8 billion).

If the great Interstate System goes through, with its near-level grades, its limited accesses, its numerous and heavy-paved lanes, the truckers —now engaged principally in short-run transport—will have a chance to gnaw away as successfully at the railways' long-haul freight business as the airlines have at the railways' long-haul passenger business, and the commuters' automobiles at their suburban passenger business.

Any kind of legislation on the Interstate System thus placed the railways in a delicate position. They could not, in a nation that loves highways, simply come out and flatly denounce better roads. Yet they could scarcely watch with blithe unconcern as the nation proposed to build this spectacular roadbed for their competitive rivals. They had to present their views skillfully—by supporting the highways the nation wanted, yet making sure their competitive rivals, the truckers, gained no advantage out of them. Which, in essence, is why the railways threw all the influence they could behind the Fallon bill.

Robert S. Henry, who is a vice-president of the Association of American Railroads in Washington and a cherubic old man with a twinkle in his eye, explained the railways' position to me thus:

"Highways? Why, of course we're in favor of good highways. But we want a *sound* highway program and any sound highway program has to include user charges—people who benefit from it should pay, and that's particularly true of people who use these facilities to carry on commercial business. We railways pay in taxes 11.9 cents of every dollar we take in; we pay 19.7 cents more of every dollar to maintain our roadbeds and tracks. The truckers pay only seven cents of their dollar for taxes and they get their roadbeds free. That makes 31 cents out of our dollar against their seven cents. That's just not fair—and that's why we think the Fallon bill is such a good bill."

Exactly how much influence the railways brought to bear in the drafting of the tax features of the Fallon bill no one knows. The American Trucking Associations, of course, holds the railways directly responsible for the taxing of big trucks. According to John Lawrence, ATA managing director, "They have intervened in the highway program, attempting to promote punitive taxes on big trucks which will cripple truck competition with their own freight operations. . . . Congressmen have evidence of that on their desks in the form of a barrage of letters, wires and calls inspired by railroad interests, and often indeed sent to their offices in railroad envelopes. No such railroad lobby has descended on Washington in the history of the Republic as that which is now operating in support of the soak-the-truck proposals. It is this wrecking crew which is mainly responsible for throwing the highway situation out of perspective."

THIS BITTER STATEMENT must be balanced by other facts, for the truckmen, when they finally mobilized, easily matched the railway men in power and skill of influence. Their open bitterness reflects, mostly, the fact that the railways were informed of the tax measures on trucks weeks before the truckmen realized what was happening in committee. And by the time the truckmen had become aware of what was happening they found themselves trapped as if by political jujitsu.

The railways had already taken up the position of virtue; they were supporting the Fallon bill, the boldest highway program ever proposed. But the truckmen were faced with Hobson's choice. They could accept the Fallon bill, giving them the great Interstate System they so desperately wanted—yet if they did so they would have to accept a tax burden on their industry which they claimed added another $375,000,000 a year. Or they could elect to torpedo the Fallon bill and accept the blame for sabotaging the highway program.

The truckmen elected to mobilize against the bill. And their emergency mobilization dramatically outweighed anything the railways had previously been able to muster.

"Yes," says Walter Belson of the American Trucking Associations, "we had considerable influence in killing the Fallon bill. But don't confuse the Fallon bill with the highway program. We're not such stupid idiots as to be opposed to a road program we need as much as anyone else. We were about the first group to support the highway program from the beginning. We supported it before both Senate and House, we agreed to accept increased taxes to pay for it—we'll pay our fair share, the same tax rate on fuel, tires and equipment everyone else pays. Don't misunderstand what this means in dollars. The same rate of tax will make the big truck pay five times as much as the average passenger car in gas tax every mile it runs, 18 times as much in tire tax and 13 times as much in equipment. This is not per company, but on every individual five-axle truck owned as against a passenger vehicle. And our state taxes run up to 40 times as much per truck as per the average passenger car."

Desperately and doggedly, all through the months of June and July, the truckmen and their allies fought to pull the tax teeth from the Fallon bill. The committee members compromised with the truckmen by moderating their original bill until the additional diesel tax was lowered by two cents a gallon and the tax on large truck tires reduced from 50 cents a pound to 15 cents a pound. But the lawmakers could not be moved from their conviction that it was heavy trucks that profited most from the new roads, that heavy trucks required most of the extra-cost features of the roads—the wider lanes, the sturdier bridges, the pavings of 12 inches rather than the six or eight that might handle normal passenger traffic. A principle was involved, they said—a user charge was being imposed for the first time on a federal level and special users had to pay special taxes. The truckmen could not accept this principle.

By the time Congress got around to voting on the revised version of the Fallon bill at the end of July, the final push against the bill was operating in high. An array of eloquent interests had all convened on Capitol Hill to protest its tax features.

The diesel manufacturers implied their industry would be so hobbled that it might die, thereby jeopardizing the entire national-defense program, which requires diesel engines.

The big oil companies and big tire companies protested, in the ortho-

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dox tradition, that they could not see why their products should be made into particular and peculiar tax-collecting agencies of governments—as Robert H. Scholl of Esso, speaking for the American Petroleum Institute, pointed out, state and federal governments were already collecting in taxes some 35 per cent of what filling stations received for each gallon of gasoline.

Independent oil companies and independent tire jobbers protested at the taxes because, they said, it would manacle them in competition with the giants of the industry, whose capital structure could more easily afford to bear the amount of additional capital frozen into the inventory of every tire or oil outlet by the new taxes. Their lobbyists painted a somber picture before the Fallon committee of thousands and thousands of little businessmen squeezed out of business because they could not carry the taxes for their customers.

"I feel," said one of their spokesmen, "like I am representing a plucked chicken with two feathers left in his tail, and there is a hand reaching out for the last feathers."

Each of the trade associations joined in battle against the bill had roots in a thousand small towns and neighborhoods of America. Now these too began to be heard from in a lobbying campaign unmatched, say many congressmen, since the days of the Taft-Hartley bill. Telegrams began to snow on Congress—an estimated 100,000 in all, 10,000 on Congressman Fallon's desk alone.

The telegrams were accompanied by letters. They came not only on stiff white paper under the letterheads of great firms or associations but in the grease-stained handwritten letters that worry congressmen much more—under letterheads of "Art's Filling Station," of "Alf's Friendly Service," of "Lone Star Sales and Service."

In the final days of the fray, the AFL Teamsters Union, perhaps the most powerful influence of all, got to work, as Dave Beck decided that his truckers should back up the truckmen who employed them. Dave Beck made a personal call on Sam Rayburn to press the truckmen's point of view as that of the Teamsters Union, whose resources are so important to Democrats in doubtful Congressional districts.

Some congressmen claim they could even trace a trucker's day at the wheel by following the date lines of telegrams that would arrive. A driver might send his first wire from, say, Philadelphia at eight in the morning, his second from Harrisburg two hours later, his third from Pittsburgh that afternoon, his fourth from Toledo in the early morning.

BY THE TIME, on the afternoon of July 27th, that the final roll call on the Fallon bill took place, the House and its members were adrift under impulses and pressures they could not fathom. The drive against the bill was sharp, pointed and overwhelming; but the support for the bill, which should have come from the average motorist, was conspicuously absent.

Even though experts say that modern highways would save him $100 a year in car expenses, the average motorist was silent. Though Andrew Sordoni, the president of the American Automobile Association (himself a commercial truckman), told the House that his members supported the bill and would accept it, he could deliver few votes.

Some congressmen were deeply upset by the breach of tradition which had let a new committee write the taxes that had always previously been the sole prerogative of the august Ways and Means Committee. Even more important, many of them dimly sensed (and some were sharply informed) that the new bill, by increasing gasoline and tire taxes, was extending the taxing power of the federal government into the domain which the individual states had always considered as one of the reserved areas of their authority. Old-line State righters bridled.

And, finally, party discipline and control on both sides collapsed. The Fallon bill was a Democratic bill. Sam Rayburn, the Speaker, convinced of his authority and prestige, felt certain down to the last minute that party discipline would rouse the necessary votes; when, at last, he realized it could not, it was too late to improvise the tactics or counter-pressures to whip his errant Democrats into line.

The Republicans erred as badly. The White House, which had always wanted to pay for the roads by bond borrowing, came at the last minute to the conclusion that the Fallon pay-as-you-go measure was better than none. But by the time Sherman Adams had phoned this eleventh-hour decision to Republican Congressman De Witt Hyde of Maryland, voting had begun. By the time Hyde got the message to Republican floor leaders, a House colleague later recounted, the Republicans were voting almost solidly against the bill and it was too late to switch. By the resounding margin of 292 (mostly Republican) to 123 (mostly Democratic), the House had rejected the Fallon bill, and with it any hope of a start on the new highways in 1955.

* * *

What of the new session of Congress that opens in January? Will it give America any start on a modern highway system?

At this writing, it is certain that every congressman will vie with his neighbor in his love, devotion and dedication to better highways. After all, 1956 is a Presidential year and neither major party wishes to be stuck, in the voter's mind, as the mossback outfit that was blind to this growing country's needs for better roads.

What kind of legislation we will get is, however, an open question—and one dependent more than anything else on the politicians' assessment of the public temper. It was the conspicuous silence of the average motorist in last year's Donnybrook that left Congress without that directional magnetic field by which it normally guides its actions among contending interests.

IT WOULD BE NAÏVE to hold the big lobbies of Washington either solely or chiefly responsible for destroying a program the nation needs by pursuing their legitimate, if individual, interests. True responsibility rests with Congress. This changing and dynamic country, in this age of vast physical and social transformation, needs an enormous range of expensive facilities without which it cannot thrive and for which everyone will have to pay.

The price tag on our growth will, when it is presented, be as high as anything else in this age of prosperity and somehow Congress must see to it that it is paid properly and justly.

It is this fundamental obligation of Congressional judgment that—at present writing—the administration hopes to pinpoint in the coming months. A new highway program stands high on the list of administration priorities for 1956; indeed, in the first business visit permitted Sherman Adams at President Eisenhower's bedside in Denver, the highway program was one of the chief concerns of the ailing chief executive. Since then, the Cabinet has passed responsibility for a new approach on to the Department of Commerce. There, administration leaders have been trying to define their attitude toward all the complex problems involved, yet leave it to Congress to come up with a hard bill in terms of specifics.

On phase one of last year's battle (financing), the administration has decided to yield to the Democratic point of view in an effort to get a program passed—it will now accept a pay-as-you-go measure in place of its original bond-financing proposal. But phase one was a partisan struggle that could be compromised, as it appears to have been now, by responsible party leaders. On phase two (the conflict of urban and rural needs) and phase three (the clash of rival transportation lobbies) unbridgeable differences of opinion seem to promise a new Highway Battle of 1956. In these phases, the differences cut through and across both major parties, for here Congress is struggling to decide on the shape of a new America which neither party sees clearly. In this struggle, the decisive voices will be those who understand the complicated issues best. But 1956 is an election year and the voices Congress aches most to hear are those of the voters. Do they understand? Will they make themselves heard? The kind of highways we get in 1956 and the years to follow depends on the answers. THE END

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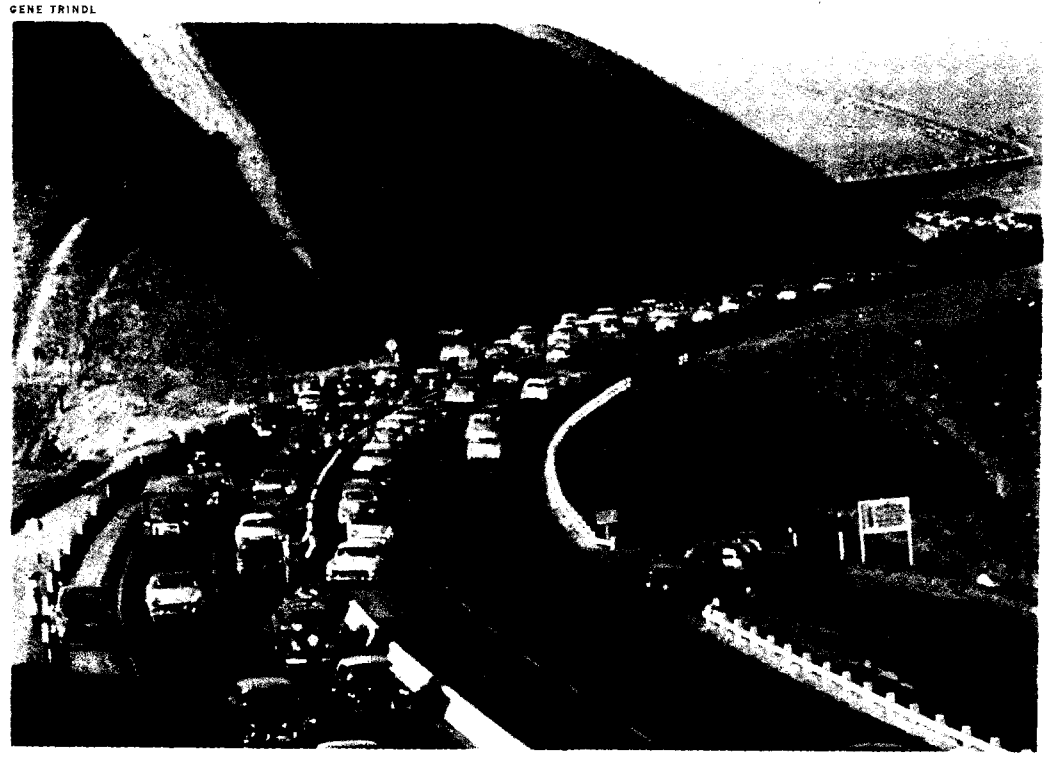

Traffic piles up on the "Grapevine"—a steep, winding, dangerous section of Route 99 that drops into the San Joaquin Valley near Bakersfield, California

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Jud liked being a bachelor, and so he convinced himself he'd make Janet a very poor husband. Imagine Jud's shock when Janet announced that she couldn't agree with him more!

BUTTER, LOVE AND EGGS

By LUCIA MASON

MARRIAGE is an unworkable institution," Jud said, and eased the car down the snowy driveway. Janet, who had been waving good-by to Jud's sister and brother-in-law and the two nephews, turned to look at him. There was a faint wistfulness in her face and it was a moment before she spoke.

"It certainly is," she said. "Offhand, I can think of at least six good alternatives."

"No, I'm serious," Jud said.

"Why, Judson Smith, so am I. The day doesn't go by that I don't say to myself, 'Janet, never marry. It's an unworkable institution.' "

Jud had to grin. "Dogmatic cuss, aren't I? But," he said, and now he became serious, "look at Sis and Mac. A typical seventh year of marriage. A cluttered six-room house in the suburbs, kids and toys underfoot everywhere, the baby crying, Mac worrying about his job, Sis yelling at Mac—"

"Your sister is tired. Your niece, the greedy darling, refuses to part with her 2:00 A.M. bottle."

"I know she's tired," Jud said quickly. "But I can remember when she was gay and easygoing and didn't have dark circles under her eyes. It's marriage that I'm criticizing. That's what is tiring and monotonous. You drown it in a mire of routine and detail and weariness. You start yelling at each other."

"Life is rough," Janet agreed.

"Not for us," Jud said. "We've seen a lot of each other for a couple of years now and it's still good. You agree?" Jud asked, suddenly anxious.

"It's real good," Janet said promptly.

"It's still fresh and bright for us. We aren't in any ruts. How many married couples can make that statement? Name me just one," Jud demanded.

Janet thought for a moment and finally shook her head. "Mired, all mired," she said.

Jud reached for her hand. She was a good girl to have aboard, he thought. She was an adaptable girl, equally at home on skates in Central Park, at one of those brittle, fatuous cocktail gatherings, or in his sister's kitchen helping with Sunday dinner. She was a tactful girl who never by word or implication nudged a man toward a relationship he didn't want.

He glanced at her fondly as he brought the car to a stop before turning onto the parkway to New York. She was composed and quiet, her hand resting easily in his.

"Janet," Jud said, "you're the only girl I know whose silence is really companionable. Furthermore, you're the only girl I know who leaves stern notes for herself in her hall mirror. By the way I forgot to ask you what 'B.Y.C.' stands for."

"Brighten your corner," Janet said.

Jud had a pleasant picture of her with her good smile brightening crowded elevators and subways, lighting up the cavern of Wall Street, thawing out the investment banker whose secretary she was. "Brighten your corner," he repeated. "Beautiful sentiment! Beautiful girl! To think that I live a mere two blocks from all this. Why, we even use the same market, Janet!"

"Deliciously intimate, isn't it?" Janet agreed and squeezed his hand.

The supermarket could well use Janet's brightening, Jud decided at five thirty the next day as he waited in the line that crept toward the check-out counter. There were husbands picking up forgotten loaves of

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THE *FORWARD* LOOK '56

wraps up the idea of go in one clean front-to-back sweep!

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Look at the people driving these cars, their faces tell you they know they couldn't have made a better choice!

See how they get into "Drive"—*they just press a button* of the new Pushbutton PowerFlite! See how they get up and go—with the finest *new engines:* more powerful, more efficient, more economical. See how smoothly they ride—with an *all-road comfort* in a class by itself. See how easily they stop—*with new hydraulic braking systems* unequaled for sureness and ease. See how effortlessly they steer—Chrysler Corporation's unique *Safety Touch Power Steering* works *all* the time, not part of the time.

You'll see new and wonderful safety features too—for THE *FORWARD* LOOK '56 cars bring you the best-made bodies and frames . . . new LifeGuard door latches that are the safest you can have around you . . . and Safety Seat Belts, if you wish.

Visit your dealer soon. You'll discover a new kind of riding and driving pleasure!

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH, DODGE, DE SOTO, CHRYSLER, IMPERIAL

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bread, thereby adding fifteen minutes to the long day's work; girls with thin wedding bands on carbon-smudged fingers wearily gathering up something quick and cheap for supper; and mothers losing their places in line as they corralled children and replaced pilfered packages of animal crackers. All of them were caught in the great domestic trap. It was better to suffer the occasional, silent, unending evenings when a comfortable apartment felt masculine and barren, Jud decided.

"Next, please, quickly, please." The checker's voice brought him out of his reverie. Jud obediently rolled his cart up for checking.

"Three sixty-five, and don't forget your list," the checker said, snatching up a slip of paper from the bottom of his basket. Before there was time to tell her he hadn't brought a list, Jud's bag of provisions was in his arm and he was being nudged on.

Jud unpacked his purchases on the counter in his kitchenette. Stuck to the damp package of meat was the list. It was just an ordinary marketing list, typed on a scrap of paper. It was the sort that one of those girls he had seen in the market might have pecked out hastily before she went to take dictation, a little guilty at combining business and household economy.

Jud glanced at it casually.

Coffee
Hamburg
Butter
I love you
Eggs
Strained prunes
Lettuce
Thank you
Mr. Smith, dear
Thank you

He read it again.

No, it was not just an ordinary marketing list, not a list composed by just any girl. Whoever had typed this list was quite out of the ordinary. For a moment Jud felt almost envious of this unknown Mr. Smith, dear.

BUT now there was a thick steak to be broiled, a drink to be mixed, music to be heard. This was one of the good times of the day, Jud thought, as he lighted the broiler. It followed a pleasant routine and it was made more pleasant by the knowledge that he could vary it at will. If cooking palled, there was excellent *lasagne* or *shish kebab* on Second Avenue. If the apartment seemed uncomfortably empty, he could telephone Janet that he was coming over with a pile of records. He could keep their relationship fresh and varied—keep the bloom on it.

Yet over his drink Jud caught himself thinking of the Mrs. Smith who had typed the marketing list. She began to come very clear in his mind: the inexpensive carnation she would wear on a dark dress, the occasion she would make of meeting Smith for lunch at one of those counters where people line up four deep behind each stool and conversation is made at a scream. She would have candlelight and a flower floating in a bowl at dinner, and an unexpected bottle of wine to go with their—what was it they were having for dinner?

Jud reread the list. Oh, yes, they were having hamburg. It was a modest list; maybe they couldn't afford the wine. No, being Mrs. Smith, somehow she would have afforded it. But what was she doing with strained prunes? It didn't sound like her.

A baby! Of course, she had a bouncing, fragrant baby who played with his toes and laughed and clung to his father's finger when Smith said goodby in the morning.

Jud, ordinarily a one-cocktail man, dawdled happily through a second and a third, bound in Mrs. Smith's spell, until a stifling smell of burning steak filled the room. He rushed to the broiler. The steak was burned, but he made himself eat it as punishment for daydreaming. When he had finished the last leathery bite he crumpled Mrs. Smith's list into a ball and threw it into the garbage can. I must remember to tell Janet tomorrow, he thought. She would be amused to hear how the belligerent bachelor had gone soft over carnations and candlelight and cooing babes.

Jud didn't tell Janet the next day, for something ridiculous happened. Mrs. Smith persisted. She grew into someone he could not laugh about with Janet.

More and more, when he was alone, Jud let himself slip into the role of that other Smith. He began to feel his was a forlorn existence, this going off to work in the morning with no one standing in the doorway to call Godspeed, and this coming home to a dark and silent apartment. And there were too many days when he found himself searching faces in subways and restaurants and on the streets, searching for a girl who looked as though she might have written: *Butter, I love you, Eggs.*

Even Janet, that great respecter of masculine privacy, noticed that he was not himself.

"Jud," she asked one evening, "all is right as rain?" They were sitting on the floor in her living room with the cards arranged for Russian bank still spread out between them. Despite Jud's preoccupation, he had beaten her as usual. The radio was playing softly, some pleasant show tune, and in the bedroom Janet's roommate Mary whistled a gentle off-key accompaniment. Ordinarily the scene would have filled Jud with contentment, so he said all was right as rain. Then he asked what had made her think otherwise.

"Intuition," Janet said. "When people sigh and shoot their cuffs and scan horizons, my uncanny feminine intuition pinches me." She got up and went to put the cards away.

"Janet," Jud said, getting up. "I've decided to get married." He hadn't intended to say any such thing; he was nearly as startled as Janet.

A moment passed before she turned to him, and then she said, "I thought I heard a heresy."

"Consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds," Jud said.

"The lady must be very attractive . . ." Janet's voice trailed off.

"She is. She's wonderful, but the trouble is, she's only a moonbeam—"

"A moonbeam?" Janet asked, and sat down on the day bed and looked at him gravely.

So he told her about Mrs. Smith and her humble origin in a grocery list—and his preoccupation with her ever since. "She's the one I want to marry," Jud said, "the girl who wrote that list. With her you could keep a marriage good—always. But," he added despondently, "she's already married to that Smith."

WHEN Janet said nothing, he went on, "You see that there's something unusual about her, don't you?"

Janet still said nothing.

"What do you suppose she needed prunes for?" Jud wondered aloud. "The baby, I guess. You can't get around that baby." He sighed.

"Prune whip," Janet said flatly.

Jud looked up. "How do you know?" he demanded.

"I wrote the list," she said in an odd bitter voice.

Janet. Of course! How could he have missed it? Who but Janet could it have been?

Jud felt a surge of pure, untarnished happiness. Dreams do come true. He had found his Mrs. Smith. He went quickly to the day bed and put his arms around Janet.

"No more for me, thank you, I have to steer"

COLLIER'S — MISCHA RICHTER

"I don't know why I told you," she said miserably. "I didn't mean to." She wasn't looking at Jud, only at her hands pressed tightly together in her lap. "It was a list I typed at the office one day—I was pretending. And then, when I was shopping after work, I suddenly thought of asking the cashier to slip it into your bag. It was stupid of me, I know—and now it's made you conjure up some impossible dream woman." Janet stared unhappily at her locked hands.

"Darling," Jud said, and turned her face toward his. "It wasn't stupid; it was meant to bring me to my senses." He held her close. "Janet, marry me. Be my Mrs. Smith. It would be so wonderful; it would have that special—" But Janet drew away before he could finish, and the look on her face troubled him. "Janet, I love you," Jud said desperately.

Janet raised her head and looked him in the eye. "And I love you, Jud," she said. "I have for a long time. I've said no to other people because I kept hoping you'd want me. But now I know I can't marry you." She got up and crossed the room.

"But, Janet, if we love each other—why?" He started toward her, but something in her expression—disappointment, hurt, anger almost—made him hesitate.

"You think you love me," Janet said, "and you know I love you, and so you think that's all there is to it. You think we'll live happily ever after with candles on the table and rosy babies cooing in the nursery and pretty whimsies served up every day with breakfast. That's your idea of marriage. But what happens on the nights when Mrs. Smith is too tired to heat the hash, let alone light the candles, and the baby is screeching and the whole place smells of wet diapers? What happens on those merry mornings when maybe a second baby is on the way and Mrs. Smith's little whimsies have curdled into nags and she is gallantly tossing up her breakfast?"

"Oh, Janet—" Jud started to protest, but Janet went on implacably.

"What happens on the day there isn't enough money to pay the bills, and you've already cut all the corners you can? What happens to you, Jud Smith, when marriage gets, and I quote, 'mired'?"

"I—"

"You won't admit there will be times like that, will you, Jud? You're acting just like everybody else in this whiny world—if it isn't nice, you won't play. Artists won't paint things people can recognize because they can't cope with life any more. Writers can't write good books because they haven't any positive values. A bunch of summer soldiers—nuts to the whole lot of you!"

Janet ran into the bedroom and slammed the door. Jud started to follow her, and stopped. He sat down on the day bed abruptly.

WHEN he recovered from his amazed bewilderment he went to Janet's door and knocked. He called softly to her that he loved her. No answer came except the sound of smothered sobbing. There was nothing to do, finally, but to leave.

Jud was at the door when his eye saw the slip of paper in the corner of the hall mirror. *L.O.V.* it said cryptically. I'll ask her about it tomorrow, he thought. When we have this mess straightened out, he added reassuringly.

Alone at home, he felt far from reassured. He prowled his room for hours, smoking incessantly, arguing with Janet, arguing with himself. He was well out of the situation, he would tell himself, banging an ash tray down hard on the table. Janet, for all her merry ways, had a self-righteous moralistic streak. And then he would conclude that Janet was absolutely right: he lacked strength of character.

But why was it a sign of weakness to want the most important relationship of your life, your marriage, to be warm and good right to the end? Why, when you could see marriage after marriage dwindle and deteriorate into duty and dullness, and then into divorce?

No answers came to Jud. Finally he stopped pacing and lay back in his chair and just let himself ache. She was a rare good girl, Janet, and he had lost her. Mrs. Smith was lost to him forever, and all because of a simple list of groceries.

He went on aching, hard. Each day

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when he telephoned and Janet hung up, the pain grew. Each night when he went around to her apartment and Mary met him at the door with a shake of her head, each time he glimpsed Janet in the market and she moved away with only a nod, he ached harder.

Altogether, it was a bad time. Jud got restless and irritable, and mixed up a couple of potato-chip accounts with appropriate damage to his position as fair-haired boy in the offices of the Barton Paper Bag Company.

AFTER two weeks, when he couldn't stand another evening alone, Jud phoned his sister and got himself invited to dinner. How was Janet, Sis and Mac wanted to know? Jud said she was fine. We liked her, they said.

He had never noticed before how often they said "we." *We* are awfully glad to see you, Jud. *We* are about to be separated for a whole dreary week while Mac goes to Cleveland on a case. *We* thought Janet was so nice, full of fun, helpful.

All evening long they kept bringing the conversation back to Janet.

"Janet has a real talent for living," Jud heard himself admit at one point.

"Well, Janet does work hard," Mac said, and gave Sis one of those silent communications of the married. Suddenly, Jud sensed, they were shaking with suppressed laughter.

Jud drove back toward New York with a fine disregard for the Westchester County speed limit. It had not been a good evening; he was still bruised and uncomforted. And what had Mac meant by that cryptic comment, "Janet does work hard"? What a fool way to describe her.

Presently he slowed down. What was there to hurry home to?

Yet—he could not forget Mac's remark—was it such a fool description of Janet? He thought of the way she had of watching him—always alert to catch his mood—and of his countless sophomoric pronouncements that she met with good-natured foolishness, never letting him suspect he sometimes hurt her. No wonder his relationship with Janet had been uniquely satisfying. Janet had worked hard for two years to make it so. And what had he brought to it, he asked himself, other than his delight in her company and the desire to have fun?

That was it; Janet had worked at their relationship. What was the old saw? *Labor omnia vincit*. Labor conquers all. Some people followed that ancient advice from nine to five, but Janet stuck it in her mirror as a philosophy for her whole life.

Oh, Janet, I would work hard for you now, you don't know how hard. He wanted terribly to tell her so. But he couldn't tell her; she wouldn't see him. So he would have to show her. And just how does a man prove to a woman—prove to himself—that he is no summer soldier?

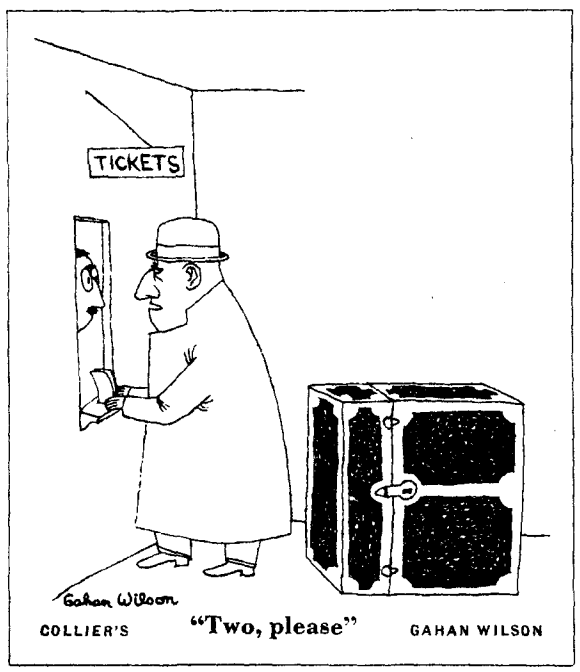
He began where he could. When he got home to his apartment he telephoned his sister and sacrificed a precious week of vacation that he'd meant to use for skiing. . . .

A week later Sis and Mac were on the afternoon plane for Cleveland, and Jud was in sole charge of two nephews, a very small and suspicious niece, a six-room house and a sidewalk that the village government wanted shoveled at once. Before the afternoon was over, with Sis's instructions still fresh in his mind, Jud had begun to cope with the inevitables—the skinned knee, the snowsuit, the broken bottle of formula.

Five days passed, not always swimmingly, but they went, and Jud was proud. He made formulas, made snowmen, made peace, made jelly sandwiches, made block choo-choos. He washed dishes, socks and baby pants. At twelve o'clock on the fifth night he collapsed into bed too tired to notice that it had begun to snow again on his freshly shoveled walks.

By morning it had ceased to snow; it had begun to rain and freeze. Every wire and branch was encased in ice. The house was cold and growing colder. The refrigerator was off. The lights were out. The telephone was dead. The streets were glazed. Jud had a bad few minutes of panic. But the gas range still functioned, he discovered, and so he simply closed off the kitchen, lighted all the burners, and gathered his bundled-up charges around to draw, eat popcorn or sleep, according to interest.

The children were diverted by the novel situation, and by midafternoon, although the power was still off, the roads had been sanded. Jud loaded the car with children and paraphernalia and drove back to the city. Despite the nerve-racking drive and the immediate havoc the children's arrival created in his apartment, Jud considered the power failure a fine stroke of adversity. Janet *had* to be impressed with such valor and resourcefulness. He persuaded the superintendent's wife to give the baby her bottle, and set off for market with the nephews. He was so full of the bright possibility of encountering Janet that he scarcely noticed how the pains from the tense drive sharpened in the back of his neck, or how weary and full of squabble the two little boys were.



COLLIER'S "Two, please" GAHAN WILSON

WHEN Jud saw Janet standing there, her back to him, her dark head bent over her list, a package of dried apricots in her hand, he forgot the nephews completely. He put an arm around her so that she could not escape and turned her so that she faced him.

"Oh, Jud!" she said, trying to draw away. "Please, Jud."

"I've got to talk to you."

"No, Jud, please. We're blocking the aisle," Janet said, and maneuvered free of his arm and rolled her cart quickly away. Jud followed her. She paused to put a box of noodles in her basket, very busy about it.

"I love you, Janet."

Still without looking at him she said in a low voice, "Please, Jud. It's torture to be with you when I love you, and yet I—oh, I hated myself for talking to you the way I did, but I—"

"I know," Jud said quickly. "You think I'm a summer soldier. And I was. A month ago, when you turned me down, I behaved as you probably expected I would. First I was sore. Then I was desolate. I sulked and had tantrums. But that was all a growing pain. Oh, Janet," Jud said desperately, "that wasn't the only pain. Being without you was the worst, wintriest, most painful time I ever spent!"

"I missed you, too, Jud," Janet said softly.

"Do more than miss me, Janet. Believe me," he said. "I *am* growing up. I know what to do with a hard time now. I've learned the secret, Janet—I found it on your mirror—and I've been practicing it."

"The mirror is a horrid moral snob," Janet said.

"No," Jud said, "it was right. Labor conquers all. And you were right. Marriage—any human relationship—is bound to have dull places and rough ones, and the secret is—"

"Oh, Jud, no ecstasy?" There was a suggestion of a smile on Janet's face but her voice was grave.

"I've learned about that, too," Jud told her firmly. "I used to think ecstasy was pretty much spontaneous. If two people were lucky they kept it for a while and then, little by little, the sameness and the humdrum and the worry drained it off. But it isn't that way. Life is"—Jud thought of one of the phrases he had been saving for this occasion—"life is like silver, if you want to keep it bright you have to keep polishing. You have to work, just as *you've* always worked when we were together."

Jud looked uncertainly at Janet. Was he, after all, going to be obliged to tell her himself about the baby sitting, not merely trusting to the grapevine? Wasn't she beginning to realize that the change in him was real? Was he going to be able to convince her? Now she was moving her cart slowly away, almost as though she had not heard a word. Not until she had taken her place in the check-out line did she speak.

"It's awfully nice work if you can get it," she said soberly.

Before Jud could speak, there was a crash, loud and sharp, unmistakably the sound made by one of those great perfect pyramids of canned goods as it topples to the floor. Then came the wails of fright and pain, also unmistakable.

"Little Mac! Jud Number Two! I forgot them!" Jud yelled, appalled. He had a clear, terrible vision of the devastation—cut foreheads, dented cans, irate managers.

Before he could make a start, Janet, as if she sensed that he was entirely overwhelmed, pushed him firmly into her place in line and hurried in the direction of the commotion.

As he waited, guilty and uneasy, in the jostling line, something within Jud collapsed. The whole baby-sitting project which he had built so diligently; the constructive adult attitude he had nourished with such care; the growing conviction that life was something you made, not something that merely happened to you—all of it toppled as abruptly as a pyramid of canned peas, and it lay there revealed for exactly what it was: effort—worrisome, grueling, relentless, futile effort.

And that was what married life would be, working till you ached in the marrow as he did now and still nothing to show for it, no graces, no delight, nothing. Granted, this week had been a tough sample; normally you wouldn't be coping all alone. But there would always be something—mortgages, the measles, hurt feelings, plumbing on the blink, kids screaming, something to mire you, no matter how hard you worked. There were no mottoes; there were no talismans. Jud's first thought had been right: marriage was an unworkable institution.

It was small wonder Janet hadn't believed in his conversion. He didn't himself. All his ringing phrases were so much self-delusion. "Life is like silver." But who has the energy to buff constantly? There was no question about it; he was a summer soldier. He would have to find a gentle way of telling her that he knew, once and for all, that he was not cut out to marry.

THEY were coming toward him, Janet and Little Mac and Jud Number Two. Though the boys' faces were tear-stained, they were chattering happily. "We popped popcorn," Little Mac was telling Janet importantly. "We had a good time."

Janet was leaning down to listen to them and her lovely dark hair swung forward; but Jud could see the grin, full of mischief, and the warm look, the look that promised humor and understanding and tenderness, the look he had carried in his memory through the aching time when he had been away from her, the look that was Janet's hallmark.

Janet—what if she were *my* Janet? What if it were *my* wife coming toward me now with our two kids? Suppose it were our measles? Our house? Our plumbing?

And as Jud watched her, everything became quite simple. You find the girl for you, you love her, you want to be with her all the days of your life. And then you want a place for the two of you to live, a private corner, a haven, a fortress, and these havens do have plumbing and are apt to have mortgages. Loving this girl, you want her children. And where there are children there is noise and almost inevitably measles. It was that simple. It all fell into perspective, the work, the weariness, the bad days. All of it was simply a part of what a man and a woman built together because they loved each other.

"Janet," Jud said when they reached him, "Janet, I have to spend my life with you, hard work or no, candlelighted or not, polished or unpolished. Will you marry me?"

A beautiful smile came to Janet's face and tears to her eyes. "Oh, Jud, I wanted so much to hear you—"

"Honey," the checker said, "will you come right out and say it, yes or no, so's I can get you checked out? You're holding up the line."

But there was no need to say it; Jud saw her answer in her eyes.

"That's two ninety-one," the checker said, "and I hope you'll be very happy."

"Thank you," said Janet, "we will. Ecstatically." —LUCIA MASON

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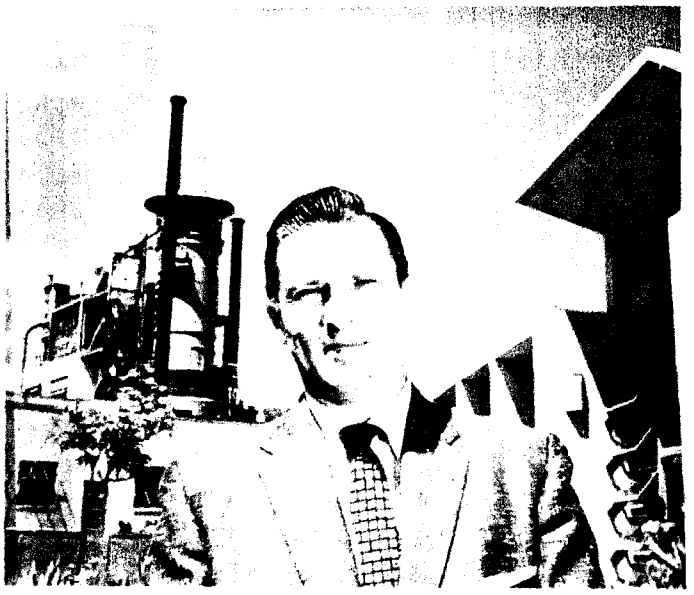
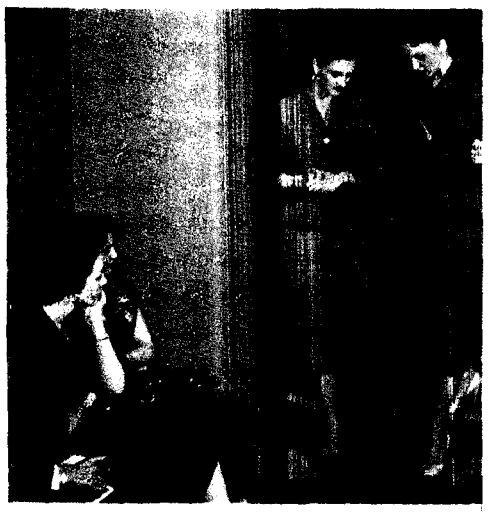


U.S. FIRMS have good jobs. Edward McDougall got to Caracas in 1951, now directs Procter & Gamble Venezuela manufacturing



MODELING SCHOOL, Mexico City, is branch of a U.S. concern. The teacher, shown here at right, is Donna Miller, of Lincoln, Neb.

TRUCK AND TRAILER sales offer good living to R. E. Hervey (with two of his three children). He has been in Mexico City nine years

GRACIOUS LIVING. At Caracas home, Sears executive John Gallagher (right) and his wife (center) entertain a prominent local attorney and his wife

AIRCRAFT maintenance plant in Costa Rica, among largest in Latin America, is owned by Bob Anson (c.) and other Yankee

AL TARTER

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CHARLES PERRY WEIMER

EX-MARINE Hank Nichols earned a rich income from frozen-custard stands in Peru

After a three-month, 17,000-mile swing through a dozen nations of Latin America, a reporter who knows the region well brings back a glowing report: To the south a great boom is under way, offering unmatched opportunities for U.S. capital and careers. His advice . . .

SPECIAL REPORT:

"Go South, Young Man"

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

IT'S an old-hat conviction among American businessmen that there never was an economic frontier like the one the United States had between the Civil War and 1900. In the stillness that surrounded Appomattox, the American land was waiting for muscle, money, machinery—and constructive business brains. It did not wait long. Within a generation, the huge, sprawling agrarian republic was transformed into a nation-wide industrial beehive. In cities and towns factories sprang up by tens of thousands. Immense national resources were tapped in mines, oil fields, forests and on millions of acres of farmland. New railways linked these booming activities together with continental and regional networks. This was the time when great American fortunes were founded. It's not surprising, then, that businessmen of the 1950s sometimes wonder out loud: "What if we could find such opportunities with all that we've got now?" . . . meaning, with all our present productive capacities, technical know-how and capital-investment assets.

I have just returned from a three-month, 17,000-mile survey trip south of our Mexican border with the fixed impression that the nearest approach to such a frontier today is in Latin America.

I saw Latin America's cities growing, and building up to their growth, as fast as any in the history of the world—from Buenos Aires, which claims an area population of 5,000,000, to places now climbing toward 50,000 and 100,000 that a generation ago were sleepy farm centers. I saw hundreds more factories than I had observed on previous swings around the hemisphere in 1938 and 1945, and most of them were bigger.

From Mexico down to Chile and Argentina I found bigger mining, oil-drilling, timber, farm-production and power-development operations under way than ever before, both in old natural-resource preserves and in newly discovered ones. And many more operations are in close prospect.

I found nearly a third more people in the 11 republics I visited than were there on my last trip ten years earlier. Latin America nowadays is undergoing a procreative explosion. The population is increasing at a rate of between two and three per cent a year. It now totals 171,000,000 (bigger than that of the United States), by the 1980s may reach 275,000,000, and early in the twenty-first century is expected to pass half a billion.

It was plain to see, too, that just as happened on the U.S. frontier from the 1870s on, Latin America's countryfolk are moving into the cities, swarming into the industrial and service jobs to be had there.

I talked with hundreds of American businessmen getting, or trying to get, a footing on the Latin frontier's ground floor, from spokesmen for mining, petroleum and public-utilities corporations with hundreds of millions of dollars in Latin American investments, to lone-hand venture capitalists running their own individual enterprises.

Along with stories of their headaches, successes and future prospects, these temporarily expatriate Americans told me—and proved it with figures—that Latin America's new city populations are upping the new frontier's industrial output by leaps and bounds. Despite huge currency inflations in many republics, these masses of new producers are raising their own and others' purchasing power more or less in proportion.

Again, with few major exceptions, improved wage scales and appetites for at least a smattering of the comforts of city living are spreading into remote rural backlands. This process is being sparked increasingly by constant visits back and forth, by bus or jalopy, between the newly established cityfolk and their country relatives.

"Nearly a hundred million Latin Americans are waiting and wanting to become modern industry's big-time customers, for everything from cream-and-mauve convertibles to electric toasters," an official of a United States merchandising chain in Peru said to me. "How many will there be when their population doubles? How much can they buy when their production-consumption economy gets really clicking?"

This note of beckoning opportunity was documented by George M. Humphrey, our businessman Secretary of the Treasury, after a personal tour of the South American frontier.

"I think over the next generation you are going to see a tremendous development in South America," Humphrey told Washington's National Press Club. "I don't see how you can stop it. Our interest, of course, is that it be developed on a sound

OLD FOLKS prosper, too. This is Richard Bourget, 67. He retired 10 years ago in Lawrence, Mass., now is contract pipe fitter in Caracas

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STAN WAYMAN

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Here's the author's guide for North Americans interested in seeking careers among our expanding neighbor republics

DUNCAN AIKMAN

The young American's opportunity to get ahead in Latin America is mainly a matter of an informed, on-the-spot selection of the best chance. But before striking out on his own he should live in one republic, or several, long enough to learn his business landmarks.

One standard prescription is to get a job with a U.S. corporation already operating in a Latin republic, and so get paid for the two to ten years it may take to look around. Among the largest and more familiar are United Fruit, Sears, Roebuck, U.S. Steel, General Motors, Colgate-Palmolive and Portland Cement Company. Large numbers of Americans are also employed by U.S. oil and mining subsidiaries, but many of them are in field jobs and to some extent isolated from other economic opportunities in the republics.

A medium-sized corporation may be better for the newcomer's outside prospects than a big company. In the smaller orbit he should meet more Latin Americans sooner, both in business and socially. Among such firms are a number of U.S. pharmaceutical plants, including Sharp & Dohme, Parke Davis, Pfizer and Sterling Drugs. But perhaps the best chance to see what is going on in the *latinos'* world is through a job with a branch banking firm, like New York's First National City, an import-export operation like that of W. R. Grace & Company, or an airline like Pan American or Braniff.

The pay in most cases is good—at least as good as pay for similar work in home plants or offices in the U.S. Young American jobholders are nearly always paid in dollars or their equivalent in local currencies at going exchange rates. In places where living costs are notably higher than in U.S., as in Venezuela and some of the large Brazilian cities, higher salaries or extra allowances are almost invariably provided. Few young men start at rock-bottom beginners' wages. Most who work for established corporations go through some sort of a trainee period before being sent to Latin America.

Launching a new business in a Latin republic involves extensive dickering with officials. The difficulties vary from country to country, and it is not easy to keep relative ratings up to date. Recently American businessmen have probably been tried worst by bureaucratic regulations in Argentina and Brazil and by the hazards of inflation in Chile. In Peru and Venezuela, on the other hand, U.S. business operates nowadays with comparatively few headaches.

The newcomer should keep his eyes open for some hole in the economy that he can personally fill. He may find a future for himself in anything from a waffle-bar or small handicraft-export business to building a railroad or revamping a corporation's finances.

He should keep his lines open for U.S. financing for his individual venture. And he should look around for a trustworthy Latin-American partner, often required by law, who will contribute not only financially, but in terms of local prestige and political influence. D. A.

basis; that it does raise the standards of living of the great mass of the people; that it does become a big mass market, a big mass producer; and that the governments grow in strength and stability, because the more we have of that in this hemisphere, of course, the better the situation is for us."

Secretary Humphrey observed that he had seen some American boom towns in his time, but nothing to compare with the hustle and upsurge which impresses a traveler in Latin America today.

IN MEXICO CITY (whose area population is now pushing 4,000,000) I drove for a full day around the ring of factories on the outskirts without quite managing to complete the circuit. Almost 30 miles out of Buenos Aires, I was still passing new industrial plants and many-storied, government-built apartment houses for their workers. In Peru I found two parallel paved highways linking Lima (population up from half a million in the 1930s to over a million today) and its Pacific seaport of Callao, eight miles away, almost solidly lined with factories and warehouses.

Ecuador's port for the Pacific, Guayaquil, once poverty-stricken and pest-ridden, is building itself into the twentieth century with furious energy; there are several new tall buildings in nearly every downtown business block. Cali, behind the Pacific coast range in the Cauca Valley, and Colombia's fastest-growing industrial city, unrolls a ring of factories not so large as Mexico City's but almost as varied. With its population of 400,000 (up from a little over 100,000 in 1930), Cali presents a sky line of tall office and apartment buildings which would do credit to a Midwestern center of half a million—only these buildings are fresher looking, more brightly colored.

Toward Latin America's "deep south," Brazil's roaring, booming São Paulo (area population near 4,000,000) spreads tiled and metal roofs of hundreds of industrial plants over red-soiled, green-wooded hills 20 miles beyond the central business district. At its urban hub a forest of skyscrapers, newly built and building, rises above steep streets, wide bridges and broad business thoroughfares.

In spite of the indestructible beauty of Rio de Janeiro's harbor beneath spectacular, sea-shadowing mountains, I found the city dirty and littered in its business district and even on its fabulous beaches. "The people are embittered with constant inflation and living-wage crises," a Brazilian friend explained to me shortly before the political upheaval there. "So they throw their litter around."

Nevertheless, Rio's man-made sky line has been transformed within 10 years by probably half as much new building as in São Paulo. And the *Cariocas,* as Rio residents are called, insist their problems are part of the price paid for their transition from a leisurely to a dynamic civilization.

But it was oil-rich Venezuela's capital, Caracas (from 300,000 population in the early '30s to past the million mark today), that seemed a kind of cumulation, perhaps a symbol, of the Latin-American frontier's potential for change and progress.

The rebuilding city is gridironed in every direction with newly widened arterial avenues. Every few blocks, rows of old-time, one- and two-story Spanish houses and frowzy business buildings are coming down to make room for more arterials. Seen from a high window at night, the new streets, gleaming with brilliant fluorescent lighting, look sheen-iced under a full moon. Tower by tower, Caracas' radiant new office, apartment and government buildings glisten on sunny days with daring and color-splashed ultramodern architecture. So does street after curved street of exotically luxurious private homes rambling over the nearby hills.

Away from the cities, I flew over thousands of miles of Latin-American jungle, plains and mountains, thousands of miles of desert. Much of this present wasteland is reclaimable for human living when and if population pressures demand it.

HIGH OVER THE ANDES I counted scores of plunging mountain streams capable of drenching huge sectors of South America with hydroelectric superpower. Occasionally I spotted derricks of enormous oil fields, or huge mining operations visibly puffing their fumes into the air as they worked with iron, copper, lead, zinc or rarer metals. Now and then a big sawmill hove into sight, cutting the exotically grained jungle timbers for Latin America's furniture and building-materials factories.

I flew over, or drove by, vast sugar-cane, cotton and coffee plantations; cattle ranches, wheat, corn and black-bean acreages—from family to township and county size.

Now and then I remembered that, relatively, I was seeing only a few of the show places of the Latin frontier's development. I was told about mountains of industrial-use metals deep in the Brazilian hinterlands, or beyond the wild llanos and savannas of interior Venezuela and Colombia.

I learned about the large-scale development of tropical agriculture being carried on for scores of miles around Santa Cruz in the eastern Bolivian lowlands. It is a development expected, with the help of new highway and rail connections, to transform the living conditions of Bolivia's tin and copper miners who work above 12,000 feet in the arid, all-but-cropless highlands of the Andes.

In Lima I talked with representatives of four American companies drilling for oil along eastern Peru's Amazon tributaries at costs running into millions. If they strike oil in anticipated quantities, the yield will justify the building of a $200,000,000 pipe line over the Andes to the Pacific.

All this bustle suggests an up-to-date paraphrase of Horace Greeley's classic slogan for the seeker of new opportunity: "Go south, young man; go south of the border. And grow up with the country."

Plenty of Americans already have taken this advice; between seven and eight billion dollars in United States private-capital investment and credit is now at work south of the Rio Grande. This is by no means hitting the new frontier with all we've got. Still, the range of United States investments is enormous. It runs from the two billion or more of American oil and iron holdings in Venezuela and the $200,000,000 development of a low-grade copper ore now being launched by the American Smelting and Refining Company and affiliated big-metals corporations in southern Peru, down to small machine shops, steam laundries, ice-cream plants, hamburger stands, barrooms, one-man ad agencies, and two-man engineering firms.

Sears, Roebuck stores, in Mexico, Cuba, Colombia, Venezuela, Brazil and Peru, are infiltrating United States merchandising methods into Latin-American commercial centers. Several major United States advertising agencies have been in Latin America for almost a generation. Branches

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U.S. investments in Latin America already total between seven and eight billion dollars, ranging all the way from tiny ice-cream stands to multimillion-dollar mining projects

of the Boston First National Bank, or New York's First National City or Chase-Manhattan banks are fixtures of most major urban landscapes.

The United Fruit Company has switched to cacao and palm-oil production on some of its diseased and abandoned banana areas in Central America, with profit prospects in some localities bigger than bananas ever yielded. The Celanese Corporation of America, which started after the war with a single plant in Mexico, now has five, and is considering adding factories to its one-plant installations in Colombia and Venezuela.

American businessmen export to the Latin-American markets, or assemble or manufacture on the Latin-American ground, sewing machines, typewriters, automobiles, modern civilization's vast panoply of household and office gadgets, standard-brand food products, soaps, cosmetics, dentifrices, Portland cement and dozens of other building materials. Most top-notch American pharmaceutical-supply houses are represented in a dozen larger Latin-American cities by branch plants equipped both for imports and manufacturing.

In addition to branch plants, scores of big-time export-import houses and selling agencies are scattered through the republics, handling U.S. products in all sizes from heavy machinery to tweezers.

More than 100,000 U.S. citizens take part in these business-frontiering operations as permanent or long-time residents of Latin America. There are about 35,000 in the "American colonies" of Mexico alone—as owners, managers, agents or employees of American business. In Venezuela there are 20,000, in Peru and Brazil close to 5,000 each.

The United States Ambassador to Venezuela not long ago felt compelled to suspend the ancient custom of holding annual Fourth of July open house at the embassy residence. No official explanation was offered, but it was plain to any common-sense imagination that there had come to be just too many Americans, native-born or naturalized, who were eligible for free Scotch and cocktails.

On top of this, scores of thousands of American businessmen and their agents every year pass back and forth—commute in thousands of cases—between the United States and the Latin-American centers. "Our big business isn't tourists any more," an official of the Pan American World Airways told me. "It's the brief-case trade."

I TALKED with enough representatives of big and little American business on the scene to obtain, I feel sure, a sound over-all picture of how they are getting along. The vast majority of enterprises, according to their spokesmen, are prospering.

Many, probably most, are making larger profits —it's an old Spanish custom—than are customarily earned in the United States. I heard of no business failures except pint-sized ones, due chiefly, as the stories were told me, to insufficient capital or temperamental incapacities for management.

In the realm of individual success stories, consider Gilbert Huber, who had had business experience in Brazil during his early manhood and returned to Rio at the end of World War II in a nostalgic mood. After looking around for modern prospects, he landed a contract for producing Rio's telephone directories. Now he publishes directories for a dozen principal Brazilian cities and lists 95 per cent of the country's phones. He also has accumulated a sizable personal fortune.

In Costa Rica, the Stewart brothers from the U.S. have developed range properties larger than the celebrated King ranch in Texas.

Then there is Hank Nichols, a Marine veteran. After cracking up with ulcers on a mining engineer's job in the high Andes three years ago, he set himself up at Lima in a drive-in, frozen-custard establishment of glass and stainless steel. His cash investment was slightly less than $20,000. He located his place at a juncture of highways tapping three of the city's wealthiest suburbs—too swank a spot, his friends warned him, for his kind of venture. Nevertheless, the Peruvian capital's dowagers and debutantes each afternoon lick their way through ice-cream cones on Nichols' drive-in space and adjacent sidewalks. With one branch stand now operating and others in the offing, Nichols insists he would not sell out for $100,000.

YET EVEN such successes as these cannot relieve the North American businessman of the Latin frontier's peculiar headaches. A newcomer, if he is bright, soon discovers he must make certain adjustments. His Latin-American business acquaintances or fellow workers may put on a little more dignity than he is accustomed to, and expect as much of him. The everybody-kid-everybody civilities of the bar at, say, a Danville, Illinois, country club do not go down in Latin America, whether in desk-side banter, office visits or partying. The newcomer learns, if he has any straw-bossing to do, that too much fraternizing can all but demoralize a labor force. Latin tradition expects the *patrón* to keep his place in a friendly way at a slight elevation.

Sooner or later the newcomer will become aware of tensions between himself and the Latin Americans in his business *ambiente*. His co-workers or employees may silently resent being paid less than North Americans customarily are—often for doing the same jobs. They may have their doubts about the standard contemporary objective of American business—maximum production and sales volumes at low profits.

American colony members, on the other hand, often take an equally dim view of Latin-American appetites for maximum profits or price markups so high that they almost seem devised to suck purchasing power out of consumers' markets. Or they may frown at real-estate speculations in the southern frontier's boom cities which tie up literally billions of Latin America's much-needed investment resources in relatively nonproductive profit gambles instead of in producing industries.

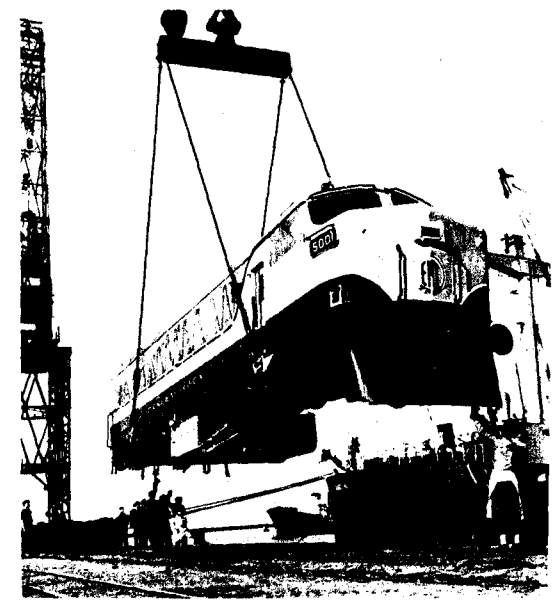
Launching a new business in a Latin republic normally involves months, sometimes years, of dickering with government officials. Usually approval has to be obtained from the government's Department of Fomento (Development) or from some registry and licensing office working in close connection with it. With frequent time out for paper work, Fomento or its ally scrutinizes incorporation plans to see that the required percentage of nationals' participation—usually 51 per cent—is assured in the capital structure. It scrutinizes import plans for machinery, parts, goods and materials to see that the maximum volume of national products will be used in the new outfit's operations.

Eventually Fomento may call in the Department of Labor to investigate the Yankee infiltrator's capacity to pay the national Labor Code's wage scales, the Finance Ministry to okay his solvency and his local banking connections. If at some time during negotiations, hints are conveyed that places on the payroll would be welcome to a few distant relatives of officials of Fomento and the Finance and Labor Departments, the infiltrator may do well not to show indignant surprise.

Once the new enterpriser is *in* business on the Latin frontier, his government-caused frustrations and inconveniences as a rule merely change form. Governments trying to guard their scarce dollar reserves hobble his production and sales processes with changing import and foreign-exchange restrictions and charges—and occasionally, as in Argentina and Chile, with export regulations.

Out of his receipts and earnings he may have to make contributions to ambitious and expensive social-security systems. Governments ride herd on his hiring and firing activities, especially firing—so much so that in republics like Mexico, Cuba, Brazil and Chile, it's a stock complaint that "if you keep an employee on your payroll for six months, you're married to him for life."

Here and there our enterpriser has difficulties sending back profits in the shape of dividends to stockholders in the United States. A complicated law of the late Perón regime made dividend remit-



ENRIQUE HERRERA

U.S. business still faces severe competition in Latin republics. Above, Dutch-made locomotive unloads at a Buenos Aires dock

Sears, Roebuck has introduced U.S. products, merchandising methods all through S. America

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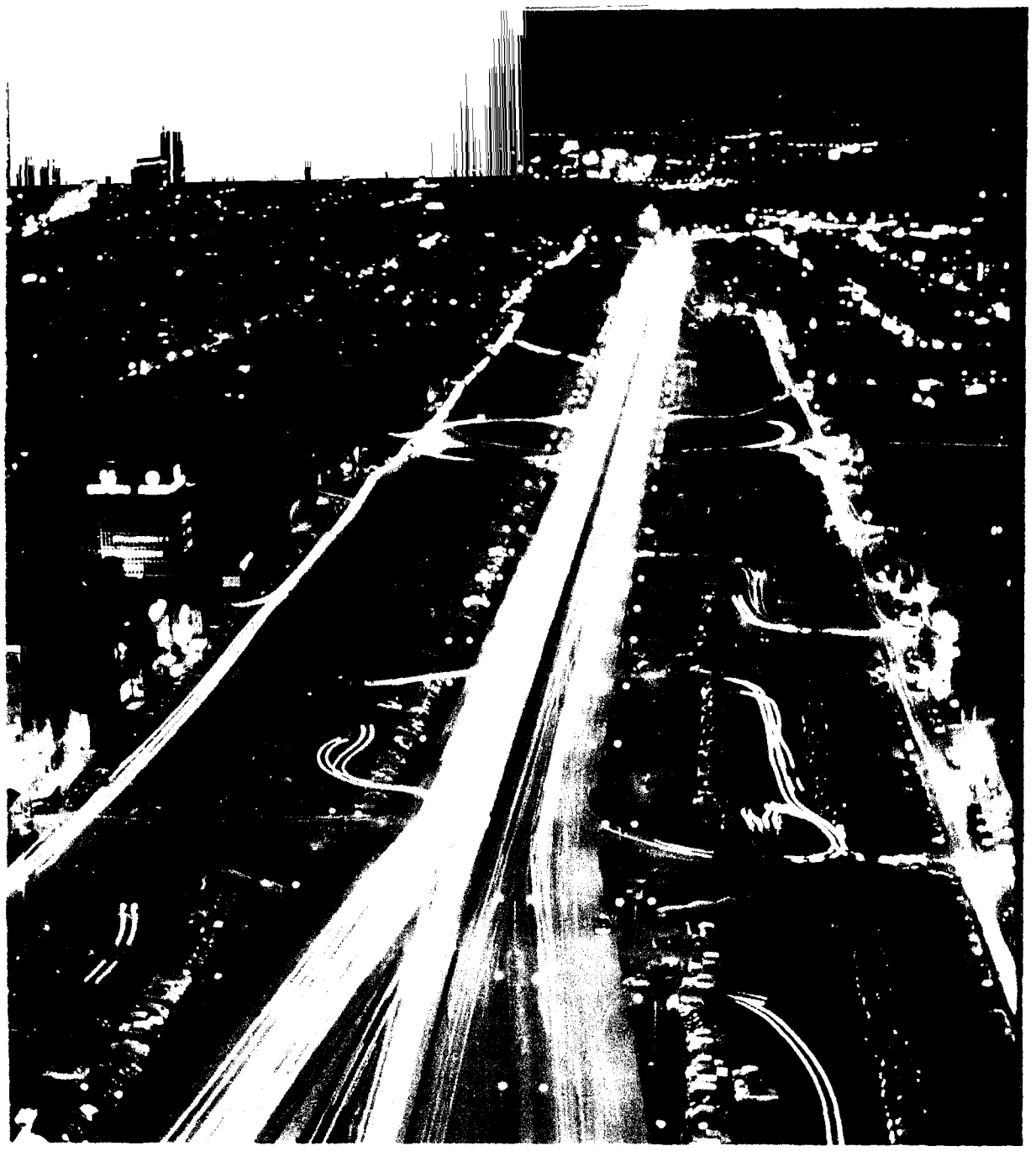

Glittering Caracas, capital of oil-rich Venezuela, has tripled its population in 20 years, typifying economic upsurge that has occurred in many Latin-American cities

Yankees in South America face special problems—but most agree that benefits far outweigh disadvantages

tances from Argentina practically impossible for most American corporations for eight years beginning in 1947. Restrictions are due to be somewhat loosened now by an amendment permitting remittances up to 5 per cent on registered capital, including increases from plowed-back earnings.

In Brazil, dividend remittances of 8 per cent, and in exceptional cases 10 per cent, are legally permissible in principle. But the required methods of buying dollar exchange and the difficulties of satisfying Brazilian auditing officials as to the amount of a given corporation's profits still present time-taking and even costly hazards.

Such pressures are not always to the Latin frontier's benefit. In Argentina, Brazil and Chile, import and foreign-exchange restrictions on automobiles have raised going prices for popular, run-of-the-mine United States cars in the $2,000-$3,000 price range to $8,000-$15,000.

Similar charges on automobile parts have led the big General Motors plant in São Paulo to suspend indefinitely its assembly operations on private passenger cars. The plant continues to turn out buses, trucks, large station wagons and electric refrigerators to GM's apparent satisfaction and profit. But the labor force is down from more than 3,000 to 1,700, and payrolls accordingly.

Beyond routine business headaches are still larger obstructions to the full use of North American investment capital: laws, like Brazil's petroleum legislation, that prohibit exploitation of basic national resources by foreign interests; uncontrolled currency inflations like Chile's; drastic shortages of railway mileage.

United States businessmen face competition with manufacturing and selling operations of European and Japanese interests. German Volkswagen and Mercedes-Benz cars and a few of the cheaper British makes are underselling American automobiles on Latin-American markets. French capital is building a new steel plant for Peru. And from Mexico to Brazil many large postwar Japanese industrial plants are swinging into production.

ON THE OTHER HAND, some of the stock Latin-American threats to business seem on the wane. Expropriation of foreign investment holdings is possible, of course, in any republic where nationalistic or Communist-steered politicians are in control. The facts are, however, that in the past two decades only two expropriations by Latin governments, those of oil interests in Mexico and tin interests in Bolivia, have done serious or permanent damage to foreign investors.

Potential damages and losses from revolutions, too, appear to have more fear content than reality these days. Successful *Putsches* against Latin-American governments are increasingly of the presidential-palace type, unaccompanied by destructive military operations. Even the uprising which toppled the Perón regime in Argentina last fall, while it caused numerous casualties, did no significant damage to property.

Moreover, in their everyday normal activities, U.S. enterprisers do business on the same terms as nationals in the republics from Mexico and Central America down the west coast of South America through Peru, in Venezuela and the West Indies republics. Here and there, near seacoasts and national boundaries, foreign ownership of land is prohibited. But this seldom presents a crippling handicap to investments or to business operations.

In several countries there are even symptoms that the appetite of Latin-American governments for rigid controls over business is diminishing. Peru six years ago abolished all foreign-exchange controls. Its currency steadied and Peru has become the preferred landing beach of the whole Southern Hemisphere for Yankee investment capital. Now the economics consultant firm of Klein & Saks, which talked Peru into its act of self-enfranchisement, has missions at work in Guatemala and Chile.

IT IS ENCOURAGING, then, in the light of improvements in the long-pull relations between the United States and Latin America, to see how fast individual adjustments to the differences between the two civilizations are proceeding.

Language has become almost a minor hurdle. New teaching methods, plus hard work, make the frontiersman's Spanish or Portuguese passable within a few weeks—often fluent inside a year.

Formalities of social intercourse with Latin-American business peers and employees present few lasting difficulties except to the congenitally unteachable. Many an American is now cultivating the good will of his labor force simply by showing a thoughtful human interest in individual work and personal problems.

Now and then, of course, an American businessman of peculiar talents successfully scorns these more subtle adjustments. He bounces in and out of offices, bureaucratic huddles, cabinet ministries, formal dinner parties and his workers' cantinas with his native American gifts for arguments, outspoken appraisals and personal joshings.

Yet if his extrovert charm runs even with his brass, his Latin-American acquaintances cherish him as their copybook version of what *un gringo auténtico* should be.

Adjustments to government troubles come harder. Living with constantly changing assortments of regulations and impediments involves plenty of personal adaptation as well as budgetary arrangements. Executives and subexecutives of American business get used, for example, to attending long official hearings on minor labor disputes and firing complaints.

"They're not fun," the head of an advertising firm in Mexico said to me after spending the better part of a week at one of these sessions. "But they seldom waste more of a man's time than a really rough flu attack."

At the same time United States corporations must keep reserve funds handy to take care of the mammoth severance allowances required for dismissed workmen, and of stiff penalties imposed for technical violations of labor codes. "They're simply part of the payroll budget," an industrialist explained to me in São Paulo.

Money in the bank is also useful when production stoppages or slowdowns occur in the wake of changes in import or foreign-exchange regulations or to meet emergencies of wage-raising or price-fixing decrees from governments dealing with economic controls on the grand scale. With profits on the Latin-American scene usually running from 5 to 15 per cent above normal United States profits, however, keeping a business financially protected

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against sudden changes in operating climate isn't always too difficult.

Above and beyond budgeted protection, living with government-caused headaches is a question of the individual businessman's capacity for temperamental adjustments and sense of proportion. In Cali, I explored this question with Norman Guy, a Brown University graduate and World War II Navy veteran, who runs an importing and manufacturing plant of the American Home Products Corporation there. Guy lives in a big new house in the Cali suburbs with a wife, two children and three or four servants. So he hardly looked like a distress case or a candidate for anxiety neurosis.

"But I'm just crawling with tensions," he protested to me. "Any minute a new tax form, import regulation, or an official audit, or some labor case is likely to send me a new herd of tensions. . . . If I don't act like it today, it's because I've just relaxed.

"Want to know how I relax?" he went on. "I think about all the tensions I'd have had getting this far ahead in less than ten years if I'd gone into business in Providence."

There are even troubles that call forth from Yankee enterprisers new feats of resourcefulness.

Less than a year after Sears, Roebuck opened its first Brazilian store at Rio, a government ruling suddenly blocked profitable importations of American-made household gadgets that the company had been selling on a rising curve to Brazilian customers. Store manager Walter Flynn—now boss of all the Sears Brazilian properties—immediately called a group of Brazilian manufacturers into a huddle. He laid his problem before them—and suggested it represented their opportunity. For those who seemed interested he shortly provided contracts, exact specifications, and technicians from the United States to impart production know-how. He also arranged necessary bank credits for tools, dies and machinery.

The result: within three to six months, electric vacuum cleaners, orange squeezers, cream whippers, waffle and laundry irons and the like were rolling off Brazilian assembly lines and onto Sears' selling counters. They still are.

On the Latin-American side of the frontier's contact fences, equal if not even more intensive adaptations to North American ways are going on.

Social forms are shedding many of their austerities. Everywhere a vogue for easygoing American collegiate manners is spreading. This trend is especially noticeable among young people and their middle-aged imitators; it has been sparked by thousands of young Latin Americans returning from university and training courses in the United States, as well as by *latinos* of all ages returning from extensive business or social visits north.

Similar tendencies extend into business contacts. Where prewar appointments with big or minor wheels in a Latin-American office often involved hours or day-long waits in reception rooms—sometimes concluding with an invitation to come back *mañana*—Latin-American businessmen and officials generally keep their engagements nowadays reasonably on time. The old schedule-messing habit of skipping an inconvenient appointment entirely appears to be on its way out.

The eligible young North American male is probably most happy, though, over the gradual decline of Latin America's ancient, Spanish-inherited convention of duenna chaperonage for "nice girls." The young bachelor frontiersman is normally drawn into the American colony's young married set. This circle will contain not only its quota of United States wives accepted by Latin-American upper-crust families as of impeccable charm, morals and manners, but a considerable number of Latin-American brides and junior matrons as well. By some process resembling osmosis, these younger married women have become acceptable in most Latin-American centers as supplying sufficient chaperonage for locally ranking debutantes.

With enough married couples on his landscape, then, the emigrant Yankee can usually take the *señorita* of his momentary fascinations to dinner or bridge and theater parties; he may play tennis, or swim and dance with her at the country club, perhaps squire her to a bullfight. In any considerable city, he is likely to meet dozens of young Latin-American girls who have learned in American colleges and finishing schools, or from their friends and brothers, that young men are acceptable—in droves when possible—as playtime pals and companions. Sometimes the eligible American marries one of them, without first having to meet *all* of her aunts, great-aunts and elderly spinster cousins.

Certainly the new frontier is easier to live with now than it was not so very many years ago. When I made my first big trip around it in 1938, I found one American colony after another dominated by complaining-if-prosperous characters who had spent 30 years or more being mad at some Latin-American community because it wasn't like Peoria. I heard the saying so often, "What a wonderful country this would be if the United States could only take it over," that I put it down as the stock cliché of American colony beefing.

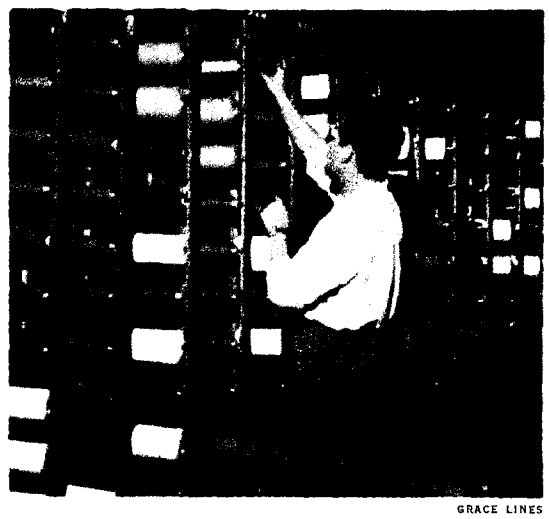
On one of the last days of my 1955 expedition I talked over these recollections with Bob Bottome in Caracas. Bob Bottome has been in hotels, building-materials factories, farmland, city real-estate development and investment activities in Venezuela since 1939. He happens to be one of the shrewdest experts I know on what makes an American colony click with a Latin environment.

I told him I hadn't run head on into the Peoria-cherishing attitude anywhere along my mileage from Mexico City to Buenos Aires.

"It *is* more like Peoria," Bob said. "It's getting to be so much like Peoria in lots of places in Latin America that a sleepwalker might come to in a railroad station some night and catch himself trying to buy a ticket to Indianapolis." THE END

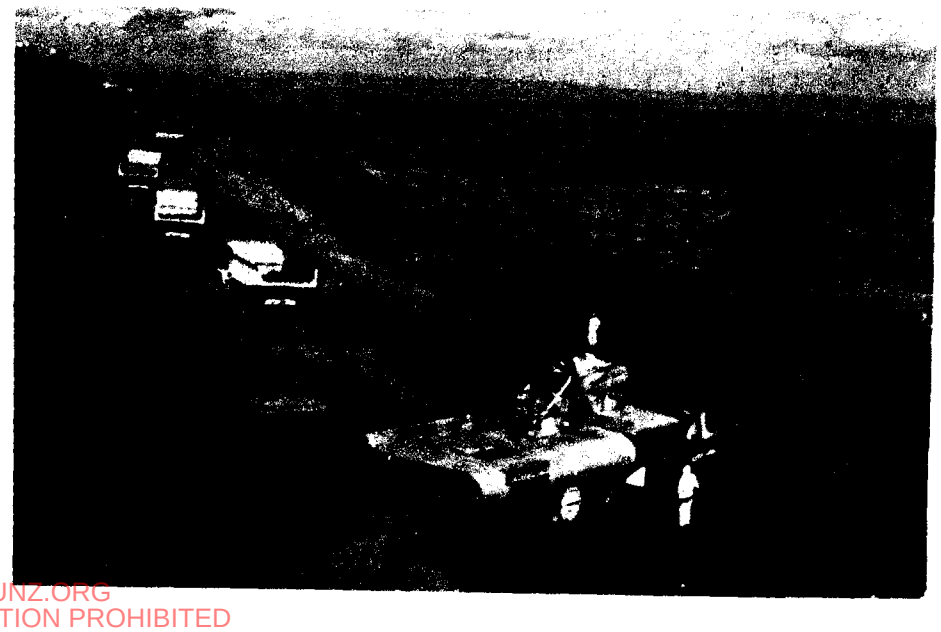
J. BARNEL

Bags of coffee await export from Brazil to the United States. Though coffee has always been the mainstay of Brazil's economy, nation is now branching out into mining, manufacturing, other industrial enterprises



GRACE LINES

This Chilean textile mill is owned by W. R. Grace & Co., one of biggest U.S. enterprisers in S. America



Iron, copper, lead and zinc are among the important metals now being extracted from once-inaccessible hinterlands of South America's mountainous back country—much of it with North American financing. This is a U.S. Steel iron mine

HAMILTON WRIGHT

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MAD RIVER *continued from page 17*

that day and this was out of his jurisdiction anyway. So Westerman rounded up a group of citizens and formed a posse, and—"

"That was public-spirited of him," Cohoon said dryly.

Van Houck was watching him. "Boyd, what are you going to do?"

Cohoon hesitated and then shrugged. "What *can* I do, Uncle Van? The man apparently left no clues except a set of hoofprints leading nowhere. What can I do against a ghost?"

"This was no ghost," Van Houck said harshly. "We know who it was, Boyd: the same man who tried so hard to put a rope around your neck at the trial—who publicly proclaimed, when you were led away to prison, that the matter wasn't finished yet."

Cohoon said mildly, "You can't put too much weight on what a grief-stricken man says and does, Uncle Van. Harry's death hit Westerman hard, and he blamed me for it."

Van Houck said, "Ah, that Harry Westerman was a no-good young troublemaker, and you should have had more brains than to get mixed up with him. *I still don't believe everything* that was said at the trial, nor do a great many other people, Boyd."

COHOON laughed shortly. "I'm glad for everybody's good opinion," he said, "but it's a matter of public record, and I've never denied it. But there's one thing wrong with your choice of a murderer, Uncle Van."

"What's that?"

"Why," Cohoon said, "neither Father nor Jonathan would have let Paul Westerman get close enough to kill them. They detested him—they wouldn't have trusted him for a minute."

"You're going to do nothing, then, Boyd? You're going to just forget it?"

"It would be a little hard to forget, Uncle Van," Cohoon said gently. "However, I have just spent five years of my life waiting to get out of prison; I don't intend to turn around and shoot my way right back in again—on no more than a shaky guess."

Van Houck said harshly, "Mavbe *this* will make you change your mind." He turned and marched to the rear of the store, his back stiff and angry. Returning, he threw three objects onto the counter. "I saved these for you. The gun can be repaired. I have also, by your father's will, paid the taxes on the Grant from the money he had in the bank; there's enough left to help you get started again. Of course you need no money for anything I can supply."

Cohoon looked for a moment at the broken Henry rifle, and the splintered stock that lay beside it. "Thanks, Uncle Van."

"He had it in his hands when he was found," Van Houck said. "He never got to use it!"

Cohoon picked up the knife in its worn leather sheath, and pulled it free. The blade was hand-ground of file steel. The leather grip, as well as the sheath, had been burned with the Cohoons' Diamond C brand. "He always said that a good knife was worth a dozen pistols in a fight," Cohoon said softly. "And when there was nobody to fight you could always whittle."

"*You're going to let his murderer go* free?" Van Houck asked insistently. "You're going to live in the same town with the man who killed him?"

Cohoon put the knife gently back into the sheath. "Why, I can stand it as long as he can, Uncle Van," he said. "Maybe even a little longer. It remains to be seen."

IT WAS dusk when Cohoon left Van Houck's. He turned and walked quickly up the street. At that moment a heavy-set, bearded man chose to dart out of an alley between two buildings, and Cohoon had no time to stop. The impact threw him sideways and sent the other man back a step. "My apologies," Cohoon said mildly, though he knew the fault was not entirely his.

"Apologies! Why the hell don't you watch where you're going?"

There was no point in arguing, and Cohoon turned and walked on. He had taken three steps when the other man swung him about roughly. "I asked you a question, stranger. Why the hell don't you watch where you're going?"

Cohoon looked at the bearded face for a moment. The heavy hand on his shoulder reminded him of the brutalities and indignities he had suffered for the last five years. "Take your hand away," he said softly.

"Why, you young pip-squeak—"

Cohoon's muscles tightened involuntarily in preparation for the quick seizing of the hairy wrist, the pivot, and the throw that would send the man over his shoulder and into the dust of the street. Then instinct made him glance around to see who might intervene; and slowly he let his pent-up breath escape, because the street was quite still, waiting, and over by the hotel stood a slender man in dark clothes, on whose shirt front glinted the metallic badge of the law.

So this was a trap. This man across the street was Paul Westerman's marshal, ready to throw an ex-convict into jail on any excuse. A brawl would be reason enough.

Cohoon reached up and gently disengaged the big man's hand from his shoulder. "I'm real sorry, partner," he said. "Reckon I was a little careless. No harm intended."

The bearded man stared at him in a baffled way, and looked around, as if for a cue or signal. Then he said, "Ah, hell," and strode off down the boardwalk. Cohoon started on toward the hotel.

"Cohoon." It was the slender man with the badge who spoke. He had crossed over and come up this side of the street. At close range, it was apparent that the marshal was much younger than he had seemed at a distance. His neat, somber clothes might have been those of a preacher, except for the badge of office and the heavy gun and belt. His face was sober and humorless despite his youth—the face of a young man constantly aware that the eyes of his fellow citizens were upon him.

Cohoon suddenly recognized him, and he spoke without thinking: "Well, I'll be—it's Willie Black!"

He saw the young marshal wince slightly and realized his mistake. He had been undiplomatic, remembering the thin, dirty kid who, cursed and kicked by his drunken parent, used to hold the horses and tend the lines at Black's Ferry. He remembered also the hatred on Willie Black's pale face when they had pulled him out of the river one day after Jonathan Cohoon had tossed him in as a practical joke. But it would be Bill Black now, marshal of Sombrero, and no thanks to anyone who reminded him of the past.

"What are your plans, Cohoon?" Black asked.

Cohoon shrugged and did not speak.

"I'm giving you fair warning," the marshal said. "When you visit Sombrero from now on, do so peaceably, or I'll arrest you and send you right back to the place you've just come from."

It was a harsh speech, deliberately provoking, and Cohoon looked at the younger man with wonder and some amusement. "That's the second fight I've had offered to me in two minutes," he said.

Black said stiffly, "I am merely doing my duty, which is to keep the peace."

"I'm not the one who's threatening it," Cohoon said.

WHEN he entered the hotel, the clerk at the desk addressed him by name and had a room key ready for him. "Room twenty-one," the clerk said, a little too quickly.

Cohoon nodded, picked up the small grip that had been put off the stage for him, and climbed the stairs. The room was on the right-hand side of the dark and narrow hall, halfway down. Light showed under the door. Cohoon whistled a soundless tune and shifted the objects he was carrying, so that his father's heavy knife was ready to his hand. He unlocked the door and let it swing open.

The man sitting on the bed said, "Welcome home, Boyd."

Cohoon stepped inside, kicked the door shut, and dropped his belongings onto a nearby chair—except for the broken rifle, which he leaned against the dresser. "There was your bully boy," he said, "and your tame marshal, and now there's you, Mr. Westerman."

"You do young Black an injustice," Paul Westerman said. "He's his own man. I merely use him, without his knowledge." He smiled. "Sit down, Boyd. We have a number of things to talk about."

COHOON swung a straight-backed wooden chair around so he could straddle it. Sitting down, he glanced around the room; there was no hiding place for another man, although there were doubtless more men, well armed, in the adjoining room. Even five years ago, Paul Westerman had seldom gone anywhere unescorted—not so much because he needed protection as because he obviously liked the feeling of power it gave him to have armed men at his back.

Five years had been kind to Westerman, Cohoon saw. The added stockiness only gave him dignity; for all his lack of height, Paul Westerman made an impressive appearance nowadays. It was hard to remember, looking at him, that he had once worked in one of the shabbier places on Creek Lane. Westerman probably owned the Lane by now; he had been well on the way, five years ago. *Perhaps, Cohoon thought,* he owned this hotel as well; at least it was obvious that he owned the clerk at the desk.

"I brought no gun, if that's what you're looking for," Westerman said abruptly.

Cohoon thought this was unlikely, but he said, "Neither did I, except for that." He indicated the broken rifle.

Westerman smiled. "In your father's hands, the knife on that chair was the equal of any revolver." When Cohoon did not reply, Westerman's smile faded and was replaced by a look of grave sympathy. "I was genuinely sorry to hear of his death, Boyd, and that of your brother, and I did my best to help catch the murderer. I want you to believe that. I also want you to believe that I had no part in the crime, as has undoubtedly been suggested to you. I don't want you to think I was taking my vengeance on *them.*"

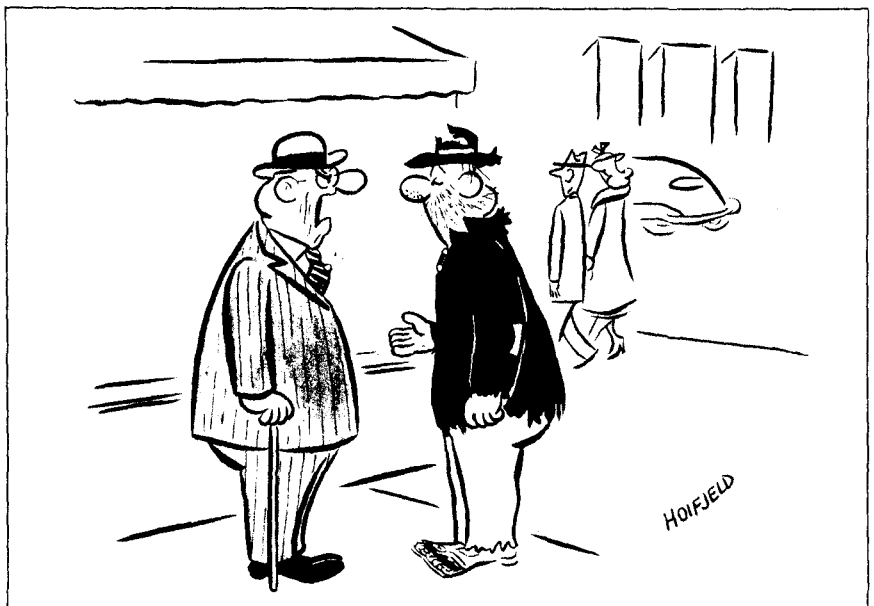
Cohoon said nothing, and a spasm of anger crossed Westerman's face. "Boyd," he said harshly, "you were a fool to come back. If you had just vanished into thin air after your release—well, I would have let you go. A hatred can starve in five years with nothing to feed it. But instead you came back to remind me. That boy was everything to me, Boyd, and you took him from me."

"Hardly that, Mr. Westerman," Cohoon said mildly. "It was one of the passengers who shot Harry, not I."

"You were supposed to cover the passengers," Westerman said. "That was your job! If you had to involve my boy in a robbery, you could at least have done your share! Instead of which you took to your heels at the first sign of trouble and left Harry to be shot down!"

"After Harry had first shot the guard in cold blood," Cohoon said dryly. "Perhaps I hadn't bargained for deliberate murder, Mr. Westerman."

"Oh, I'm sure you had the highest



COLLIER'S **"Don't you fellows ever think of anything else except money?"** NORMAN HOIFJELD

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motives for deserting your partner!" Westerman said sarcastically. "No Cohoon could simply lose his nerve and run, could he? Nevertheless, Harry is dead, and you—" He checked himself abruptly, and rose. "That was five years ago, Boyd. There's no hate left in me now. I simply can't stand having you around." He picked up his hat and walked to the door. "If you leave Sombrero by the first stage out, you will not be harmed. If you choose to stay, however, I will not answer for the consequences."

THAT evening, after washing and shaving in his room, Cohoon left the hotel and walked along Main Street to the new bank building. There he paused to read the bright gold-leaf lettering on the door: *THE MINERS AND STOCKMEN'S BANK—Roger St. Cloud Paradine, Pres.*

Cohoon nodded thoughtfully, and turned and walked down a block the way he had come, swinging into the side street to the south.

The Paradine house looked smaller than he remembered it. Once it had stood alone here, and people had laughed at Colonel Paradine's notion of building his town house in a back alley. Now it seemed that Arroyo Street had become the choice residential thoroughfare of the town. There were lights in the house, and Cohoon walked up onto the porch and knocked.

Francis Paradine opened the door. Cohoon was surprised to see him; somehow young Paradine had practically slipped his memory, which was certainly odd under the circumstances. Francis had been a thin, girlish, blond boy, with a petulant mouth; five years had turned him into a sleek, plump, blond young man.

As he stepped inside, Cohoon heard Mrs. Paradine's voice call from upstairs: "Francis, who is it, darling?"

"It's all right, Mother," Francis called back. "It's just somebody for Claire." He closed the door and gazed at Cohoon blandly. "She's in the library," he said. "She's waiting for you."

Cohoon watched Francis go back up the stairs, noting that he moved with a slight limp; and just then Mrs. Paradine called down fretfully. And so it seemed that nothing had changed much, after all. Cohoon could recall a time when Mrs. Paradine's health had been a matter of great importance to him. He had never entered the house without inquiring about it, or left without expressing hope that it would be improved tomorrow. Now, somehow, he knew that it would never improve; it was a weapon that Mrs. Paradine used against her husband and family, for some reason not clear to him.

A MOVEMENT caused him to look quickly toward the library door. Claire Paradine stood there. "Hello, Boyd," she said quietly.

He had lived this moment a thousand times. He had imagined her greeting him with open arms outside the prison gate; there had also been times when he had visualized her having him turned away from the door. The one possibility he had not conceived was that, at this moment, they would simply stand and look at each other.

Presently he moved forward, not knowing clearly what was in his own mind, and having no idea what was in hers; she stepped back, letting him pass without touching her. When he was inside the library, she closed the door behind him and leaned against it.

He spoke casually, "I see your dad's a banker now, Claire."

"Why, yes," she said. "He gave up the ranch about a year after—about four years ago. Didn't I write you?"

"No," he said, "you didn't write me, Claire."

She went on, a little breathlessly, "Well, it was mostly for Mother's sake; she couldn't stand the heat and dust out at the ranch. Besides, Dad never was much of a cattleman, anyway."

When Cohoon said nothing, she blushed slightly and moved away from the door. She was wearing a pale-blue dress; she had always been partial to blue, he recalled. Her fair hair was put up neatly. She was a small girl, thoroughly feminine-looking, but without giving any impression of helplessness or fragility. He remembered that she had once scrambled down to the river with him, below Black's Ferry where the canyon was reputed to be impregnable. Looking at her now as she stood there, adult and lovely, the memory seemed a little incredible.

HE REMEMBERED another day, too, when he had come to town in the wagon and they had driven to the river again by a trail they had discovered through the hills. The river had a special meaning for them in those days, and at seventeen and nineteen, in love, they had felt immortal. They had wandered too far along the canyon, and then, trying to discover a short way back to town, they had got lost. It was dark before they had found their way again.

He had been driving the team hard along the rudimentary trail, and if it had not been for the moonlight they would have passed the horse and rider without ever knowing it. As it was, Cohoon caught a glimpse of motion in the hills to the right and snatched up his rifle.

Vague thoughts of heroic death had passed through his mind, he remembered. It was something of an anticlimax, therefore, when they topped the next rise and saw the horse still standing where it had been, but with the rider no longer in the saddle.

"Why," Claire had gasped, "that's Frankie's horse!"

Young Paradine had been unconscious when they reached him. A bullet had smashed his thigh. The black silk still about his neck, with the eyeholes in it, told most of the story—although it was only later that they learned of Harry Westerman's part in the business. After checking the bleeding as best he could, Cohoon had untied the mask from about Francis' neck and stuffed it into his own pocket.

"Take him to our place," he had said. "Father knows all about bullet wounds; he'll take care of it until you can get a doctor out. Dr. Bell will keep his mouth shut, I reckon, if your dad talks to him."

She had not asked what he was planning to do; his intentions had been clear enough. He could remember that she had hesitated, and looked down at her unconscious brother. Then she had drawn a long breath, and turned to Cohoon and kissed him. He had lifted Francis into the wagon; then he had climbed onto the boy's lathered horse and ridden away. After all, it was only a little sacrifice he was making now; a moment before he had been prepared to die for her.

The horse gave out soon afterward, and he had destroyed it, letting its final struggles carry it over the canyon edge, where it could never be identified. And

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a few moments later the posse had caught him.

In jail, he had refused to speak for the first day; then Claire had come, with her father.

Colonel Paradine had sent the guard out of earshot and then made his speech. His son's condition was critical; it would kill the boy to be moved, or even disturbed. It would kill Mrs. Paradine to learn that her son had been involved. . . . Cohoon had not listened. He had watched Claire's face, and he had known what she would say by the fact that she would not meet his eyes.

"I'll wait," she had whispered. "I'll wait for you."

There had been, of course, no choice. At nineteen, once you started being a hero, you could not back out even if you wanted to.

THAT had been five years ago. Now Cohoon started to speak and checked himself, not clear in his mind as to what he wanted to say. He took a step forward, and she turned up her face for the kiss. Her lips were cool and remote; her hands passed lightly against his chest, maintaining a safe distance between them.

"I waited," she whispered. "I kept my promise, Boyd. I—I can't help it if—"

"No," he said, masking his feelings. "Well, I reckon I'll be going. Give my regards to your folks."

Claire started to protest, but her words were lost in a noise from the hall. Then they heard Francis' voice: "Mother, please!"

Then the door swung open, and Mrs. Paradine was standing there. "Well, really!" she said. "I wouldn't have believed it if Francis hadn't told me! Young man, I'm amazed that you dare set foot in the home of decent and law-abiding people!"

"Mother!" said Claire sharply; and Colonel Paradine was there, taking his wife by the arm. "I'll take care of this, Francis," the colonel said smoothly. "Help your mother back to her room."

Mrs. Paradine did not move immediately, and Cohoon said, "I'm sorry to have upset you, ma'am. I shouldn't have intruded. It's only natural that you wouldn't want a jailbird in your home."

He walked quickly down the hall toward the front door.

"Boyd!" Claire whispered, from behind him. "Oh, Boyd, she doesn't know; she doesn't understand!"

The thing had gone beyond anger or bitterness; there was nothing left to do but laugh, which he did. "Take it easy, Claire," he said. "The mistake was mine. Five years is a long time."

The colonel came quickly down the hall, putting a hand on Cohoon's arm. "I'm sorry for the misunderstanding, Boyd. Please accept my apology." He cleared his throat, and looked around to make certain his wife was out of hearing. "If you'll come back into the library, I'd like to talk to you, my boy."

They all shared certain features, these Paradines, Cohoon thought; they were all blond with pale skin. The colonel was a straight, smallish man with thinning hair, a long face, and a neat yellow mustache. Holding Cohoon's arm now, he escorted him into the library.

"Claire, perhaps it would be better if you let us talk in private," Colonel Paradine said.

The girl shook her head and seated herself on the sofa.

"Very well," he said and shrugged. "Sit down, Boyd, and let's discuss the situation sensibly. The fact of the matter is very simply this: at considerable cost to yourself you have saved this family untold shame and anguish. We owe you a tremendous debt." He cleared his throat impressively. "It would be presumptuous of us to try to make it up to you. I—er—gather that there was at one time some kind of a romantic understanding between you and my daughter. That, of course, is for you two to settle between you."

"It's settled," Cohoon said dryly.

The colonel glanced quickly toward his daughter; what he saw on her face seemed to give him satisfaction. "I see," he said crisply. "Well, in that case, there is nothing left for me but to do what little I can to make things up to you." He opened a drawer of his desk and brought out a paper-wrapped package. "Five years," he said, "at a nominal salary of two thousand dollars a year would come to ten thousand dollars, which you'll find here. It's a poor repayment for what you've been through, but it will at least help you make a new start somewhere."

Cohoon looked at the package. Well, he thought, you had to hand it to the Paradines; they never did things by halves. When they let you down, they let you down all the way. And when they slapped your face with money, they didn't spare the greenbacks.

HE TURNED his head slowly to look at Claire. She seemed pleased by the magnanimity of her father's gesture. Cohoon drew a long breath and rose; it was time for a quick, courteous refusal. But suddenly he found himself hating these people. It was unbearable to think that they should get five years of his life for nothing. He had to exact some payment, even if only in bank notes that he could never bring himself to use.

He reached for the package. "Thank you, sir," he said coolly, dropping it into his pocket. "That's more than generous."

"Our gratitude goes with it, Boyd," the colonel said smoothly. "Good luck. And when you decide on a place to settle down, write us. We don't like to lose track of our friends."

Outside, Boyd Cohoon walked swiftly away, holding himself under control with an effort. There was no sense in his going around kicking stray dogs, just because the Paradines had acted in a manner anyone but a romantic boy should have been able to predict. Only gradually did the strangeness of the colonel's final words reach his consciousness. Colonel Paradine seemed to take for granted that he, Boyd Cohoon, was leaving this part of the country. Yet Paul Westerman had delivered his ultimatum less than an hour ago, in private. It seemed almost as if the Paradines had known of Westerman's intention in advance.

A movement in the shadows brought Cohoon around quickly, his hand on his knife. "Oh, it's you, Willie," he said, as Marshal Black stepped into the light.

Black said curtly, "Arroyo Street is out of bounds to your kind, Cohoon. Decent citizens are entitled to some protection from the riffraff of the town. If I find you here again, I'll arrest you; and if you resist, I'll shoot you down."

Cohoon said softly, "You take your duties seriously, Willie."

"In your case, it's a pleasure," the young marshal said in the same harsh voice. He glanced toward the lighted house up the street. "You've done her enough harm, Cohoon. Leave Miss Paradine alone."

Cohoon studied the younger man for a long moment and then laughed abruptly. The whole evening had become ridiculous. "A badge is a handy tool for a jealous man," he said. "Good night, Willie."

"Cohoon, you're mistaken in what you're thinking. She barely knows I exist. I wouldn't dare to presume—"

"Why not?" Cohoon asked. "The field is clear."

"Is it?" Bill Black asked bitterly. He pointed up the street, and Cohoon saw the short stocky figure of Paul Westerman ascending the steps of the Paradine house; the door opened, and Westerman went inside. Cohoon laughed mirthlessly and turned and strode away without speaking.

Creek Lane was in full swing when Cohoon reached it. Entering the Double Eagle, he paused briefly inside the door. Francis Paradine was sitting at a table by the wall, accompanied by some other young men and a couple of Miss Bessie's girls.

Young Paradine's attitude made it clear that he was already well on the way to being drunk, although he could not have been here long.

Cohoon found Miss Bessie, the thin-faced proprietress, at the bar. "I'm looking for a girl," he said.

"You'd be Boyd Cohoon," Miss Bessie said. "The resemblance to your brother Jonathan would be quite striking if you had another two inches and forty pounds. Do you have a particular girl in mind?"

He said, "She told me her name was Nan—Nan Montoya. There was something said about a drink on the house."

WHEN Cohoon awoke, he was lying on a cot in a room with adobe walls. His boots had been removed, and there was a blanket over him. He had no memory of how he had got there.

A stout elderly Mexican woman was crouching by the fireplace in the corner. She looked at him without favor, rose, and walked out of the room, but not before he had seen the gleam of the knife in her hand. The door was an archway covered by a Navajo blanket. He heard the sound of voices beyond. The Mexican woman returned and took up her position by the fire, and presently Nan Montoya came in.

"Does *despierto* mean that you're in desperate straits?" she asked, smiling. "It seems likely, considering the amount of whisky you put away last night."

Memory returned to him as he looked at her. She had exchanged last evening's finery for a plain gingham dress, but in his mind he could still see her singing old-time ballads to the rough crowd in the Double Eagle. Afterward, noticing him with Miss Bessie at the bar, she had come to him, seeming glad to see him. Later in the evening, he recalled, there had been some kind of disturbance outside and the place had emptied. She had guided him out by a side door and brought him here—for what purpose he had been in no state to determine. Certainly there had been no romantic passages between them.

Cohoon glanced at the old woman by the fire and grinned. "I reckon it's a good thing I don't walk in my sleep, ma'am," he said to Nan Montoya. "That duenna of yours packs a knife a foot long."

Nan smiled. "I suppose there's no reason why I should set myself above the rest of Miss Bessie's girls by refusing to live at the Double Eagle, but I did, so Miss Bessie sent me here, saying that Jesusa would protect me." The girl laughed. "I had a terrible time getting her even to let you in. *Borracho*, she kept saying, *muy borracho!* I couldn't seem to get across to her that your life was in danger."

Cohoon frowned. "In danger?"

"Why, yes," Nan said. "Miss Bessie pointed out a man she said worked for somebody named Westerman—a big, bearded, dirty-looking man. She said I'd better get you out of there. So when all the shooting started over on Main Street, and everybody ran out to

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look . . ." She shrugged her shoulders. "I still don't know what was going on," she said. "I didn't know anywhere else to take you so I brought you here."

"I'm grateful. But I'm afraid you've put yourself in a bad light, ma'am," he said. "People are apt to think—"

She laughed quickly. "Cohoon, a girl who entertains in a place like the Double Eagle, whatever her duties, hasn't got a reputation to worry about. Tell me, what does *despierto* really mean?"

"It means 'awake,' " he said. "With a name like Montoya, you should know that much Spanish."

She shrugged and said dryly, "His first name was Raoul. Does that help me understand French?" Then her voice became brisk: "Jesusa will have some coffee ready by the time you're cleaned up. I'm going to run over to Miss Bessie's and find out what happened last night."

COHOON went into the other room stripped to the waist and washed himself; the cold water made him feel better. When he came back into the main room of the house, the old woman gave him a mug of coffee.

He squatted down beside the fire to drink it, keeping his mind clear of thought. It was not yet time for thinking. For five years he had cherished a certain picture of the future, adding to it constantly, elaborating and refining it, never allowing himself to doubt it. Now it was gone. Well, he thought wryly, there was no hurry about making new plans; it was better just to get used to being free again, and see how things shaped up.

After a while, Nan came back. She took the cup of coffee offered her by the Mexican woman, sat down on the cot on which Cohoon had slept, and gazed at him thoughtfully.

"I don't ordinarily make a practice of drinking so much, ma'am," Cohoon said apologetically. "Last night was a celebration—I was buryin' a damn' fool."

"Yes," she said. "I know. Miss Bessie was very informative this morning. It appears there's some doubt that the right man went to prison."

Cohoon said, "Not in the jury's mind, ma'am."

"You confessed, and the jury took you at your word, from what Miss Bessie said. She also told me certain other things. There's nothing that hurts quite as much as learning that—that a person who means a great deal to you has played you for a sucker, is there, Cohoon?" There was bitterness in her voice; then she smiled, getting up. "Another cup? And please stop calling me ma'am!"

Cohoon refused more coffee, and crossed the room to get his hat. "I'm heading out for the ranch as soon as I can get an outfit together," he said. "But I'll be back in a couple of days, after I've seen what kind of shape the place is in. If you run into anything Jesusa can't handle, leave word for me at Van Houck's."

She was standing by the fireplace, looking tall and slender in the low, dingy room. "Haven't you learned your lesson yet?" she asked softly. "If what I've heard about you is true, I should think you'd be cured of making romantic gestures. You don't owe me anything. Oh, wait—you're forgetting something."

She went quickly into the other room and came back with a rectangular, paper-wrapped package. "It fell out of your pocket last night," she said. "Naturally I looked inside. It's a good thing you were under my eyes the whole time the robbery was going on, or I'd be doing some wondering this morning!"

"The robbery?"

"Why, yes, the office of some mining company on Main Street was robbed last night, Miss Bessie says. The payroll they got was the one that came into town with us—remember those two men with that big valise?" She held out the package and smiled. "You're too trusting, Cohoon. It's not fair to put so much temptation in a girl's way. Why, with half of what's in there—a quarter, even—I could go away and renounce this life of shame forever."

He looked at the package for a moment, and at the girl who held it. "Take it all," he said.

Her eyes widened. "It would serve you right if I took you up on that."

"Go ahead," he said. "In case you should have doubts, the money was honestly come by. You might even say I earned it."

She looked at him steadily. "I see," she breathed at last. "What Miss Bessie told me was right, then. The girl's name was Paradine, she said. And when you came back, after doing that for her, she had her father pay you off in money! I can see why you needed a drink or two last night."

Cohoon said, "Miss Bessie talks too much."

"But why give it to me?" Nan asked. "What are you buying, Cohoon?"

"For a girl with ten thousand dollars in her hand, you're asking a lot of questions, ma'am."

She studied his face a moment longer and laughed curtly. "All right," she said. "I think I understand. You're buying revenge, aren't you? Very well, I'll do my best to give it to you. At the price, I can't afford to refuse."

WHEN Claire Paradine came into the dining room the next morning, she was surprised to find her brother already seated at the table, slumped forward on his elbows and sipping noisily from a coffee cup held in both hands. "Francis, do you have to drink like that?" she asked.

The boy looked up at her. His eyes were bloodshot, and there was a hint of blond stubble on his chin. "Yes, dear sister, I do have to drink in this manner, since unfortunately my condition precludes my holding the cup steady in any other way," he said. "But I'm not the only person whose hand is shaking this morning, Claire. What nice words did you use on Boyd Cohoon last night?"

She said quickly, "That's none of your—"

"Oh, but it *is* my business," Francis said. "Since, afterward, Cohoon made himself and his frame of mind very conspicuous. He proceeded to drink himself unconscious in the company of one of the entertainers at the Eagle—quite a pretty wench, too. For reasons you'll appreciate, I didn't stay to watch the whole performance."

Claire said stiffly, "I'm not the least bit interested in hearing how Mr. Cohoon spends his time; but your attitude toward him is unseemly, Francis, considering what he did for you."

The boy looked up quickly, and she was startled by the sudden malevolence of his expression. "Don't ever say that!" he told her in a tight, strained voice. "*I* never asked any favors of Boyd Cohoon. What he did, he did for you, not for me. Do you think people don't know what actually happened that night? Sometimes I think everybody in town knows it except your friend Westerman—and sometimes I even wonder about him. I wouldn't be surprised if he knows perfectly well who really held up that stage with Harry, and he just pretends to think it was Cohoon for some sly reason of his own."

"You haven't said anything that would lead him to suspect, have you?" Claire said quickly.

Her brother laughed. "Do you think I'm a fool? Even if I didn't care about my own skin, I wouldn't dream of spoiling your little game, and Dad's. And how much is Dad into him for, anyway?"

"I don't know what you mean," Claire said.

"Dad knows about as much about silver and mining as I do," Francis said. "A clever man like Westerman could take him for every penny he owned—unless there's something Westerman wants more than pennies." Francis laughed again. "We're quite a gang of slave traders, aren't we, Claire? You pay off my debt to society with Boyd Cohoon's body, Dad pays off his debt to Paul Westerman with yours—"

"You're being ridiculous *and* disgusting," Claire said angrily.

Francis chuckled. "You play your game and I'll play mine. As for Boyd Cohoon, of course I hate him. He's the martyred hero, and I'm the precious little fellow who stayed safe at home while another man went to prison in my place. Can I say that I wasn't asked; that I was out of my head from shock and loss of blood; that I didn't even know what had happened until after the trial?"

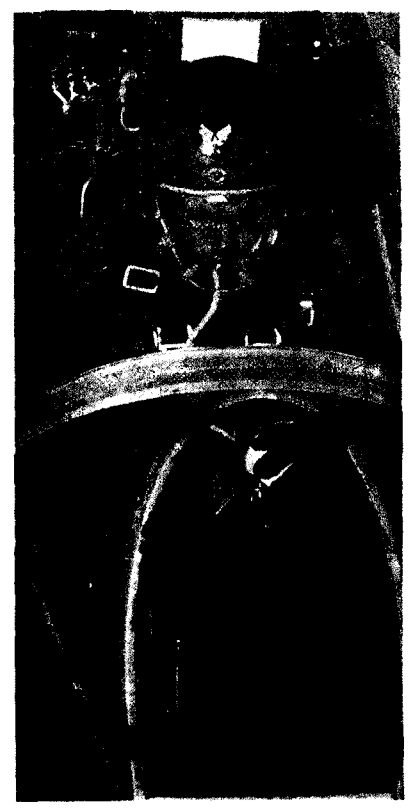
She said sharply, "I did what I thought was best, and so did Dad. There was nothing to prevent you from going to the authorities as soon as you were well—and getting Boyd released, if you didn't like it."

Her brother swung to face her so quickly that for an instant she thought he would strike her. Then the violence seemed to drain out of him, and he got up and started out of the room. "Yes," he said wearily. "There's always that, isn't there?"

FRANCIS had no sooner left than Colonel Paradine came in. From his carefully controlled expression Claire knew that he had stopped at her mother's door, as was his habit, and had as usual received no response to his morning greeting. This was a pattern Claire had known almost all her life. She could remember very clearly the evening it had started. She and Francis had been put to bed, but she had been awakened some hours later by angry voices in the adjoining room. Her mother was laying down an ultimatum: she hated this country, and she and the children were going back to Virginia; the colonel could suit himself. Then she had heard her father explaining, in cold hard words intelligible even to a child, exactly why they had left home immediately after the war, and why they could never go back.

Since then she had never been able

How to Eat At 1,000 MPH



Lt. Ronald O. Mock, Lynden, Wash., shows how liquid food is sucked up through straw inserted in plastic mask

HOW do you like your steak—in liquid form or in the toothpaste tube? Crewmen of the Air Force's new jet aircraft may soon be given such a choice.

As military airplanes get faster and go higher, new problems arise. The latest: How do you feed an airman who must spend hours wearing either an oxygen mask or a spaceman-type helmet and visor? "A pilot or crew member of a 1,000-mile-an-hour jet must fly long periods at high altitudes under great physical and mental stress," says Mrs. Edythe Robertson, a civilian consultant at the Pentagon on the care and feeding of Air Force men. "Unappeased hunger and thirst decrease his combat efficiency."

Crewmen at very high altitudes must wear masks or visors—which means they can't eat normally. And eating is necessary now that jets can be refueled in the air; one plane a few months ago flew more than 47 hours nonstop.

One solution is that old stand-by of science fiction, the food tablet. Commercial food suppliers have made some of these pills in cheese, meat and confection flavors by mixing the ingredients in powder form

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to look at her father without remembering that night. Now, watching him come to the table, she felt the same emotions as always: love and pity and —she could not help it—a little contempt.

Colonel Paradine sat down and said cheerfully, "Well, my dear, I suppose we can start making plans for your wedding, now that the Cohoon thing is settled and your conscience is satisfied. Did you and Paul agree on a date last night?"

"No," she said. "I didn't feel . . ."

Her father cleared his throat, and said, "Claire, I'm involved in some fairly important business dealings with Paul Westerman. I don't mention this as an argument for marrying him, but I think I have the right to insist that you treat him with consideration."

"I know." She toyed with the food on her plate and then, without looking up, she said, "Dad, how important is it to you that I marry him?"

THE colonel glanced at her and looked quickly away. "Important?" he said in a carefully even voice. "Why, I don't know what you mean, my dear. The decision is entirely up to you. But surely you're not thinking of refusing him, after keeping him waiting this long?" Then, as if feeling that he had betrayed himself, he added in an altogether different tone: "Well, I'd better get to the bank, my dear. Let me know what you decide."

"I'll come with you, Dad," Claire said. "I want to do some shopping."

Entering the bank with her father was always a pleasure to Claire Paradine; it was rather like being a princess and inspecting the household troops. She smiled at the guard, at the boy who was sweeping the floor, and at the two tellers. Francis, she noted, had not yet arrived for work. Inside the rear office, the colonel paused to leaf through some papers on his desk.

"Just sit down for a minute, my dear," he said. "I'll be right—yes, what is it, Fergus?"

One of the tellers, a diffident, freckle-faced young man, stood in the doorway. "If you don't mind, I'd like to speak to you privately, sir," he said.

The colonel walked out of the room, and Fergus followed him. They did not close the door. Claire, from where she sat, could hear the younger man's subdued voice; she saw her father's back stiffen. Without looking around, the colonel followed Fergus toward the front of the bank. Drawn by an uneasy curiosity, Claire rose and moved to the open door.

She heard her father's voice, peculiarly strained, say, "Yes. Yes, of course. We'll be glad to open an account for Mrs. Montoya."

Then she saw the person of whom her father was speaking; a rather tall, dark-haired girl in an elaborate, shiny green dress, and a large feathered hat. Yet it was not the costume that held Claire's shocked attention, but what the woman held in her hand: a rectangular packet, with proportions and wrappings that were painfully familiar.

"Ten thousand dollars," Colonel Paradine said thickly. His neck was red with suppressed fury. "Yes, of course, Mrs. Montoya. We are here to serve the public."

COHOON walked up Main Street in the morning sunshine, pausing in front of one of the new buildings to read the lettering over the door: LUCKY SEVEN MINING CO. The windows were shattered and the walls pock-marked by recent gunfire.

As he stood there, Marshal Black came out of the building. "Where were you?" the marshal asked, glancing at the bullet-marked walls.

"Not here," Cohoon said, catching his meaning.

Black said: "You rode into town with that payroll yesterday, Cohoon, and it was stolen last night. I don't like coincidences. *Somebody* sent word to the General that a big payroll had been slipped by him, and so he came here last night to remedy the oversight."

"The General?" Cohoon asked.

"Of course, you wouldn't know about the General," Black said sarcastically. "He's only been operating in this country the last three-four years. One of your fellow convicts undoubtedly told you how to get in touch with him, in case you wanted a job after your release." The marshal laughed sharply. "I know crooks, and how information passes among them, Cohoon. My dad was one, remember? Once a man goes bad, a few years in prison won't cure him—and you're one of the bad ones."

Cohoon said softly, "According to the law, which you're supposed to enforce, I've paid my debt to society."

Black looked at him thoughtfully. "I don't think you were planted on that stagecoach," he said. "I think you just had a lucky break—according to your point of view—and took advantage of it. The General's got spies in town; we know that from the way he operates. For a man with your record it would have been no problem at all to get in touch with him. That's a nice-looking saddle, Cohoon. And a new gun too."

"On credit," Cohoon said. "Ask Van Houck."

"He'd lie for you. It was a mistake, Cohoon. On your part *and* that of the General. He should have stuck to holding up stagecoaches and harassing the outlying mines. He shouldn't have committed a robbery in my town, and you shouldn't have helped him. Tell him that the next time you see him."

The words had an overtone of hurt boyish pride, but the young marshal's expression was serious. After a moment, Black turned abruptly and walked away, heading in the direction of his office.

"Cohoon." He glanced up to see Paul Westerman standing in the doorway of the mine office. "So young Black suspects you of having a hand in the robbery," Westerman said. "That hadn't occurred to me."

Cohoon shrugged. He looked through the doorway into the mining office. "Yours?" he asked.

"The Lucky Seven? Yes, it's one of my enterprises. We're just adding up our losses—subtracting them, I guess I should say." Westerman grimaced ruefully. "Overconfidence, Cohoon. We thought we'd been very clever to get the payroll into town without being noticed. We were expecting no trouble, since the General's never struck in town before. He simply outwitted us."

Cohoon asked, "Who is this 'Gen-

---

and then compressing the mixture. The tablets, which are bite size, are by no means intended to substitute for a normal meal—but they do satisfy hunger cravings and keep the crewmen near peak efficiency.

At extremely high altitudes, however, where the airman must wear a helmet with a visor that can't be lifted, something else is needed. So the experts of the Air Force's Aero Medical Lab at Dayton, Ohio, have developed a liquid meal not unlike diluted baby food. Eleven food companies are working on this project, under Air Force supervision. They are the H. J. Heinz Company, the Gerber Products Company, the Campbell Soup Company, Duffy-Mott Company, Inc. (they make Clapp's Baby Food), Armour & Company, United Fruit Company, Sealtest ice cream and dairy products, Swift & Company, The Borden Company, King & Company, and the International Minerals & Chemicals Corporation. (In addition, the Hershey Chocolate Corporation is at work on the tablets program.)

The companies making liquid food have turned out such preparations as homogenized beef and vegetables, milk combinations, strained egg yolks and ham, and other combinations high in energy value.

The foods are packed in cans; the pilot punches a hole in the can and feeds himself through a long flexible plastic straw that runs from the can to an airtight hole in his face visor—either sucking up the liquid or holding up the can so the food will flow to him by gravity.

But the liquid meal also has a drawback: a jet cockpit has storeroom for only a few cans—too few for a really long mission. Experts seeking a solution to that problem came up with the toothpaste-tube idea—essentially the same as the liquid-food system, except that the food would be reduced to paste, rather than liquid, consistency. The pilot would insert the tube in his visor and squeeze out a lunch.

A lot of time and trouble is going into the food program, and Mrs. Robertson explains why. "Food," she says, "has become an integral part of the Air Force's weapons system." —JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.

Mrs. Edythe Robertson, USAF food expert, tests experimental concoctions on husband Walter

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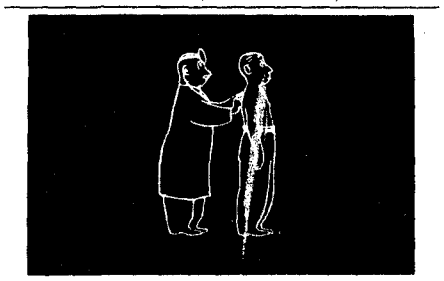

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eral' everyone's talking about, Mr. Westerman?"

"The man who knows that is in a fair way to earning himself a reward—which I have just doubled, making it two thousand dollars." Westerman shrugged. "Oh, we know something about him, of course. He's supposed to have come across the border two jumps ahead of the rurales; I guess he'd tried his hand at revolution down there like most of those fellows. That was four years ago; now he's got himself a gang of outlaws and has settled down to live comfortably off the *Americanos*. He wears a fancy uniform and hides out in the malpais to the north. You know how much chance a posse of citizens has of catching a gang of twenty-thirty armed outlaws in that mess of black rock."

Westerman shook his head. "We don't even try any more, as you can see," he said. "The last posse got itself pretty badly shot up. The fellow we're after now is the man here in town who supplies him with his information. If we ever find that man, we'll stretch his neck in a quick and final way, Cohoon. You might keep that in mind."

Cohoon said, "If this General's been operating for four years, I've got a pretty good alibi."

"Maybe. But people aren't very reasonable when they're aroused."

"I thank you for the warning, Mr. Westerman," Cohoon said.

"I gave you another warning, Boyd. There'll be a stage south the day after tomorrow. Be on it."

They looked at each other for a silent moment; then Cohoon grinned and walked off without speaking.

FROM a friend of Van Houck's Cohoon got a good bay gelding and a pack mule, and then he set out for the Grant. He wanted a look at his property, the land where he had spent his boyhood. It was pleasant to be astride a horse again, and he rode down Main Street at an easy gait.

As he neared the bank, a woman in a green dress came out and crossed the street ahead of him, and he saw that it was Nan Montoya.

"You're all dressed up for a party," he said, when he had come up to her.

She smiled. "The party's over—your money's in the bank. I dressed up for the occasion, thinking you'd want me to look the part I was playing."

"It's your money," he said.

"As you wish." She smiled again, wryly. "You'll be pleased to know that the Paradine girl was there when I made the deposit. She would have loved to scratch my eyes out. Her father looked as if he'd swallowed a bad egg. It's too bad you couldn't have watched, Cohoon, since you're paying so high for your revenge."

He said, "Aren't you jumping to conclusions, ma'am?"

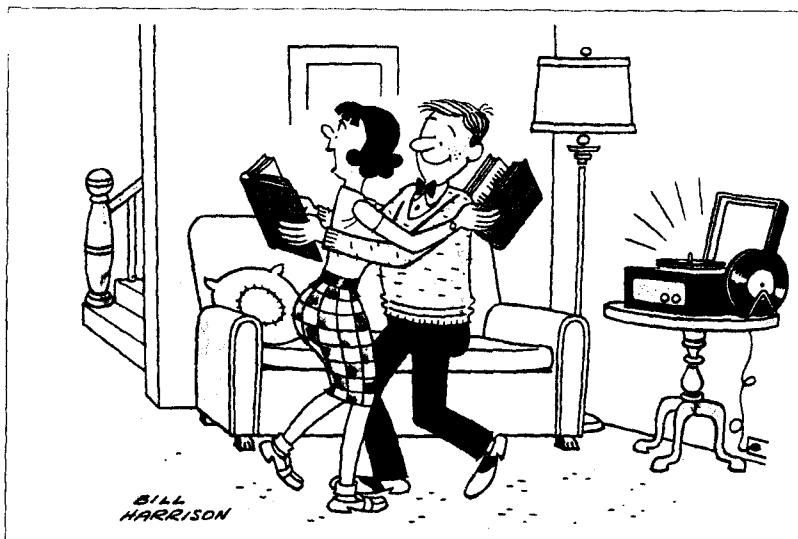
She shook her head quickly. "I don't think so. You could have refused the money, couldn't you? But you wanted to hurt her, so you gave it to me. Well, she's thinking just what you wanted her to think, so I feel that I've earned my pay. It was a little distasteful, but a girl in my position can't afford to be choosy. Any time you have more money to dispose of in the same way, why, drop around."

There was anger and some contempt in her voice, and he felt a quick regret: he had repaid her badly for her kindness of the night before. Giving her the money had been an impulsive gesture. Superficially he had meant no harm, but she had seen his deeper motives, of which he himself had hardly been aware.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," he said. "I apologize. To you. Not to her."

After a moment, she smiled. "You seem to have a habit of going off half-cocked, don't you, Cohoon? And please stop calling me ma'am."

He raised his hat as she turned away. She walked down the street serenely, as if unconscious of the critical glances that followed her.



COLLIER'S **"But, Mom, we *are* studying"** BILL HARRISON

Cohoon got an outfit from Van Houck's store, packed it on the mule and then walked across the street to the hotel to pick up his belongings. When he stopped at the desk on his way out, the clerk was speaking to a stranger, a young man in Eastern clothes.

"No, sir," the clerk said, "we have no lady of that description staying here. What did you say the name was?"

"Wyatt," the young man said. "Miss Nancy Wyatt. I'm very anxious to get in touch with her. You'd know her if you saw her—she's very striking. I've traced her clear from San Francisco—"

He broke off when be became aware of Cohoon's presence.

After Cohoon had settled his hotel bill, he hesitated for a moment, glancing at the Easterner, who looked pale and very young. This was a boy—a boy with romantic notions, who had apparently followed a dream several thousand miles west to San Francisco, and another thousand miles back south and east again to Arizona Territory. And now, after all that traveling, his dream was still bright.

Cohoon turned and walked away. He himself had gone a long way for a dream once, and had discovered how little dreams were worth.

WILLIAM BLACK studied his visitor without enthusiasm: these Easterners had notions about the law and its enforcement that were far removed from Western realities. The young man's description of the girl he sought had meant nothing to the marshal. "Would you have a picture of her, Mr. James?" Black asked.

"Why, yes," said James, and got out a photograph in a small, flat leather case. "This was taken three years ago," he said. "We—we were about to be married."

Black studied the picture for a moment. A hint of recognition stirred in his mind. "You were to be married?" he said. "Then I presume this is not a criminal matter—"

"Of course not!"

"Then the matter is somewhat outside my jurisdiction, Mr. James," the marshal said. "But leaving the law out of it, I can offer some advice: If I were you, Mr. James, I would go back home."

The Easterner looked up quickly, startled. He said, "You do know something about Nancy! You've seen her!"

Black pushed the photograph gently across the desk. "You say this picture was made three years ago. I reckon the young lady disappeared from wherever she lived—"

"Boston."

"—disappeared from Boston about that time?"

"It was about six months later, three days before the—" James checked himself.

Black said, "Two and a half years. People can change in two and a half years, Mr. James."

James got to his feet abruptly. "I don't care to hear what you have to say! Where is she, Marshal? All I want to know is where to find her!"

BLACK stared across the desk; he would, he told himself, have liked to spare the youth in front of him—actually no younger than himself—but it would have been a mistaken kindness. "I can't be sure from the picture, Mr. James," he said. "However, a young lady like her did arrive on the stagecoach yesterday, in the company of an unsavory character named Cohoon, just freed after serving a five-year term in the Territorial Prison for armed robbery. That's why I suggested it might be better if you returned home."

"*And Nancy is associated with him?*"

"She arrived in town with him," Black said, and told of Cohoon's staying at the girl's house the previous night—the night of the robbery at the mining company—and of the $10,000 she had deposited in the bank that morning.

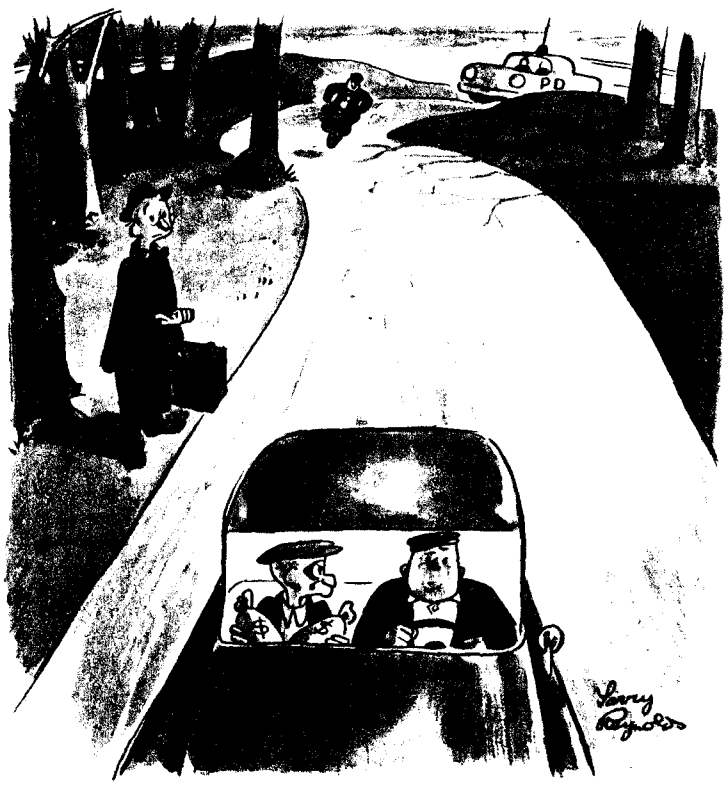
"*Just tell me where to find her,*" James said flatly.

Black told him and, with a slight feeling of shame, watched the young Easterner retrieve his photograph and walk toward the door; perhaps, in his dislike of Cohoon, he had painted the picture too black, he thought. Yet to the best of his knowledge he had said nothing that was not true.

THE road Cohoon was following led northeast from Sombrero across the greasewood plains, past the great rock—worn by wind and sand into a shape resembling a wide-brimmed hat—that had given the town its name. Four miles out of town, he paused at the junction with the old road from the south.

This had once been the main trail into this part of the country, crossing the rugged Candelaria Mountains by way of Coyote Pass, and the river at Yellow Ford. But it had never been easy for wagons, and when John Black had put in his ferry thirty miles to the east, traffic had shifted in that direction. Since that time the old trail over the mountain had fallen into disuse, and the portion of it between his father's Diamond C and this point had been used only by the Cohoons and their riders on the way to town.

BUTCH



COLLIER'S **"You needn't feel mean. It's against the law to hitchhike anyways, Butch"** LARRY REYNOLDS

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Under the circumstances, Cohoon knew, there should have been no traffic over this trail for the past two years. Yet at some time since he had last been over this road, heavy wagons had used it for a considerable period of time, long enough to cut deep ruts that wind and sand—and the scant rain of this country—had not yet obliterated. The marks were deeper and wider than any ranch vehicle would leave, no matter how heavily loaded.

Cohoon frowned thoughtfully, dismounted, and walked a little distance along the tracks, stopping to pick up a chunk of gray granite rock. It looked to his inexpert eye like the rock that formed the core of the Candelarias, exposed on the higher slopes, but it contained veins of a darker material.

Cohoon tossed the rock aside; he knew little about prospecting and mining. But in any case it seemed that, at some time since he had gone to prison five years ago, ore had been hauled this way, presumably from a mine on the near north slopes of the Candelarias. At a more recent date, perhaps only a few days ago, the traffic had stopped.

He reached the river a little before noon and made a small fire. It was pleasant to be alone, responsible to no one but himself.

After eating, he took a strip of rawhide and his father's broken Henry rifle from his bedroll. He soaked the rawhide until it was soft and flexible, and then used it to splice the rifle stock. The rawhide, drying, would shrink up tight.

He cleaned the gun—dusty from two years of idleness—checked the action, loaded it, and shoved it into the saddle scabbard, after which he packed up again and headed across the ford. The threatening rumble of the rapids upstream reached him clearly. Looking to the left, he could see the yellow torrent pouring out of the canyon, spreading out into the shallows.

TO THE south, the road climbed upward through a steep canyon that cut back through the yellow cliffs. Halfway up, he checked his horse and dismounted, tying it and the mule in the shadow of an overhanging cliff. Then he moved out to the edge of the road, from which he could look straight down the canyon to the ford. He squatted there in the sunshine, absently rolling a cigarette, lighting and smoking it.

Presently he saw a rider, followed by two others, come down to the river from the north and make the crossing. At this distance it was hard to tell with certainty, but he thought the man in the lead had a beard. He remembered that a bearded man had tried to pick a fight with him within half an hour of his arrival in Sombrero, and had then, that same evening, been stalking him in the Double Eagle.

He walked over to his horse and lifted the rifle out of the scabbard, far enough to examine the splice he had made; it looked strong enough to stand the shock of recoil if he should have to do any shooting. Then he mounted, feeling a certain bitterness that he was not being allowed to make this pilgrimage home in peace. At the top of the slope, he reined in without conscious thought. The view had not changed, and he sat for several minutes looking at the rolling grasslands ahead, sweeping up like a golden wave—tinged with the green of spring—toward the formidable wall of the Candelarias, twenty miles to the south.

He could see it all clearly in his mind, even the land that was beyond the immediate range of his vision. The Grant was roughly rectangular in shape, bounded on the north by the deep and winding canyon of the river and its adjoining badlands, on the south by the mountains, and on the east and west by the new road and the old.

It was a good location, Cohoon reflected, and the land itself was good.

Suddenly eager to have this over with, he kicked the horse into motion and slashed at the mule, heading for home. When he reached it, the ranch house looked like all the other adobe ruins that dotted this country, marking places where people had once lived. Only the massive, blackened walls were still standing.

COHOON stopped in the weed-grown yard but did not dismount. Curiously, the destruction before him meant nothing in that moment. A house was nothing without people, and he had already resigned himself to the fact that the people were gone. With the new bridge in, he told himself, there was no longer any reason for living at this end of the Grant. There was a location over to the east by Willow Spring that would be more suitable for a ranch headquarters now.

A sound in the brush nearby brought him around with a start, to see a cow and a calf break cover like deer and head up the slope away from him. On an impulse, he dropped the mule's lead rope and headed after them, cutting the horse hard for a burst of speed that brought him alongside the cow. He looked for the Diamond C brand, and it was there. It gave him a strange feeling of release to see it; he felt that he was home after being away too long.

He checked the horse, letting the cow race on ahead. It disappeared over the ridge, the calf following. He watched them go, and so became aware of the small cloud of dust that hung against the Candelaria foothills, moving slowly to the left. He studied it for about a minute, turned back and recaptured the mule and headed toward the mountains at a deliberate jog trot. On the other side of the ridge above the burned-out ranch, he saw the new road, and on it were two heavily laden ore wagons lumbering steadily eastward. Presently he was close enough to read the markings on their sides: *Lucky Seven Mining Co.*

The picture was suddenly quite clear in his mind. His father would never have given permission to haul ore across the Grant, certainly not to any company belonging to Paul Westerman. Therefore, while Ward Cohoon was alive, the ore could not be hauled directly to the new road south; Westerman's drivers had been forced to make a detour north by way of Yellow Ford and Sombrero, with the loss of mules and equipment and more than two days of time. Then Ward and Jonathan Cohoon had died, shot down on the same day; and with no one to stop them, the wagons had broken a new, short road directly to the east across the Grant.

This explained a great many things, Cohoon thought, including why Paul Westerman had been so eager to have him leave town. But it left one burning question still unanswered: Had Westerman merely taken advantage of two murders, or had he caused them?

The sound of a shot behind him made Cohoon look around quickly; the riders he had seen earlier were coming over the ridge toward him.

—DONALD HAMILTON

(This is the first of three parts)

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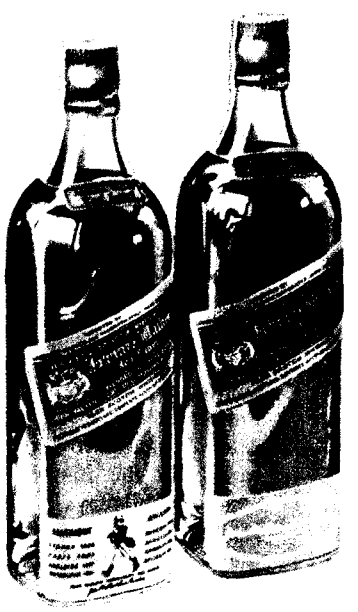

What Wonderful Whisky!

Smooth, suave, mellow . . . the choice of connoisseurs the world over. That's Johnnie Walker—Scotch from Scotland, and Scotch at its best *always. Red Label ...Black Label...both 86.8 proof.*

JOHNNIE WALKER

Blended Scotch Whisky

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., *Sole Importer.*

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Your Stake in the OLYMPICS

By BILL DAVIDSON

ONE of the great dramas of sports took place at the 1936 Olympics in Berlin, when Adolf Hitler left his box at the stadium rather than congratulate Jesse Owens of the United States, winner of four Olympic first-place medals. It was a bitter pill for the Fuehrer for he had mobilized the German nation to dominate the Olympic games and thus prove his racial theories. To Owens, however, that Olympics was the supreme moment of his life. Owens (now a consultant on problems of juvenile delinquency in Chicago) recently told me, "I went to Berlin to run for the United States—not to shake hands with Hitler."

Today, another totalitarian power—Russia—is mobilizing its might to overwhelm the rest of the world in the 1956 Olympic games in Melbourne, Australia. The intention of the U.S.S.R. is to establish athletic supremacy as vindication of their system of government and way of life. And again—as with Germany in 1936—only two things stand in their way: the stubborn American ideal of pure amateurism—sports for the sake of sports alone; and the unquenchable spirit of American athletes who—like Jesse Owens—eschew politics and rise to heights of greatness on no other fuel than competitive inspiration.

How do we bring these forces to bear? The task is formidable. The Russians have established a Committee on Physical Culture and Sport which has cabinet rank. Every year, the Soviet government appropriates hundreds of millions of rubles for amateur sports and, in addition, every collective farm, every village, every union must spend part of its budget on the development and training of potential Olympic athletes.

When U.S. Olympic official Avery Brundage visited the Soviet Union in 1954, he saw running tracks hewed out of the wilderness in remote areas of the country. He saw 34,000 gymnasts take part in a gigantic demonstration in Dynamo Stadium in Moscow, and no less than 900 volleyball teams competing against one another in Tbilisi, the capital of the Georgian Republic. He found out that the government finances athletic meets and pays the transportation expenses of athletes from all over the vast country. He learned that a total of *four million* track-and-field athletes are actively competing in the Soviet Union (compared with the little more than 100,000 in the U.S.).

Not only that, but it is understood that the Soviet government has established a huge Olympic training camp in the Uzbek Republic in Central Asia—a carefully selected site where climatic conditions are almost exactly the same as they will be in Australia. For the same reason, Soviet Olympic athletes are sent to compete in south China, where, again, the conditions closely resemble those they will have to face in Melbourne.

In the meantime, what have we been doing in the United States? A good example is our 1948 and 1952 Olympic 800-meter champion, Mal Whitfield, who has moved to southern California to train for the Melbourne games at his own expense. But that's the way it should be. As the 1952 Olympic pole-vault champion, the Reverend Robert Richards, puts it, "It would be easy enough to get the government to finance the Olympic team—but that's not the American way of doing things."

J. Lyman Bingham, executive director of the U.S. Olympic Committee, agrees. He says, "We've always followed the policy that we don't want the U.S. government to pay the bill. Also, we don't want to raise money the way a country like Italy does by collecting millions through national lotteries and football pools. We have an almost insurmountable job this year. We must get $1,000,000 from the American people to send our team to far-off Australia—almost half as much as what we had to spend for past Olympics. But we feel that the only way we can maintain the pure competitive spirit which gives us our only chance to overcome the Russian advantage in 1956, is to rely on the American method of personal, individual contributions."

The most effective salesmen of this method are our Olympic champions of the past. The Reverend Richards declares, "State Department officials have told me that when we go overseas as pure amateurs with no government connections, we accomplish more in two weeks than they do in six years. At the 1952 games, I'm sure that the Russian athletes developed friendship and respect for us that they carried back to their country. I learned one Russian word, *'horasho,'* which means 'very good,' and I used it every time one of the Russian vaulters cleared the bar. In the same way, they kept coming up to me to say, 'bootiful,' after my jumps. When I won the championship, the top Russian vaulter, Denisenko, picked me up and swung me around in a bear hug. I was criticized by some American sports writers for submitting to this, but my answer is, 'There wasn't time to wire the State Department in Washington for permission.' "

Olympic diving champion Major Sammy Lee looks at it another way. Lee, an American of Korean extraction who now practices medicine in Santa Ana, California, says, "It was tremendously important for me to compete in the Olympics because I wanted to show the other countries of the world that the minority Oriental portion of American society plays an important part here in the United States. I wanted to provide a rebuttal to the Communist claim to the 600,000,000 native peoples of Southeast Asia that the United States is out to use them for its own colonial purposes. If the American people don't come through with contributions to send a full team to Australia and the government must help out, I'm sure the Russians will say that a decadent democratic country had to fall back on the Communist way of sponsoring athletic programs—that free enterprise is a weaker means of fund raising than the state-sponsored allotment system."

Mal Whitfield stresses the competitive values. He says, "In Russia, every boy wants to be an athlete simply because it means better living—three square meals a day and a big step up the economic ladder. It's a job, rather than fun. I think our way is the reason Horace Ashenfelter was able to come from nowhere to beat the heavy favorite, Vladimir Kazantsev, in the 3,000-meter steeplechase at the Helsinki games."

Ashenfelter, an FBI agent, confirms this. He told me, "I got the feeling that Kazantsev was just interested in holding onto his scholarship, while I was giving it the old college try." Jesse Owens concurs. "An inspired surge like Ashenfelter's," he says, "can only come out of our kind of sportsmanship. In a state-sponsored totalitarian system, there is no sense of self-sacrifice and the athletes tend to become mechanical."

THERE IS NO GREATER exponent of this theory than Marine Lieutenant Bob Mathias, who won the Olympic decathlon in 1948 and 1952. Mathias says, "I'm trying to teach that spirit to every kid in the San Joaquin Valley, where I live, in California. There's a discus or a high-jump standard in nearly every back yard. The kids are doing a lot of damage to the flower beds in my home town, but with a little financial help from the American people, they've got the spirit to keep us on top in the Olympics for many years to come."

And so we come to the question of how we're going to provide that financial assistance for the greatest challenge we've ever had to face in the Olympic games. More than 800 junior chambers of commerce, aided by other national organizations, and with the approval of the NCAA, have been doing an effective job of collecting money for the Olympics at college football games. Also, there have been dinners and fund-raising spectacles all over the country. But the most direct way of contributing is to enter the contest on the following two pages. The editors of Collier's feel that this cause is so worth while that they have donated free advertising space to the U.S. Olympic Committee.

When you send in your two-dollar donation, remember the words of Bob Richards, who says, "It's not even important that we win; it's important that we be there. One of the most dramatic sights in the world is when the games begin. All national flags are lowered and the Olympic flag is raised. Then a great flock of pigeons is released, as a symbol of peace, and a 1,000-voice choir sings the Hallelujah Chorus as thousands of athletes repeat the Olympic oath together.

"After that, by their performance, our athletes can do the work of a thousand ambassadors to promote our way of life—and world friendship."

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Russia is spending millions in government funds and has mobilized all its might to win the 1956 games.
But the U.S. team gets no official financing; it relies entirely on each citizen's contribution and self-sacrifice
—because that's the way a democracy works

The U.S. team—athletes who do the work of a thousand ambassadors—marches around the stadium at Helsinki on the opening day of the 1952 Olympics

BILL STAPLETON

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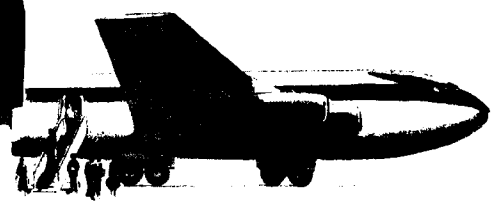
2 FREE ROUND-TRIP AIR TICKETS TO AUSTRALIA AND $30,000.00 IN CASH!

If You Will Help Send Our United State: Athletes to the 1956 Olympic Game:

Never before have our Olympic teams had to travel so far as they will to take part in the games of the XVI Olympiad to b held at Melbourne, Australia, Nov. 22nd to Dec. 8, 1956, and in the VII Winter Olympic Games to be held at Cortina, Ital Jan. 26th to Feb. 5th. Never before have United States teams faced such determined competition as they will from the mor than 70 nations expected to participate. Our Olympic athletes depend on your voluntary contributions to raise the func needed to send them to the 1956 Olympic Games. The United States Olympic Committee most sincerely invites YOU t participate in this stimulating Fund-Raising Puzzle Game. You will have the thrill of "matching wits" with puzzlers ever where. You may be the lucky winner of $30,000.00 in cash. You will have the fun of playing this exciting Game and th *satisfaction of helping support your United States Olympic Team.*

2 Round-Trip Air Tickets to the 1956 Olympic Games at Melbourne, Australia plus $500.00 in cash for "spending money".



SEND $2 DONATION
with Puzzle Answer and Qualify
to win $4,000.00

Send your Initial Puzzle with your donation of $2 to the United States Olympic Committee TODAY—and you will receive *by return mail* full details on how you can qualify for an EXTRA ADDED PROMPTNESS BONUS which may be $1,500.00 in cash, $3,000.00 in cash or a trip for two to the 1956 Olympic Games at Melbourne, Australia.

Enter Now—Here's How

The object of this puzzle is to place words in each name section in such a manner as to obtain the highest possible point total. You are not required to fill all letter blanks, but it is necessary that all words interlock or join together. Use names selected from the Master Word List, and no name may be used more than once. Spell from top to bottom for upright or vertical names, and from left to right for horizontal names. The "Key" name "OLYMPIC" and the 12 "Key" letters spotted on the chart must remain in the positions they now occupy. One letter square at either the beginning or the end of a name section may be left blank.

All persons who have entered any previous Gemeroy-supervised puzzle contest are eligible and most cordially invited to enter this new Olympic Contest. If you have never before taken part in a Gemeroy puzzle game, start right now and learn how much fun it is.

An Invitation to You...

Participation of our United States athletes in the Olympic Games depends entirely upon voluntary contributions. There is no subsidy or any other financial support from any branch of government.

That is why we are inviting all friends of the Olympic Games and of United States Olympic teams to participate in this national fund-raising puzzle contest, which is being conducted by the G. F. Gemeroy organization from the Olympic Committee puzzle-contest headquarters in Seattle, Washington.

If you are unable for any reason to enter this exciting contest, we invite you to send contributions to the United States Olympic Fund in any amount directly to the Executive Offices of the United States Olympic Committee, Biltmore Hotel, New York 17, New York.

J. LYMAN BINGHAM, *Executive Director*
United States Olympic Committee

HERE ARE "CLUES" TO HELP YOU GET STARTED

In starting to solve the puzzle, begin with a name that will join and interlock with the "O" in "OLYMPIC." We suggest here a 6-letter name with "O" as second letter. In the 5-letter section starting with "P" in "OLYMPIC," you *must use* a 5-letter word beginning with "P." Your next step is to look over the Word List for a 5 or 6-letter name that will interlock with the "C" in "OLYMPIC." To help you get a proper start, it is clear that two of the words to use to interlock with the Keyword "OLYMPIC" are "MORNER" (the second letter of which will interlock with the "O") and "LEUCHT" (the fourth letter of which will interlock with the "C").

DO NOT ATTEMPT TO FILL ALL THE BLANK SQUARES

Now carry on as directed above, until you have placed a name in each name section so that vertical and horizontal words "interlock." Remember that you are not required to fill all the blanks in each name section, and as you proceed, you will discover that a number of letter squares *must be left blank* in order to solve the puzzle. For example, in the 7-letter word section, at the top right side of the chart, starting down from the letter "D" a 6-letter word must be used since there is no 7-letter word beginning with "D." As you will see, the word to use here has to be "DUPONT."

How to add up your total score

Each letter used in solving the puzzle is given a definite point value (see letter chart) and the 32 interlocking or connecting letters (which have all been circled) are given triple (3 times) their regular value. (It is not necessary to show the letter values in each letter square.) After completing your chart by using suitable connecting words, add up each of the horizontal rows of letters and place these sub-totals in the long ladder-like column at the right of the puzzle (see specimen solution). The object is to obtain the Highest Possible Grand Total when these sub-totals are added together. This Grand Total simply is the total value of all the letters in your entire puzzle, including the letters in the "Key" word "OLYMPIC" and each of the "Key" letters, not forgetting to include the triple values where such occur.

Place your total score in the blank square marked "GRAND TOTAL," and then clip out and mail your completed puzzle with your donation of $2 to the United States Olympic Committee. Residents of the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico who donate $2 are eligible to enter this "Olympic Games" Fund-Raising Campaign.

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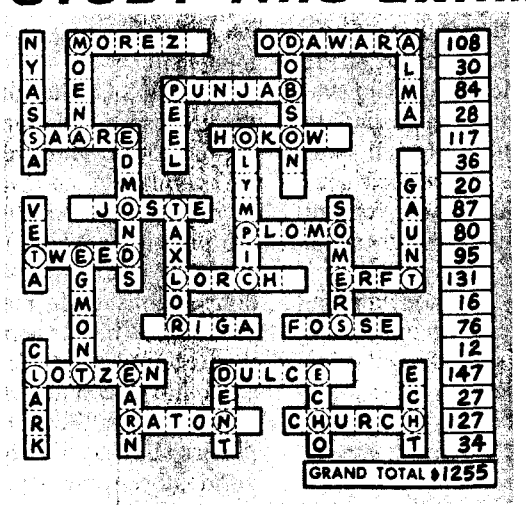
0 Lucky Winners in is Big Puzzle Contest $70,000.00 Given in Cash Prizes!

0 lucky people are going to share the giant jackpot of cash totaling 0,000.00! YOU may be the one to win the 1st GRAND AWARD of 0,000.00—a FORTUNE for your very own! Or you may win 2nd Prize of 0,000.00; 3rd Prize of $5,000.00; 4th Prize of $3,000.00; 5th Prize of ,000.00; or one of 595 other generous cash awards.

Here's a brand-new fun-puzzle contest made-to-order for you. It's exciting; s thrilling; and the rules are crystal-clear. You don't need dictionaries or ference books. There are no word pictures to identify. You know exactly hat words to use and how to spell them. There's no worry or uncertainty. mply take a pencil *right now* and see for yourself what fun it is. How high score can YOU obtain in this fascinating puzzle?

STUDY THIS EXAMPLE CHART



In the above example solution, the same "Key" word "OLYMPIC" and the same 12 "Key" letters are retained as are employed in the official "Olympic Stars" puzzle.

To show the proper procedure, a different list of words is used in this specimen solution. Consequently the Grand Total here is not a suggestion as to the High Score to be achieved with the Official Word List nor are the blank squares intended to indicate that those same squares would be blank in your solution. Do not attempt to fill all the squares in the Official Chart with letters, as it's completely impossible to solve the puzzle if all the letter squares are filled.

Study the method of scoring up the horizontal rows of letters in the long ladder-like column, which when added together, produce the Grand Total.

emi-Final Tiebreaker Mailed Immediately

ach contestant who submits a Grand Total core to this Initial Puzzle that is within 25 oints of the Correct High Score will pro- eed at once to the Semi-Final Tiebreaker.

The same day we receive your Initial Puzzle olution—if qualified under the 25-point ile—we will rush by First Class Mail your emi-Final Tiebreaker with Complete Rules, nstructions and Master Word List. This iebreaker will be similar to the Initial uzzle, but will contain more name sections nd a larger name list.

The popular "Qualifying Score Rule" xclusive with Gemeroy-Supervised Contests ill continue in the Semi-Final Tiebreaker. f you submit a Qualifying Score within 50 oints of the Maximum High, you will then e eligible to proceed to the Final Tiebreaker *ithout any further donation required.* If neces- ary, in the event of ties, consecutive Tie- reaker puzzles, not to exceed two more, ill be employed to determine the 600 Prize Winners. All Tiebreakers will be Word Games imilar in style to the Semi-Final Puzzle.

Officially Sponsored

The United States Olympic Committee, whose Executive Offices are at the Biltmore Hotel, New York City, has appointed G. F. Gemeroy—America's most experienced Contest Man—to conduct this fund-raising puzzle contest. At the request of the Olympic Committee and under their direction and authority, this contest is being conducted from the National Headquarters of the Gemeroy Organization in Seattle, Washington, where previous Gemeroy supervised contests have originated. ALL NET PROCEEDS are for the benefit of the United States Olympic Committee to help pay the cost of sending our United States teams to the 1956 Olympic Games in Australia and Italy. As a guarantee that all prizes will be paid promptly and in full, $70,000.00 in cash has been deposited in a Special Prize Winners Trust Account in the Seattle-First National Bank here in Seattle. At the close of this Contest, every entrant will receive a complete list of Prize Winners as well as photostats of the First and Second Prize Winners' actual winning solutions.

Bonus Awards for Prompt Action!

With your Semi-Final Tiebreaker you will receive a Special Offer whereby you will have the option of increasing your $2 donation, and by so doing you can "step up" the value of your First Prize Award from $4,000.00 to $8,000.00, $12,000.00, $20,000.00 or $30,000.00. However, anyone who achieves a Qualifying Score in this Initial Puzzle and in the Semi-Final Tiebreaker Puzzle will be eligible for the "Finals" without any additional donation required. We reserve the right to use qualifying puzzles different from the one on this page, but anyone who enters through this puzzle will be officially qualified for the Semi-Final Tiebreaker, provided his score is within 25 points of the maximum.

Send your Initial Puzzle Entry today, and learn how you can qualify for Special "Promptness Bonuses" which can be $1,500.00 in cash, $3,000.00 in cash or TWO ROUND-TRIP AIR TICKETS to the 1956 Olympic Games at Melbourne, Australia with $500.00 in cash for "spending money."

So get busy right now. See how easy and how much fun this "Olympic Stars" Puzzle Game is to solve. Then clip it out and mail with your $2 contribution to the United States Olympic Committee, 209 Mutual Life Building, Seattle 4, Washington. You may send your donation in cash, money order or by personal check made payable to the United States Olympic Committee.

"OLYMPIC STARS" Master Word List

Use Only Words From This List

AUFFRAY	FLACK	LOWE	ODDBORN	SCOTT
BAHR	FOSS	LYSAK	OSBORN	SERGO
BATE	HENIE	MATHIAS	OWENS	TAYLOR
BAYAERT	HILL	MAYER	PAHUD	THORPE
BILGE	HOUSER	MEDICA	PAPP	TOLAN
CRABBE	KAUHN	MORNER	PEARCE	TYSOE
DAVIS	KERR	NADI	PEREZ	VAST
DEBRET	KOTKAS	NAMBU	PORTER	VOIGT
DUPONT	LEUCHT	NEMETH	PROKOP	WAMBST
ELEK	LEWIS	NURMI	RITOLA	WILLS
	LOOMIS		ROTH	

LETTER VALUES	
A-5	
B-8	
C-6	
D-7	
E-5	
F-8	
G-5	
H-9	
I-5	
J-8	
K-6	
L-9	
M-6	
N-6	
O-6	
P-7	
Q-8	
R-4	
S-6	
T-8	
U-4	
V-9	
W-4	
X-9	
Y-9	
Z-9	

UNITED STATES OLYMPIC COMMITTEE

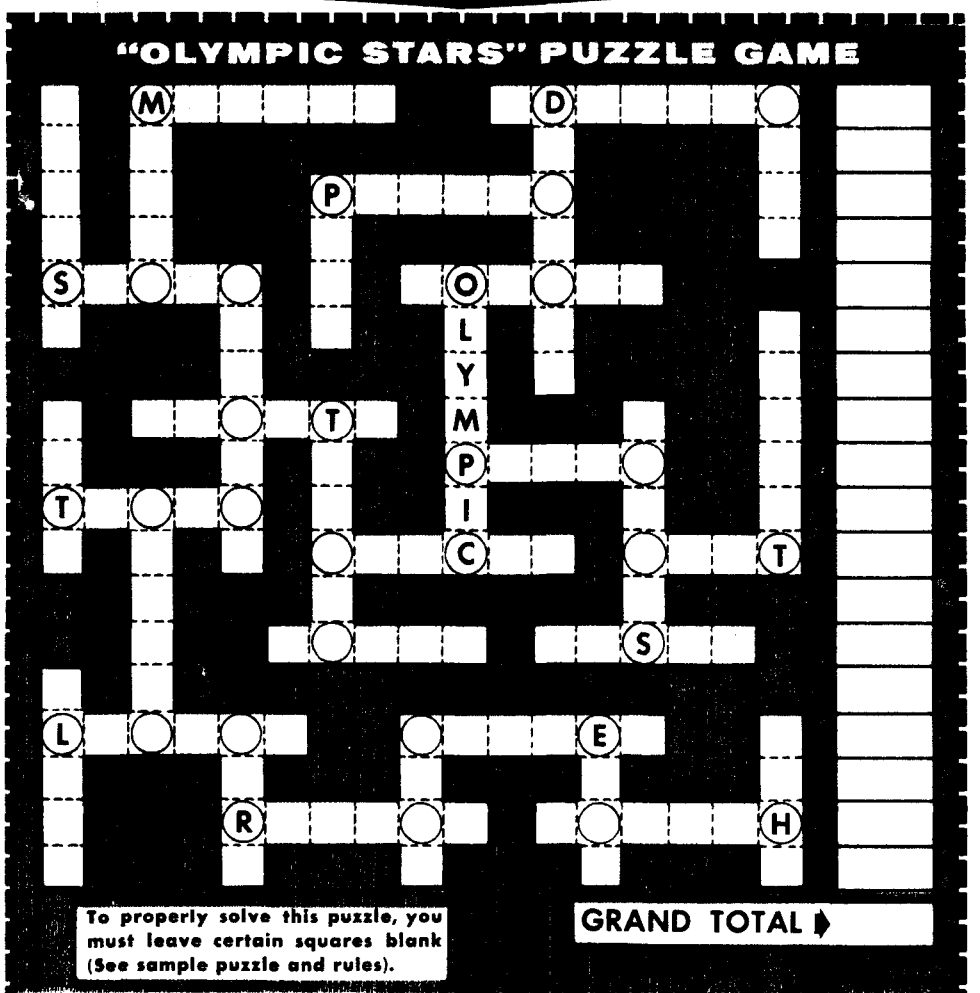
PUZZLE FUND-RAISING HEADQUARTERS

209 Mutual Life Building • Seattle 4, Washington

FREE! EXTRA PUZZLE CHARTS—FURTHER INFORMATION

If you would like extra puzzle charts, or further information on this Contest or how to solve the Puzzle, just write us and we will send both to you by Prepaid Air Mail.

"OLYMPIC STARS" PUZZLE GAME



To properly solve this puzzle, you must leave certain squares blank (See sample puzzle and rules).

GRAND TOTAL ▶

SEND $2 DONATION TODAY

I have shown above my Grand Total for this Crossword Puzzle and also enclose my $2 donation for the United States Olympic Committee. It is understood the Semi-Final Tiebreaker will be forwarded by return mail provided my answer is within 25 points of the Correct Total. DEADLINE FOR ENTRIES: April 30, 1956.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY OR P.O.....STATE OR PROV.....

CC *Mail to:* **UNITED STATES OLYMPIC COMMITTEE, 209 Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash. (Remit in Cash, Money Order, or by Personal Check)**

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"People's Capitalism"—This IS America

THE BEGINNING of the New Year is viewed by some as the end of a short, turbulent honeymoon—a honeymoon which began in a spate of Soviet sweet talk, continued through last summer's summit conference, and foundered at the Big Four Foreign Ministers meeting in Geneva.

Since then, it has been "business as usual" in Moscow, with Khrushchev and Bulganin lambasting "Western reactionaries" while their lieutenants busily peddle arms to all comers, foment local uprisings and behave like conspirators still bent on capturing the world, if they can.

Of course there never was any honeymoon. The two Geneva meetings were set up on the slender hope that Russia had something new to offer. Russia had nothing new to offer, and things are about as they were before.

Underneath all the political flummery, nevertheless, historical forces remain at work. The unspoken power of the atom, with its impartial warning to all civilization, still holds back the threat of World War III. The prospect for 1956 is that the struggle will continue shifting away from global warfare and into the areas of economics and public relations.

The Russian "peace offensive" is already in full swing. For five years the Soviet Union has quietly invested millions of rubles in impressive exhibits of Russian technology at international trade fairs, followed up, of late, with overtures looking toward massive trade arrangements with non-Communist countries.

Until 1955 the United States had blandly refused to compete in the market place of ideas known as trade fairs, but last year President Eisenhower called public attention to the efforts of our Russian competitors. The danger, as he put it, is that Soviet policy conveys the impression the Communist world is producing on a large scale for peace. The fact that the average Russian citizen is unlikely to consume the perfumes, canned goods and television sets shown at these fairs is swallowed up in the simple impression that they exist for the Russian people because they are made in Russia.

These Communist showpieces, like Communist offers of trade, economic aid and arms, demand strong American counteraction. We must develop a more integrated program of economic, military and do-it-yourself aid to foreign nations. At the same time we have to put more punch into the battle of ideas, for while deeds are the persuasive heavy artillery, words too are weapons of demonstrated value: words like "People's Capitalism," which Theodore Repplier of the Advertising Council has tossed up as a working slogan.

"People's Capitalism" is an interesting idea that grows the more you think about it. It might be said we're borrowing a page from the Soviet book—People's Democracy. Actually we are recovering property stolen by the Communists.

"People's Capitalism" has, besides a bold ring, the great virtue of truth. Unlike anything out of the past or present, we are a nation of 166,000,000 capitalists, and we have reached that status by zealously preserving and developing precisely the principles which the nation's founders laid down for us 180 years ago. The climate of freedom established in the eighteenth century is the vehicle that has transported us this far. Without the freedoms guaranteed us by law, no such level could have been attained.

The slogan "People's Capitalism" reduces the American Way of Life to its basic common denominator, something Americans abroad have long found it most difficult to do. It means competition. It means the ability of a man with $50 to become an owner—*owner,* mind you—of General Motors, the largest corporation in the world. It means the decision of the Ford Motor Company to sell its stock to the world public. It means the washing machine, the tractor and the power mower that give us time to take part in civic affairs, to think and dissent.

Grandfather had little time to consider public affairs. He plowed his fields or worked in the factory six days a week, and after church and some attention to the Sunday dinner, he was ready for a walk and a nap. Grandson, who plows with a tractor or puts in 40 hours a week at his job, who drives to church in an auto and plucks the Sunday chicken out of the freezer, has time to think.

"People's Capitalism" means the highest standard of living in the world: social security, Porgy and Bess, hospitalization benefits, Robert Montgomery Presents . . . and the Saturday Review. It means public education for thought, not for some special purpose of the state. It means better universities, automation and new businesses. It means security and challenge in the same breath.

To drive home to the world this concept of America, the Advertising Council has designed and the United States Information Agency has built a trade-fair exhibit called "People's Capitalism." It shows two American homes: one vintage of 1775, the other vintage of 1956, both furnished in the style of their times. It shows a nail maker of 1775, who could produce 16 nails an hour, and a nail-making machine of 1956, which manufactures 16,000 nails an hour.

A film portrays the development of nylon, with all its multiplicity of uses, as compared to the homespun of 180 years ago. Trade-fair goers will see how Americans, through savings, insurance and company pension plans, have become capitalists.

None of this would have been possible without the realization of the American dream. That dream combines idealism, the stuff of which all great dreams are made, with materialism, common to all civilizations.

The two great competitors, America and Russia, both realize the importance of materialism. But we in America are not solely concerned with goods; they are, in fact, the means to the end of greater glorification of the human ideal.

This is the matchless, true story of America as we know it. To project this three-dimensional truth abroad with maximum impact is one of the major challenges of 1956. Repplier suggests we meet it boldly, imaginatively, without apology. We agree.

BERT MILES

Your Highways

ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE, reporter Theodore H. White covers in detail what happened to last year's national highway program in Congress.

He tells the urgent need for the program—its dollars-and-cents importance to every American. He cites the fact that the growth, the prosperity, the safety, the very future of the nation depend upon the rapid, orderly, massive expansion of our highway system. Nobody denies all this; nobody can.

And he recites the dismal fate of the highway program in Congress last year. With as many people proclaiming themselves "for" highways as normally line up against sin, Congress still scrapped the highway program in its entirety.

Some say the program was lobbied to death. Certainly the lobbies were in there battling; with their legitimate interests directly involved, this was their American right.

Congress killed the highway program—killed it by sloughing its duty to weigh all viewpoints and then to put together a program that accommodated, to the maximum degree possible, the interests of all concerned, *including the public.*

This year Congress will reconsider the long-range highway program. Once more the debate will be long and fierce; once more the lobbies will be on hand to see to it that their principals get the best possible shake.

Who will be speaking for the public?

Congress is not insensitive to the view of the man in the street, the man who will go to the polls in November. But the voice of the public was still last year.

If that voice remains still this year, the prospect of a highway program will be dim, indeed. If the people speak up, the highway program is a cinch.

It's as simple as that.

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FOR THE NAMES AT THE TOP OF YOUR LIST...

Only the Finest is Fine enough for Christmas

Give **Seagram's** *and be* **Sure**

Beautiful gift cartons available where legally permissible

SEAGRAM'S V. O. CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES . . . 6 YEARS OLD—86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM'S GOLDEN DISTILLED DRY GIN, DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN, 90 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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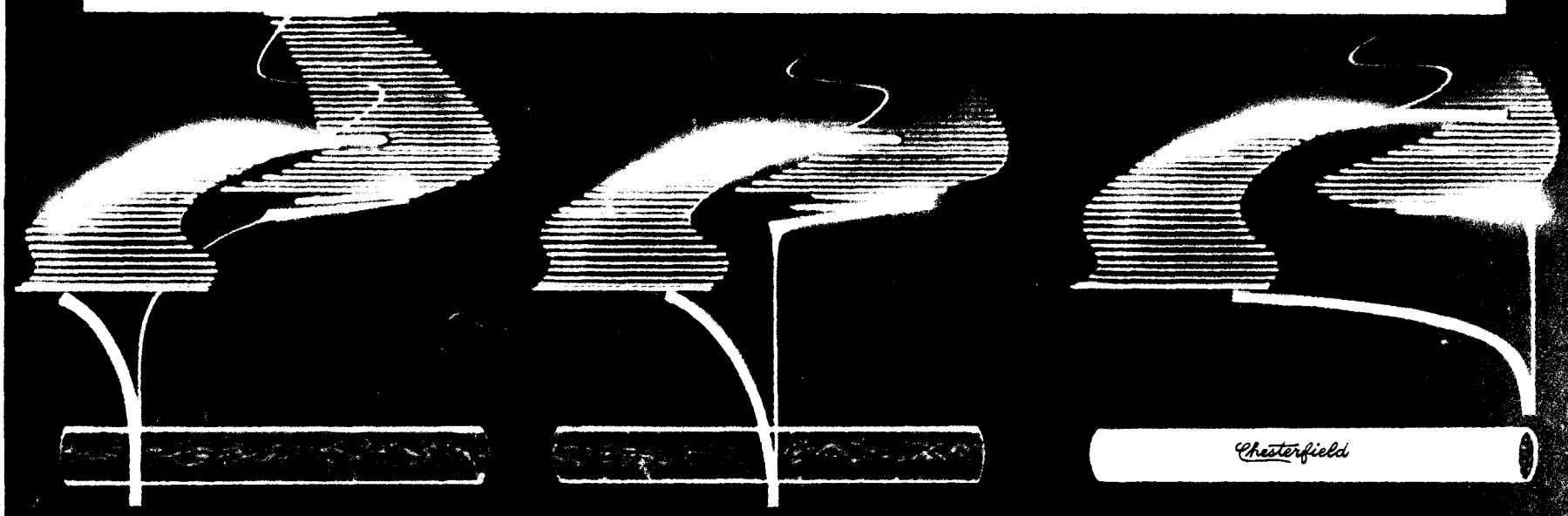
Let the Miracle of AccuRay
Put a SMILE in your Smoking!
It's as simple as A B C



A LWAYS MILDER because Accu-Ray "sees" into the heart of your Chesterfield while it is being made, perfecting the even distribution of its fine tobaccos. So your Chesterfield burns more evenly, smokes *much milder*.

B ETTER TASTING because Accu-Ray electronically scans the entire length of *every* Chesterfield to insure an open, easy draw that lets *all* the wonderful flavor of the world's best tobaccos come through for your enjoyment.

C OOLER SMOKING because Chesterfields are *14% more perfectly packed* than cigarettes made without Accu-Ray. No hot spots. No hard draw. Just cooler, fresher smoking pleasure from first puff to last. Enjoy Chesterfield—today!

Chesterfield

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